# MANUAL *of* MORAL *and* HUMANE EDUCATION

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*"Intellect makes a man individual; feeling makes him universal."*

BY

FLORA HELM KRAUSE

GIFT OF
Mrs Alice Parks

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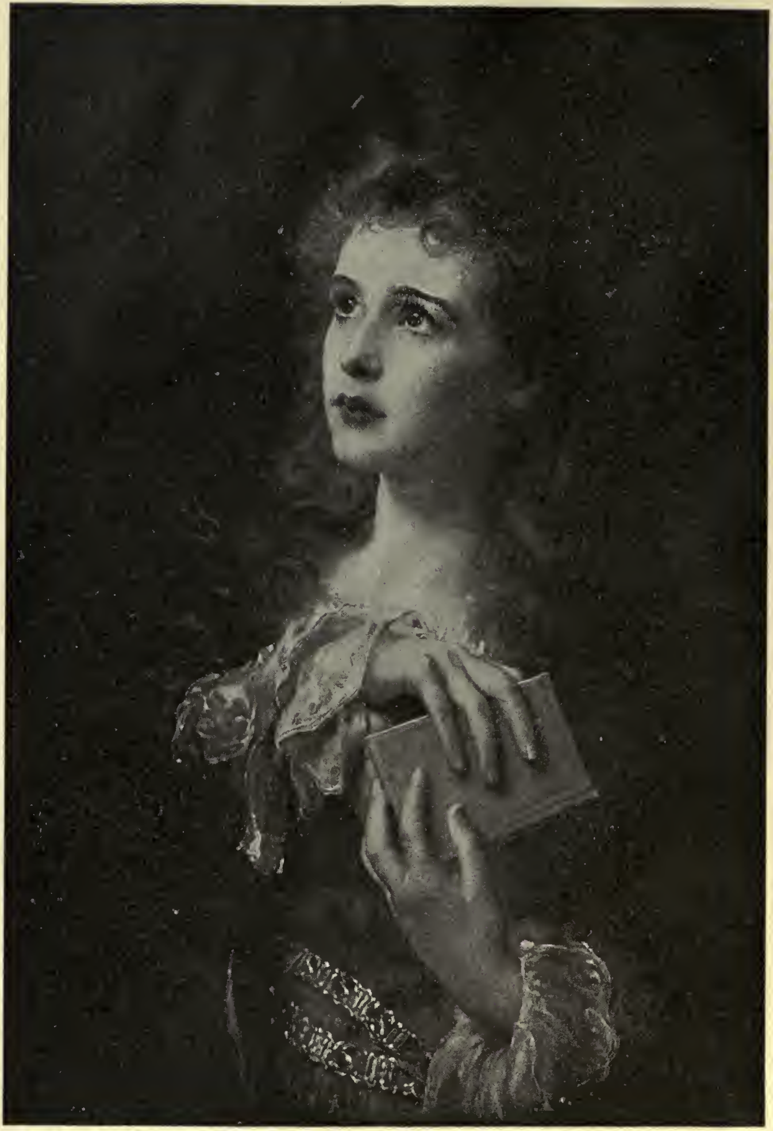

THE PERRY PICTURES. 3248
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SOUL'S AWAKENING.

# Manual
# OF
# Moral and Humane Education

*June to September Inclusive*

BY

FLORA HELM KRAUSE
OF THE CHICAGO ANTI-CRUELTY SOCIETY

*"The highest education focusses the soul upon the largest loves."*

PRESENTED BY
STATE HUMANE ASSOCIATION
OF CALIFORNIA.

ATKINSON, MENTZER & COMPANY
Boston New York Chicago Atlanta Dallas

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FLORA HELM KRAUSE

To

THE NOBLE HUMANITARIANS,
EDWIN DOWNER HELM, M. D.,
AND
HARRIET VAIL HELM,
MY FATHER AND MOTHER,
AND TO MY CO-WORKER IN THIS AND
OTHER HUMANE WORK,
HUGO KRAUSE, MY HUSBAND.

347159

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# VALUE OF HUMANE EDUCATION

Essay receiving William G. Sprague Memorial Prize from the American Humane Association, in 1908.

Huxley says the ego is the center of the universe. This psychological assumption explains much in the problematical study of the history of man.

Man begins life on a very simple basis as to his social environment.

As an infant, not even his mother is at first recognized as a social factor in the self-absorbing processes of a tentative hold on life; but, as his nature unfolds, the extreme egoism of his early infancy gradually expands along radiating lines in all directions until we find the circumference bounding, in gradations, mother, family, home life, playmates, neighborhood, school life, municipality, his country, the world, the universe, until, in the highest form of human development, his egoism has expanded into an altruism broad in scope and elevated in character.

Thinkers recognize that the individual man is an epitomized form of the race of man,—the stages of growth through infancy, youth, and maturity corresponding to the stages that racial man passes through from the primitive man of savagery to the highest type of civilization and progress.

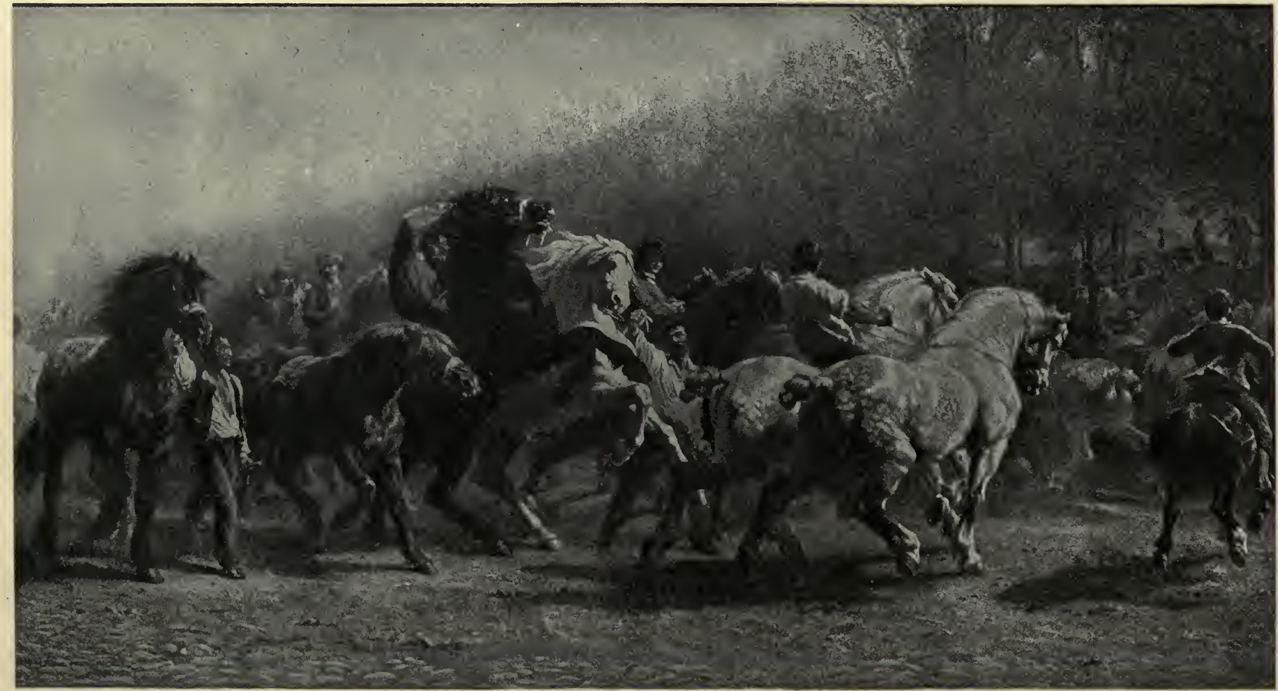
And, in studying the race of man, we find this same psychological principle pervading his growth,—the egoism dominating first in order of existence and expanding by degrees as the evolution of his species continues till the highest forms of humanity evidence the greatest outlook, the widest interests, and the most comprehending relationship with the universe.

And, as man develops in his race-growth along the stages from primitiveness to enlightenment, civilization, and progress, and we find this differentiating process coming between broader and broader stages, it is fair to infer that in time evolution will eliminate the process entirely.

The savage differentiated himself from all—the survival of himself, the instinct of self-preservation, dominating his every action. Then later this egoism expanded to his tribe or clan, and it was war to extermination between tribe and tribe, clan and clan. Then the social instinct grew to include the country—and we find warfare extended to nation against nation. Then the next form it took was race distinction—the white race must exterminate the red race; the white race must enslave the black race.

The history of any nation shows that the greatest barrier to its progress has been the idea of man's differentiating himself from his neighbor. This idea is a survival of the primitive instinct, the dominance of the ego. Man is unconsciously swayed by the survival of this instinctive impulse.

In history, as the instinct has passed down the



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*Metropolitan Museum, New York.*

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THE HORSE FAIR.

ages by tradition and heredity, we find it taking various forms in the different nations.

The pyramids are everlasting monuments to the Egyptian's cold and cruel regard of his slaves' toil and martyrdom.

The Greek's enslavement system is a proof that even his remarkable flight to empyrean heights of art and poesy, beauty and intellect, did not escape the racial, traditionary taint. Plato's logic, Socrates' morality, Sappho's songs, nor the oratorical eloquence of Demosthenes, the histrionic art of Sophocles, and the marble tracery of Phidias cannot blind us to the fact that the Greek beat, sold, and killed his neighbor when it was—only a slave.

The Roman's persecution of Christian by crucifix, flame, and wild beast evidenced that his love of law, his powers of mechanics, his achievements in culture, were not expansive enough to make him extend his understanding sympathy to —only a Christian.

The Age of Chivalry left milestones in the progress of the Golden Rule march in the shape of daring deeds of rescue; acts of noble restitution, mercy, and justice; protection of the weak, defenseless, and persecuted. And yet the egoism had not yet been vanquished. Men had grown to love each other, until the other happened to be—only a Jew; and then, alas! love was changed to prejudice, hate, bitterness, and persecution.

Prior to the French Revolution the burden-bearing, soil-tilling, plow-drawing, pond-thrashing, back-bending,—the serving, waiting, laboring, bowing,—the scoffs, sneers, blows, kicks,—the humility, enslavement, degradation, allotted the commoner were rationally and comfortably explained by the aristocrat on the principle of the differentiation of the two classes. The nobleman could not conceive a common basis of political economy practicable for himself and—only a peasant.

The burning of Catholics, the massacring of Protestants, the persecution of Puritans, the exiling of Quakers, the stoning of witches, were all outward expressions of the mental process of self-differentiation and self-exclusion. Acts, ably recognized and acknowledged as outrages, were proper and in order to one—"outside the faith."

In Christian, republic, modern America, bondage was justifiable on the basis of the difference between the white race and the black race. To barter flesh and blood, to separate parent and child, to refuse education, were practices made legitimate by state, church, and public opinion as long as the victim was—only a black man.

By degrees of progress the advanced nations, or the advanced individuals of the advanced nations, have established their standard outside the circumscribing limitations of race, nation, creed, and class.

What, then, still perpetuates the differentiating instinct, egoism versus altruism?

The answer is found in the prevailing indifference to cruelties practiced on sentient beings as long as they are—only dumb animals.

Here are some of the forms this indifference assumes:

The cruelties of commercial greed and avarice, such as killing the animal parent and leaving the young to die of starvation and exposure: "Ten thousand baby seals die annually of starvation because their mothers are killed in the breeding season."—David Starr Jordan, in Mafka and Kotik.

Depriving the parent of its young, and leaving the parent to be consumed with the agony of grief over its loss: "When a mother loses her child, her heart gives a cry like the cry of a wild beast; when a wild beast loses its young it gives a cry like that of a human mother."—Victor Hugo, in '93.

The horrors of the Western plains during the snow season,—"The darkest stain on American civilization:" "The slow agony of millions of livestock which all winter long fight unaided for life on the Western cattle ranges. Countless numbers are weeks in dying. . . . There literally are millions of cattle on the great ranges of the West, from Texas to Montana, which are on the extreme verge of starvation. They will continue to starve slowly until spring. This happens every year."—Dr. William O. Stillman, President American Humane Association.

Crowding cattle when transporting them in such a way that they cannot lie down, and keeping them thus for thirty-six hours without food, without rest, without water.

The routine tragedy of stock yard activity,—goading and whipping, bleeding and puncturing, stabbing and knocking, scalding and scalping,—where humane method and human consideration are subordinated to the mercenary necessity for speed, volume, and profit.

The cruelty of trap and spring pole, when the death of the dumb victim comes after hours, sometimes days, of suffering from broken limbs, lacerated flesh, and the agony of fever and thirst caused by these—not to mention all the terror and fright endured. When Henry Bergh started his crusade against this cruelty he was interrupted for lack of funds. Monsieur Bonnard, a Canadian French man, who had made a fortune in the fur trade by trapping, left it to further Bergh's work, for he had seen such cruelties practiced on animals in his business, "memory had become a horror;" and so the fortune, wrought from the blood and terror of the animal heart, went to its balm and succor.

The vanity which leads to all this trapping and hunting,—the adorning of the body with the heads, claws, tails, and skins of the little furry brothers, the decking forth with the beautiful plumage of the kin of wood and glen.

The cruelty of sport when innocent and beautiful creatures like deer, moose, wild song bird, and fish are sacrificed to the human delight in slaughter and blood shed: " . . . Skin deep, man is brute. Just a little while ago we were mere hunting brutes—our bellies were our only thought and that telltale line of dots was the road to food. No man can follow it far without feeling a wild-beast prickling in his hair and down his spine. . . . This the vile success—a beautiful, glorious, living creature tortured into a loathsome mass of carrion."

Sacrificed to a still greater degree when wounded and left to die slowly of wounds and starvation: The average pleasure-shooting party leave a wake of suffering behind to which this description by Thomas Hardy would aptly apply: "During the night was heard a new strange sound among the leaves.—Sometimes it was a palpitation, sometimes a flutter, sometimes a sort of gasp or gurgle. . . . These were followed by the fall of a heavy body upon the ground. Day at length broke in the sky. Under the trees several pheasants lay about, their rich plumage dabbled with blood; some staring up at the sky, some pulsating feebly, some contorted, some stretched out—all of them writhing in agony, except the fortunate ones whose torture had ended during the night by the inability of nature to bear more."

The cruelties practiced in connection with the exhibition of trick animals: Lions beaten over the head with clubs till the blood flows from noses and ears; horses, dogs, and other animals whipped unmercifully in being taught; elephants urged by the jerk of an iron hook inserted in the ear.

The neglect, indifference, ignorance, and cruelty of which domestic animals are the victims—"silent martyrs of civilization,"—"dumb slaves of commercial progress."

And the crown of cruelties perpetrated by man, the unmentionable secret crimes of the vivisector's laboratory: "Vivisection is not an innocent study. . . . It can be indiscriminately pursued only by torturing animals. . . . A brief death by burning would be considered a happy release by a human being undergoing the experience of some of the animals who slowly die in a laboratory."—Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, LL. D., Professor of Surgery in Harvard University.

These are the practices, not of the ancient days of bloody sacrifices, nor of the middle ages of dark and secret crimes, but of the open, progressive, moral twentieth century.

Now, with the knowledge this retrospective light sheds as to the bar the hereditary instinct of centered egoism is to racial evolution, national progress, and individual development, it is obvious that one of the first aims of education must be to eliminate it. Man must be educated in a way to make his native egoism radiate beyond the limitations of race, nationality, creed, class, and kind. Man must be educated to have interest in, feeling for, sympathy with, every phase of life that has the power to enjoy and to suffer.

Advanced educators recognize three forms of education. The education of the past, which has its foundation in the Renaissance period and which educates the intellect through the agency of the classics and the sciences; the education of the present, which recognizes the necessity of fitting the individual to his environment and which educates the eye, the ear, and the hand through the agency of kindergarten, construction work, manual and industrial training; and the education of the future, which will comprehend the other two systems and add a third—the education of the heart.

G. Stanley Hall says: "Intellect makes a man individual; feeling makes him universal." To make a man universal! That means making him in sympathy with all that feel, giving him comprehension of the rights of all created beings.

For heart education or humane education—they are identical—is based on the recognition that the spirit of life is universal and the form it takes, whether white or black, Jew or gentile, Protestant or Catholic, aristocrat or commoner, human or dumb, varies not in kind but in expression or degree.

"The highest education focuses the soul upon the largest loves."

# WHY HUMANE EDUCATION SHOULD BE PART OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL CURRICULUM

Read at the thirty-third annual meeting of the American Humane Association, October 5, 1909.

## WHAT SHOULD BE TAUGHT IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS?

There are some viewpoints in educational matters which are as divergent as the poles. There are some upon which all educators are agreed.

It is true in this field, as in most others, that it is in the elemental, the primary, and the simple that views converge; in the composite, the advanced, and the complex that they diverge.

All educators would agree that a child should learn to read,—an example of the convergence on the elemental, primary, and simple. They would diverge in almost as many directions as there are individual educators on the theology, if any, an adult pupil should learn, illustrating the divergence on the composite, advanced, and complex.

On account of this obvious tendency to diverge on educational matters, and, inasmuch as the public schools comprehend all classes of children and the curriculum represents the viewpoints of many educators, the solution of the problem, what

should be taught in the public schools, should be based on the elemental, primary, and simple.

### FIRST: A PART OF ELEMENTAL STUDIES

The child grows. Education is, therefore, a growth.

A child primarily grows in relation to his environment; therefore, public-school education is, first, the growth of a child with regard to his environment. Following the life-experience of the growing child, the school teaches him, first, to notice his environment; then, to study and investigate it; next, to adapt himself to it; and finally, in the advanced stages, to modify, change, control, and elevate it.

Environment, the condition of life which surrounds the individual, has two phases, the natural and the social.

The natural is made up of the elements and forces of nature,—air, water, earth, mineral, vegetable, and animal creations, motion, heat, light, etc.

The social is made up of fellow-creatures, of the activities which spring from their relationship,—play, exchange, trade, business, family life, kinship, neighborship, community life, government, nationality,—as well as those higher metaphysical expressions of the same relationship,—kindness, service, protection, sympathy, love.

So quickly is the life-experience of the natural followed by that of the social, so subtile is the demarcation between the phases, that the one experience merges into another, and it is difficult to tell where the natural ends and the social begins.

The child of nature notices that water runs down hill; in so doing it causes motion in heretofore immobile objects; this motion, now power, turns a wheel, the wheel moves rods and stones, and the corn he eats is ground. But lo! he is grinding more corn than he needs; he exchanges the meal for his neighbor's corn, and, in a twinkle, the child of *nature* has become a child of *society,* exchanging, bartering, and expressing interdependence, service, and equity.

In the class-room, where education is based on life-experience, the two most elemental studies are *science,* the study of the natural, and *civics,* the study of the social.

And, just as the child of nature evolves into a child of society in life's experimentation, so science or nature study is inevitably followed and supplemented by civics in the process of education.

To illustrate again: physiology opens the pupil's mind to a knowledge of the needs for health—cleanliness of surroundings among others, —and lo! the physiology has changed to a treatise on sanitation; in a word, the physiology and hygiene of the community body.

One of the earliest and most insistent subjects that comes under nature study, as based on youthful experience, is animal life in its various phases. The child instinctively and continuously notes the habits, mode of living, and uses of domestic animals—cat, dog, horse, etc.,—and the wild ones native to his especial environment—birds, rabbits, squirrels, etc. He learns that, in common with him, they need and desire life, food, shelter, motion, and liberty; that they have feeling for pain, fear of death, love of offspring. He further learns that some animals differ from himself and from one another in other various needs, habits, and uses. Some eat grass, others nuts, and others a mixed diet; some walk, some fly, some creep; some are useful to man, some help out the lives of other animals, and some are pests.

From nature study he turns in the natural sequence of experience to the civic activities of his environment. The child student notes that the horse, dog, and other animals are prominent factors in labor, trade, exchange, and commerce; that so important a part do animals have in the social life that special laws, institutions, and official organizations relating to them are constructed and put into operation.

Then, in continued appropriateness of order, he learns the bird laws of his state, the anti-cruelty society's work of his community, the duties of the local game warden, etc.

And so, rounding up our first set of premises, we come to the inference that the two most elemental studies of the public-school course, as based on the child's life-experience of growth, are *science,* the study of nature, and *civics,* the study of society; that brute life, in common with human life, is so early and obvious a part of the child's experience that it is one of the first and most important subjects of science and civics; that so inherently related are the lives of brute and human, so universal is the kinship of life, both in nature and society, it is impossible to present in a correct and educational way in the class-room the two most elemental, primary, and simple studies for school life, *science* and *civics*, without comprehending and co-ordinating the study of brute life and of human life.

### SECOND: CHARACTER OF HUMANE EDUCATION

Furthermore, humane education should be a part of the public-school curriculum because here it is not subject to mutations and interruptions as elsewhere; it can be continuous and concentrated; it can be presented by trained educators and in an educative, systematic, and scientific manner; by being non-sectarian, it cannot be subject to the opposition of those who object to sectarian teaching; and it can be required of, and participated in, by all children of the community.

### THIRD: CHARACTER-GROWTH

We have said education is growth. After the child responds to his natural and social environment in the elemental stages he passes on to higher planes of growth, and we call this evidence of further development character-growth.

Humane education adds to mental development growth in the inherent moral and ethical nature of the student. Cultivation of such positive and constructive qualities as honor, justice, and courage, which is a part of humane education, is not only legitimately a part of the public-school work but necessarily so, for by it the child is led from moral defectiveness and moral delinquency to the normal expression of humanity.

Humane education leads the child from egoism to altruism; it develops the child not by, and for, himself, but by, and in, his relationship to others; it broadens his outlook and interests by comprehending different orders of society, various nationalities, diverse geographical situations, varying historic periods, both human and animal creations.

Humane education breaks down barriers in the creations of the universe, makes the child constantly feel the universal kinship of life, suppresses that traditionary instinct of differentiating himself and his kind from the rest of creation; in a word, makes him universal.

The supreme reason then that humane education should be a part of the public-school curriculum is that of its value in racial evolution, national progress, and individual character-growth.

# PRESENTATION OF HUMANE EDUCATION IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

Humane education should be outlined for presentation in elementary schools along these three lines,

(*a*) Study which connects the child with his natural environment, or nature study.

(*b*) Study which connects the child with his social environment, or civics.

(*c*) Study which promotes character-growth by appealing to the esthetic and ethic nature of the child through art, legend, history, poetry, literature, music, and the sense of right and wrong,—the elements of which study may be classified under the educational agencies, art and literature.

Under nature study (*a*) comes the presentation of animal life from its scientific or natural side,—the place of different animals in the economy of nature, their usefulness to man, utilitarian and esthetic; physiological structure, especially comparative, to show the relation between man and animal and between different kinds of animals as to the effect of pain and pleasure, sickness and relief, labor and rest, love of offspring, fear of death, power to reason; effects of climate, adaptation to environment, heat and cold relative to animal life; peculiar habits, such as migration and hibernation; the care of different animals, emergency relief for distress, how to kill humanely when necessary.

Under civics (*b*) comes the study of institutions, organizations, laws, officials, government departments established for the protection and benefit of man and brute, including anti-cruelty societies, humane educational organizations, Audubon societies, refuges, rest-havens; laws concerning lame and sore horses, overloading, docking; game laws on sling-shot, rifle, and trapping; game wardens, bird day, state and federal departments of ornithology; the baneful effect of fashion in wearing furs and feathers, and of sports that cause suffering.

Under art (*c*) would come an objective study of life—human, brute, or both—through colored prints, photographs, or copies of the masterpieces. This object method makes a concrete, direct appeal to the vision-sense and comprehension of the student; it develops his esthetic faculty, and through this his sympathy with the subjects of the art work; and it shows the relation of interest and sympathy between the artists and their subjects.

Copies of the art classics recommended in the graded course of study that follows can be obtained for class-room study by the pupils in penny sizes from The Perry Picture Co.,—Malden, Mass.

Under literature (*c*), by poetry, legend, song, history, and story, would be developed the activities which make the child potential as a moral and responsible being—activities which make for the imaginative, the ideal, and the ethical nature of humanity.

Each month these four lines should be correlated or strung together by a special subject, appropriate to that particular month, and which should bear a theme or motif wielding a special dominant and unifying tone to the presentation for the month. In the lower grades this theme or motif would inspire pupils through the teacher; in the upper grades, pupils directly. Besides the continuity from one phase to another of each special monthly subject, there should be a natural, continuous unfolding of each phase from grade to grade.

Of course these four phases are not psychologically separated by absolute lines of demarcation. (See *First: A Part of Elemental Studies.*) Nature study often merges into civics, civics often harks back to nature study, art may run over into literature, and literature may comprehend two or more of the preceding phases.

It may also happen that a phase of the subject which was presented under nature study in one grade may expand or be modified into civics in the next grade. This is not inconsistent but, on the contrary, is psychologically true to life's experience,—for the same fact or action may, from one standpoint, be a part of the natural environment; from another it may affect the social relation.

As all education evolves from the known to the unknown, so in this line of education subjects should first be made concrete by focusing on local conditions. The nature study phase should first evolve from the actual natural environment and conditions of the special locality of the school; the civic phase should first be concerned with those civic laws, regulations, and local government under which the pupils of the school are living. When these are comprehended, a broader outlook is in order.

The graded course of study in humane education that follows is intended to be suggestive, not arbitrary. Its curtailing, broadening, or modifying should depend on local conditions of school and class.

But a course of study is just as necessary in this line of education as in others,—

(*a*) For comprehensive, varied, and unifying presentation of the subject in each grade.

(*b*) For continuity of growth from grade to grade.

(*c*) For the prevention of repetition in one grade and duplication in different grades.

Some of the months of the graded course have double or multiplied subjects; this is because,—1. These doubled or multiplied subjects having a natural relationship between them react upon and reinforce one another in their appeal to the pupil's mind,—as *Trees and Birds* in October and April. 2. It is not well to highly specialize and emphasize some subjects, but let them grow into the pupil's consciousness indirectly through association with others,—as *Thanksgiving and Persecution* in November. 3. Some of these seemingly multiplied subjects are in reality different and varied phases of the one subject,—as *Patriotism and Good Citizenship* in February.

The following time proportion is suggested for the course:

Each subject, one month.

Each one of the four phases of each subject, one week.

First and Second Grades, ten minutes a day for five days in the week, fifty minutes a week.

Third and Fourth Grades, fifteen minutes a day for four days in the week, sixty minutes a week.

Fifth and Sixth Grades, twenty-five minutes a day for three days in the week, seventy-five minutes a week.

Seventh and Eighth Grades, thirty minutes a day for three days in the week, ninety minutes a week.

Where schools have a term of eight months instead of ten, it is suggested that the outlines of October and April be curtailed and united, and the same be done with those of September and June.

In preparation for each monthly outline of the graded course the teacher's attention is called to the list of humane leaflets, magazine articles, and other useful supplementary matter recorded in this Manual under "Collateral Reading and Aids to Teacher and Pupil." Also, much help can be obtained for the outlines from the text and illustrations of "Dumb Animals And How To Treat Them," written and distributed by E. K. Whitehead, secretary of Colorado State Bureau of Child and Animal Protection.

# GRADED COURSE OF STUDY FOR HUMANE EDUCATION IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

# SEPTEMBER

## LABOR

### THEMES

The humblest workman has his place, which no one else can fill.

MAUD LINDSAY.

The laborer is worthy of his hire.

THE BIBLE.

## FIRST GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

What the horse can do. His shape, size, strength, speed, endurance.

What he eats, how he drinks, his stable, his care.

### CIVICS

The horse of the farmer, groceryman, butcher, baker, and milkman.

What he does, how he is treated, what these laborers would do without him.

The horses that pull the garbage wagon.

The horses that pull the sprinkling wagon.

The horses of the mounted police.

What they do, how they are treated, who owns them, who cares for them when they are sick, sore, and lame.

What the blacksmith does for the horse.

Gratitude to the horse for his labor; kindness and love for him.

What the child can do to help in the labor of the house; the yard.

What children can do to help one another.

### ART

A Humble Servant.—*Bonheur.*

### LITERATURE

Story-telling by teacher: Story of Pegasus and Bellerophon from the Greek myth, found in Hawthorne's Wonder-Book.

## Second Grade

### NATURE STUDY

The work of the horse in harvesting crops.

The hoofs, hair, hide, mane, tail, and teeth of the horse.

His food, drink, shelter.

His habits as to grazing and herding.

The effect on him of labor and rest, proper food, right shelter, and right care.

### CIVICS

Is the horse a laborer? Does he have a right to wages? What should they be?

Horses in the fire department; their ownership, their work, their wages (care, food, and shelter).

What becomes of worn-out fire department horses?

Horses of the army (the same study as above).

How children can help others; one another, parents, teachers, visitors at home or school.

### ART

Pharaoh's Horses.—*Herring.*

### LITERATURE

Story by teacher: The Bell of Atri.—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

The poem paraphrased as a story by the teacher. Found in Longfellow's Poems, Houghton Mifflin Co., publishers.

This poem, illustrated, can be obtained in leaflet form at two cents a copy from the American Humane Education Society, Boston.

## THIRD GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

The horse's work in harvesting crops.

The horse's work in hauling to market.

Study of dogs that haul and carry burdens, as to size, strength, endurance; feet, food, and drink.

### CIVICS

Horses in lumber camps.

Sledge dogs in lumber camps.

Their special forms of labor.

Ownership; responsibility of owner as to wages (food, shelter, care); their periods of labor and rest.

What becomes of them in sickness and old age?

The child's labor at home in house, yard; at school.

### ART

My Dog.—*Landseer.*

### LITERATURE

Patrasche.—*Louise de la Ramée,* abridged from The Dog of Flanders.

### PATRASCHE

He was a dog of Flanders,—yellow of hide, large of head and limb, with wolf-like ears that stood erect, and legs bowed and feet widened in the muscular development wrought in his breed by many generations of hard service. Patrasche came of a race which had toiled from sire to son in Flanders many a century,—slaves of slaves, beasts of the shafts and the harness, creatures that lived straining their sinews in the gall of the cart, and died breaking their hearts on the flints of the streets.

The owner of Patrasche was a sullen, brutal man, who heaped his cart full with pots and pans and other wares, and left Patrasche to draw the load as best he might, whilst he himself lounged idly by his side, smoking his pipe and stopping at every wine shop on the road. Happily for Patrasche—or unhappily—he was very strong; so that he did not die, but managed to drag on a wretched existence under the brutal burdens, the hunger, the thirst, the blows, the curses, and the exhaustion, which are the only wages with which the Flemings repay the most patient and laborious of all their four-footed victims. One day, after two years of his long and deadly agony, Patrasche was going on as usual along one of the straight, dusty, unlovely roads that lead to the city of Antwerp. It was full midsummer, and very warm. His cart was very heavy, piled high with goods in metal and in earthenware. His owner sauntered on without noticing him otherwise than by the crack of the whip as it curled round his quivering loins. Going along thus, in the full sun, on a scorching highway, having eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and, which was far worse to him, not having tasted water for nearly twelve, being blind with dust, sore with blows, and stupefied with the merciless weight which dragged upon his loins, Patrasche, for once, staggered and foamed a little at the mouth, and fell.

He fell in the middle of the white, dusty road, in the full glare of the sun; he was sick unto death, and motionless. His master gave him the only medicine in his pharmacy—kicks and oaths and blows with a cudgel of oak, which had been often the only food and drink, the only wage and reward, offered to him. But Patrasche was beyond the reach of any torture or of any curses. Patrasche lay, dead to all appearances, down in the white powder of the summer dust. After a while, finding it useless to assail his ribs with punishment and his ears with maledictions, his owner kicked his body heavily aside into the grass, and, groaning and muttering in savage wrath, pushed the cart lazily along the road uphill.

Patrasche lay there, flung in the grass-green ditch. It was a busy road that day, and hundreds of people, on foot and on mules, in wagons or in carts, went by. After a time, amongst the holiday makers there came a little old man who was bent and lame and very feeble. He looked at Patrasche, paused, wondered, turned aside, then kneeled down in the rank grass and weeds of the ditch, and surveyed the dog with kindly eyes of pity. There was with him a little rosy, fair-haired, dark-eyed child of a few years old, who pattered in amidst the bushes, that were for him breast high, and stood gazing with a pretty seriousness upon the poor, great, quiet beast.

Thus it was that these two first met,— the little Nello and the big Patrasche.

Old Jehan drew the sufferer homeward to his own little hut, which was a stone's throw off amidst the fields, and there tended him with so much care that the sickness passed away. Health and strength returned, and Patrasche staggered up again upon his four stout, tawny legs.

Now for many weeks he had been useless, powerless, sore, near to death; but all this time he had heard no rough word, had felt no harsh touch, but only the pitying murmurs of the little child's voice and the soothing caress of the old man's hand.

In his sickness they two had grown to care for him, this lonely old man and the little happy child. He had a corner of the hut with a heap of dry grass for his bed; and they had learned to listen eagerly for his breathing in the dark night, to tell them that he lived; and when he was first well enough to essay a loud, hollow, broken bay, they laughed aloud, and almost wept together for joy at such a sign of his sure restoration; and little Nello, in delighted glee, hung round his rugged neck chains of marguerites, and kissed him with fresh and ruddy lips.

So then, when Patrasche arose himself again, strong, big, gaunt, powerful, his great wistful eyes had a gentle astonishment in them that there were no curses to rouse him and no blows to drive him; and his heart awakened to a mighty love, which never wavered in its fidelity whilst life abode with him.

But Patrasche, being a dog, was grateful. Patrasche lay pondering long, with grave, tender, musing brown eyes, watching the movements of his friends. Now the old man could do nothing for his living but limp about a little with a small cart, with which he daily carried the milk cans of those happier neighbors who owned cattle away into the town of Antwerp. The villagers gave him the employment a little out of charity,—more because it suited them well to send their milk into the town by so honest a carrier, and bide at home themselves to look after their gardens, their cows, their poultry, or their little fields. But it was becoming hard work for the old man. He was eighty-three, and Antwerp was a good league off, or more.

Patrasche watched the milk cans come and go that one day when he had got well and was lying in the sun with the wreath of marguerites round his tawny neck.

The next morning Patrasche, before the old man had touched the cart, arose and walked to it and placed himself betwixt its handles, and testified as plainly as dumb show could do his desire and his ability to work in return for the bread of charity that he had eaten. The old man resisted long, for he was one of those who thought it a foul shame to bind dogs to labor for which Nature never formed them. But Patrasche would not be gainsaid; finding they did not harness him, he tried to draw the cart onward with his teeth.

At length old Jehan gave way, vanquished by the gratitude of this creature whom he had succored. He fashioned his cart so that Patrasche could run in it, and this he did every morning of his life thence forward.

When the winter came, the old man thanked the blessed fortune that had brought him to the dying dog in the ditch; for he would ill have known how to pull his load over the snows and through the deep ruts in the mud if it had not been for the strength and the industry of the animal he had befriended. As for Patrasche, it seemed heaven to him. After the frightful burdens that his old master had compelled him to strain under, it seemed nothing to him but amusement to step out with his little light green cart, with its bright brass cans, by the side of the gentle old man who always paid him with a tender caress and with a kindly word. Besides, his work was over by three or four in the day, and after that time he was free to do as he would,—to stretch himself, to sleep in the sun, to wander in the fields, to romp with the young child, or to play with his fellow-dogs. Patrasche was very happy.

Louise De La Ramée.

Abridged from the Dog of Flanders, from The Jones Readers, Book V. By permission of Ginn & Co., publishers.

## Fourth Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Food, drink, and digestion of horse; of dog.

How the horse perspires; how the dog perspires.

Compare the horse and the mule and the burro, as to points of analogy and points of difference in physical features,—hide, hair, hoofs, ears, size, etc.; in powers,—strength, speed, endurance, and special capabilities; in requirements,—food, care, shelter.

### CIVICS

Horses of the post-office service (including rural route delivery horses); ownership, wages, responsibility as to condition.

Proper and improper harness of horse, mule, etc.; shoes, collar pads, saddle, blinders, check-rein, bit, girth, blanket, etc.

Sores, diseases, and disabilities resulting from improper harness.

The rights of a laborer to right conditions of labor.

How to report cases of suffering of dumb animals to a policeman.

The business of all to protest against cruelty to dumb animals because they cannot speak for themselves.

The child's labor at home in house, yard, etc.; at school.

### ART

Shoeing the Bay Mare.—*Landseer.*

### LITERATURE

Llewellyn and His Dog.—*W. R. Spenser.*

## LLEWELLYN AND HIS DOG

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
  And cheerily smiled the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
  Attend Llewellyn's horn.
And still he blew a louder blast,
  And gave a louder cheer;
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last,
  Llewellyn's horn to hear?

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam?
  The flower of all his race!
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
  A lion in the chase!"
That day Llewellyn little loved
  The chase of hart or hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
  For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied;
  When near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
  Bounding his lord to greet.
But when he gained the castle door,
  Aghast the chieftain stood:
The hound was smeared with drops of gore;
  His lips and fangs ran blood.

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
  Unused such looks to meet;
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
  And crouched and licked his feet.
Onward in haste Llewellyn passed,
  (And on went Gelert too):
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
  Fresh blood-drops shocked his view.

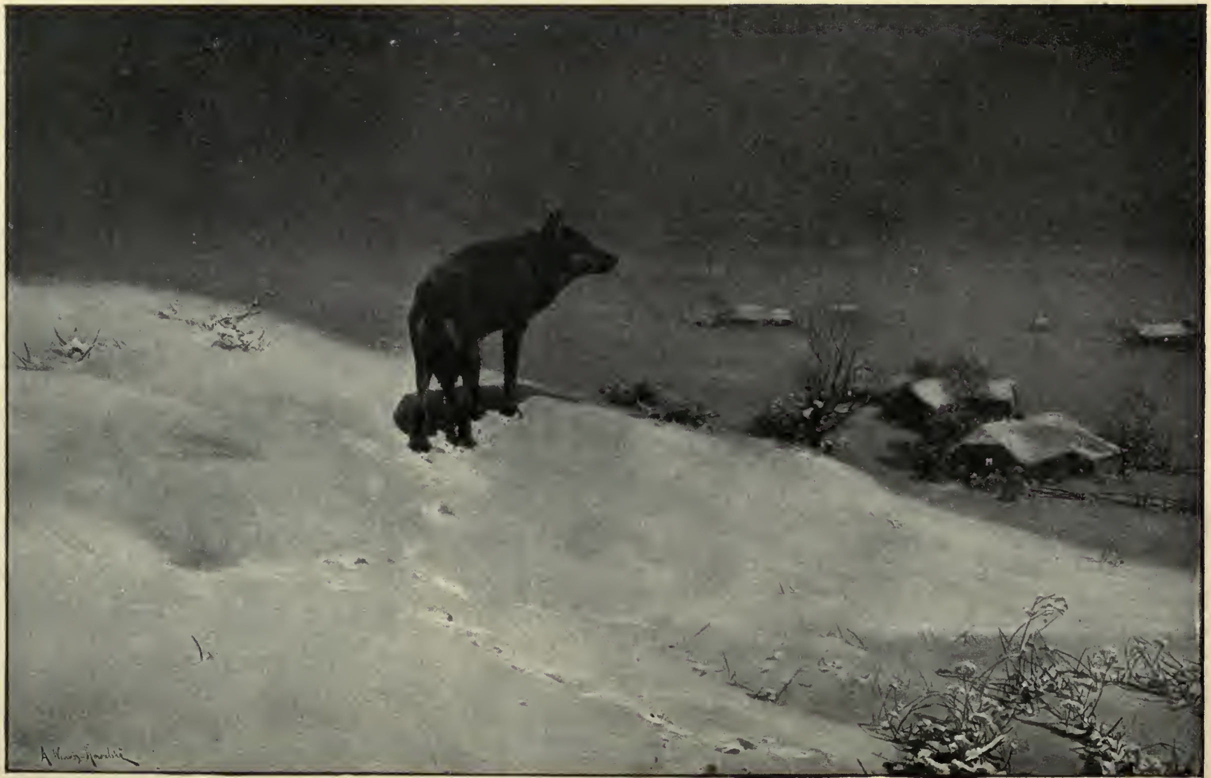
O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stained cover rent
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.
He called his child—no voice replied;
He searched—with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every side,
But nowhere found the child!

"Monster, by thee my child's devoured!"
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.
His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell,
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy can tell
To hear his infant cry!
Concealed beneath a mangled heap
His hurried search had missed:
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread;
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death.
Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe—
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue."


A Wierusz-Kowalski

THE PERRY PICTURES. 835.
BOSTON EDITION.

THE LONE WOLF.

FROM PAINTING BY KOWALSKI.

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
  With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
  For Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
  Or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
  Llewellyn's sorrow proved.
And here he hung his horn and spear;
  And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
  Poor Gelert's dying yell.

W. R. Spenser.

From Voices for the Speechless, Compiled by Abraham Firth. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co., publishers.

## Fifth Grade

### NATURE STUDY

The bony and muscular framework of the horse; of the dog.

Study of the hoofs of the horse; the feet of the dog.

Lameness of the horse,—its various causes; how to tell when the lameness is painful; proper and improper shoeing.

### CIVICS

Veterinary doctors and surgeons,—meaning of term; their work.

Local anti-cruelty society,—its name, location, and work.

Local laws against using sore lame, and diseased animals.

How to report a case to the local anti-cruelty society.

Horses in public service of local community,—mounted police department, fire department, post-office service, rural routes, etc.

The nobility of labor; justice to the laborer of all classes.

### ART

Norman Sire.—*Bonheur.*

A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society.—*Landseer.*

### LITERATURE

The Bell of Atri.—*Henry W. Longfellow.*
(See Literature, Second Grade, September.)

## Sixth Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Various kinds of horses,—farm, draft, speeding, ponies, bronchos, etc.

Weights of different kinds of horses and their proportional powers as to drawing loads compared.

Various kinds of dogs that serve man,—shepherd, St. Bernard, Newfoundland, sledge dog, Eskimo, bulldog, etc.

How horses are "broken," or trained to serve man.

How dogs are trained to serve man.

Proper care and treatment of horses; of dogs.

### CIVICS

City and state laws for prevention of cruelty to higher domestic animals, especially those relating to right and wrong conditions of labor, overloading, etc.

City and state laws against child labor.

City and state laws against wrong conditions of man's labor in connection with machinery, mines, and other forms of dangerous labor.

### ART

Saved.—*Landseer.*

Dray Horses.—*Watts.*

### LITERATURE

Ulysses and Argus.—*Odyssey* (Alexander Pope's translation).

## ULYSSES AND ARGUS

(An Extract)

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arrived at last—poor, old, disguised, alone.
To all his friends and ev'n his queen unknown,
Changed as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrowed his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forced to ask his bread,
Scorned by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew,
His faithful dog his rightful master knew!
Unfed, unhoused, neglected, on the clay,

Like an old servant, now cashiered, he lay;
And though, ev'n then expiring on the plain,
Touched with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again,
Him when he saw, he rose, and crawled to meet.
('T was all he could), and fawned, and kissed his feet,
Seized with dumb joy; then, falling by his side,
Owned his returning lord, looked up, and died.

ODYSSEY (Alexander Pope's translation).

## SEVENTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Physiological structure of higher domestic animals compared with that of man as to bones, flesh, blood, nervous system, and functional activity.

Their comparative intelligence and feeling as to pain, memory, reasoning; love of offspring, fear of death, necessity for liberty; moral qualities such as gratitude, attachment, service, etc.

### CIVICS.

The relation of the horse and dog to man in the progress of civilization; relationship of mutual service and protection; deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice.

Brief discussion of child labor; of industries dangerous to man.

### ART

Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner.—*Landseer.*

### LITERATURE

Dying in Harness.—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

## DYING IN HARNESS

Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road,
Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the heavy load;
Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes
Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the beast to rise.
Hold! for his toil is over—no more labor for him;
See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes grow dim;
See, on the friendly stones now peacefully rests his head—
Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead;
After the burdened journey, how restful it is to lie
With the broken shafts and the cruel load—waiting only to die.
Watchers, he died in harness—died in the shafts and straps—
Fell, and the great load killed him; one of the day's mishaps—
One of the passing wonders marking the city road—
A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.
Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile,
What is the symbol? "Only death? Why should you cease to smile
At death for a beast of burden?" On through the busy street
That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying feet!
What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless will.
Does he who taught in parables speak in parables still?
The seed on the rock is wasted—on heedless hearts of men,
That gather and sow and grasp and lose—labor and sleep—and then—
Then for the prize! A crowd in the street of ever echoing tread—

The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his
harness—dead.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

From Firth's Voices of the Speechless. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co., publishers.

## EIGHTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Review of work of preceding grades on this subject, emphasizing adaptation of horse and dog to their peculiar forms of labor; comparative physiology of horse and dog to man; points of analogy in intelligence and moral attributes; results of proper and improper treatment.

### CIVICS

The economic side of kindness to animals.

Federal Bureau of Animal Industry.

The humane movement in England and the United States.

The moral right of any laborer to protection against cruelty and to right conditions of labor, and to the wages of the labor.

### ART

The Horse Fair.—*Bonheur.*

### LITRATURE

Silent Martyrs of Civilization.—*J. Howard Moore.*

An extract from The New Ethics: Can be obtained from the American Humane Association, Albany, New York, for one and one-third cents a copy.

## SILENT MARTYRS OF CIVILIZATION

The great changes which man has made in the world have been wrought, chiefly by proxy. Civilization is the result, not of human strength, but of human genius. Man has harnessed the herds that roamed about him, and the winds and lightnings he has chained to his undertakings.

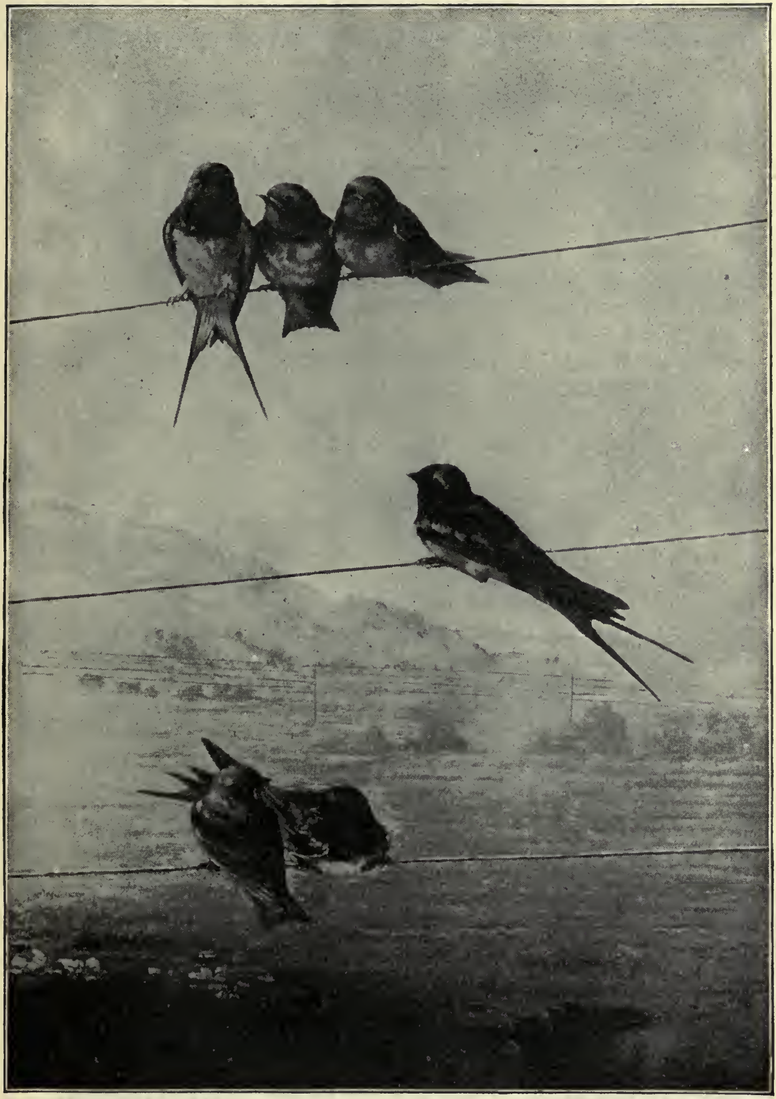
A large part of the energy of civilization has come out of the bodies of the great, four-footed races. The horse, the ox, the mule, the elephant, the camel, the reindeer, the water buffalo, the yak, the dog, and the donkey —on the powerful and patient backs of these beings civilization has been borne for unknown hundreds of years. The power and mobility of these races have enabled man to carry out enterprises he never could have dreamed of undertaking single-handed. Without horses or other beings able and willing to wield the great implements, agriculture, the most basic of human industries, would be almost impossible.

But human dependence is not the chief concern of this paper; but the fact that these races associated with man are not treated by him with a consideration at all equal to their services. He must have a hard heart or a strange understanding who can look upon the lot of man's menials and not feel that wrongs—not petty wrongs, but wrongs that would darken the darkest pages of human history—are unmercifully rained upon them. The horse, the mule, the camel, and the ox have pretty nearly made man what he is. They have contributed to human welfare and achievement to an extent that can never be estimated. They are the bone and sinew of civilization—the plodding, faithful, indispensable allies of man in almost everything he undertakes, whether of war or peace, pomp or pleasure. When the human monkey wants to look especially "grand" or fill his soul especially full with the feeling that he is "some punkins," what would he do if he couldn't borrow splendor by getting on the back of that most magnificent of all beings—the horse?

Civilization is not exclusively a human thing. It is a joint product—the result of the combined labors and sacrifices of many races of mammals and birds. And no one of these races has the right to take more than its share of the blessings of civilization nor to shift upon others more than their portion of life's ills. This is a hard world. There is a lot of necessary evil in it that has got to be borne by somebody. We should be willing to do our part. It is not manly to pour into the cup of others the bitterness we should drink, nor to snatch from others' hands the joys that rightfully belong to them. We would not want to join with others in getting up a meal, and then have a few sit down and devour the whole thing while the rest of us stood and looked on. But that 's about the degree of delicacy exemplified by our grab-bag system of industry. The earth is a table. Millions of us are eating. We have the manners of swine. We haven't even the courtesy to pass things around. If we manage to get a seat by the *pièce de resistance,* we proceed to gobble up the whole thing, regardless of the wan faces that spring up in the wake of our devastations. We are brothers. Politeness is not pawing and scraping. It is humanity.

In his conduct toward those associated with him in the labor of life, man violates every principle of morals and humanity. He distributes the products of their common labors and hardships with the generosity of a lion.

Take horses. The great mass of these beings are regularly and systematically robbed. Their lives are drained of everything that makes life worth living, and into them are poured instead all the anguish of prolonged crucifixion. They are chained to a slavery so hopeless and subjected to sufferings so incessant and hor-



THE PERRY PICTURES. 3158,
BOSTON EDITION.

FROM PAINTING BY LAUX.

A RESTING PLACE.

rible that no human being of intelligence would endure them for a day. They are overloaded, overworked, poorly sheltered, beaten without cause, neglected, starved, misunderstood, cut with brutal whips, deprived of leisure and liberty, and doomed to a round of wretchedness and toil such as only machines, with no desire for happiness and no capacity for despair, would ever voluntarily enter upon. From the time they start out in the morning till they come back at night, aching with weariness and covered with stripes, they are doomed to an existence that contains all the essentials of a living death. And it is not for a day, or a week, or a year. It is for a lifetime. They have absolutely nothing to look forward to —except a pistol shot; and often this even does not come to them until they have lost the power to feel.

I wish I could say something that would move you—something that would make you miserable the rest of your days in pity for these poor, helpless, doomed things —something that would make you feel in some measure the pitiable lot, the awful, needless sufferings, of these silent martyrs of our civilization.

A little while ago a friend of mine wrote me about the frightful condition of horses and other domestic animals in Egypt. He said it was the most terrible in all the world—that it made him utterly wretched every time he went there and saw it. He wanted to pay my way if I would go there and see if something could not be done *to stay the scourge of blood and fire that is falling on the backs of the four-footed unfortunates of that land.* I could not go. But the thought of what was going on there in that distant East has haunted me ever since. I can hear the blows falling, and see the cringing forms of agony, and feel the fresh blister under the inhuman whips. Spain is another place almost as bad as Egypt. O the millions and millions and millions of poor, doomed ones in this world who are compelled to groan out their lives on the anvils and chopping blocks of human ferocity! I hardly ever see a sunrise, when alone, but what I think, Yes, it opens the flowers, and turns the dewdrops to pearls, and fills the groves with minstrelsy; but, alas, it also inaugurates over the wide earth a new onslaught by the flagellants on the poor, pain-cursed children of the chains.

*Can you realize* what it means to be in a lifelong subjection to a being who has almost no thought or care for you and no understanding of your real nature and sufferings—to be alive and sensitive and filled with desires, and yet treated always as if you were an inanimate lump —to be even without the power to plead for compassion, and yet be in such utter bondage as to be at the absolute mercy of every brutal whim of your overling?

I have seen horses that were so weak and thin from years of toil and mistreatment that they could hardly raise one foot after another, hitched to a load and made to drag it through the streets, while a great big semblance of a man sat on the seat with a whip in his hand and kept striking them with it every few minutes to make them go faster. Nothing, I suppose, not even hot irons, could have caused them to go faster than a walk. The years had been too long and too cruel. They were too nearly dead. All they could do was to make a feeble lurch forward at each blow, and, after a few quickened steps, lapse again into their painful trudge. And their poor old backs and sides had become so deadened by blows that these parts no longer had nerves; and the driver, instead of whipping them in the ordinary way, struck them over the face and around their ankles and legs, where the flesh was still sensitive.

Talk of vivisection! It is monstrous! But it is not all carried on behind voiceless walls and in the name of science. It goes on on all our streets in broad daylight every day. And much of it, I am sorry to say, is to be laid at the feet of men who are themselves crying piteously for justice.

No wonder horses become downcast and apathetic! No wonder they become broken hearted! No wonder their faces become drawn, and out of their eyes streams the solemnity that darkens the faces of the doomed!

Man treats those co-operating with him in the labor of life as mere means to his own selfish purposes. He feeds and shelters them for the same reason that the capitalist feeds and shelters the poor human things who serve him—simply to make them last as long as possible. There is no equity in the matter—no brotherhood—no thought of the Golden Rule. They are to him simply lemons—things to be squeezed, nothing more. And when he has extracted from them every benefit he is able to extract, he casts them out, as the money-hog does his worn-out workmen, *to rot*. The stars of heaven never looked down on more pitiful sights than that of horses or men, after having drudged faithfully all their lifelong days in the service of others, and after receiving for their lifelong devotion a compensation chiefly of pain, turned out in their helpless old age to starve to death.

It is not necessary that the relation between the human and other species shall cease in order that conditions may conform with humanitarian ideals. It is not even necessary that this relation be less profitable to man—merely that it be made *two*-sided instead of *one*-sided, made to harmonize with the plain and simple principles of justice. We talk so much about justice and humanity. We seem never to get tired of it. I presume that if all the complimentary things men say and write every year about justice and humanity were put into books and gathered in one place, they would fill a library. But there it all ends—in fine sentences dozing gloriously in gold-bound volumes. There is no justice or humanity to amount to anything anywhere else in the universe, except in libraries. Justice and humanity are sentiments that are particularly fitted for verbalization, but they do not lend themselves rapidly to the daily practice of beings who are to all intents or purposes enameled barbarians.

This is the ideal:

Man takes these races from the plains, where they are exposed to hunger and thirst and cold, harassed by enemies, and victimized by their own child-like intelligence. He associates them with himself. He gives them security, shelter, regular food, intellectual surroundings, and a home. They give him in return the benefits of their superior strength and speed, bearing man and his burdens, wielding his great machines for him, and supplementing in a thousand ways the inadequate powers of their mentor. These beings are really children—great big, strong, healthy, energetic boys and girls—capable of an incredible amount of work and genuine fellowship and affection, but much better off associated with some one who will look after them and afford to them for the emergencies of life a higher degree of wisdom and generalization than they possess. Man gives to them the advantage of his judgment and enterprise in return for power and mobility. Both are benefited. Both are better off than they would be if they acted independently or were alone in the world. The resulting advantage arises in the same way exactly as that arising when men divide their labors among themselves and co-operate in their tasks.

In the ideal state, man treats the races of beings affiliated with him not as objects of pillage but as beings with rights and feelings and capabilities of happiness and misery, like himself. He is kind to them, and ever mindful of how he may gladden and enrich their necessarily meager lives. He gets real pleasure, as every true altruist would, out of simply seeing them happy and of realizing that he has in some measure contributed to that happiness. He provides them plenty to eat, comfortable homes, vacation days in which to rest, opportunities for pleasure and pastime, an education, and infirmaries for times of misfortune and decline. He does not drive them until they are ready to drop. He does not abuse them until they are so nervous and soured they have to be muzzled to keep them from biting at passers-by. He does not cut off their pretty tails nor rein up their heads into horrible positions in the interests of an illiterate vanity. He does not go around with a stick or a whip with which to attack them whenever he does not feel well or things go against him at home. He talks to them. He treats them as the Arab treats his horse. The Arab regards his steed always as his comrade, as one whom he delights to please, taking him into his own tent if necessary and putting his arms around his neck and looking into his beautiful eyes, the assurance of true love and friendship. In short, man, when he acts ideally, treats these beings at all times as associates, not as *slaves* or *machines,* as his best friends and most faithful and valuable allies. They, on the other hand, come to recognize man as their true guide and benefactor. They learn to love and trust him, and the great, generous-hearted creatures are willing to wear out their very skeletons in his service.

The great Law of Love—the abstaining from that which we do not like when done to ourselves—Reciprocity—is the only relation to exist among associated beings of any kind.

PROFESSOR J. HOWARD MOORE.

An extract from The New Ethics. By kindness of the author. (Can be obtained from the American Humane Association, Albany, New York, in leaflet form at one and one-third cents.)

# OCTOBER

## HARVEST FRUIT—FALL BIRDS—FALL MIGRATION

### THEMES

Who planted this old apple-tree?

BRYANT.

"For I have pledged
All that is human in me to protect,
Their unsuspecting gratitude and love."

Suggestive: See "A Classified List of More Common Birds" and "Collateral Reading and Aids to Teacher and Pupil in Humane Education" in this Manual.

Send for "The Birds of the Chicago Area," by F. M. Woodruff, and other bulletins, pamphlets, printed bird lectures, and stereopticon slides, issued by the Chicago Academy of Sciences, Lincoln Park, Chicago.

Arbor and Bird Day Circulars; State Superintendent Public Instruction.

Pamphlet on State Game Laws and State Game Commissioner.

Reports and Bulletins of State Bureau of Agriculture on Birds.

Same: State University.

Leaflets and Illustrations on birds, trapping, shooting, etc., issued by the American Humane Association, 208 State Street, Albany, New York.

Same: School Department of National Association of Audubon Societies, 141 Broadway, New York City.

Same: State Secretary of Audubon Society.

Year books and Bulletins issued by Federal Department of Agriculture, Washington, District of Columbia; Federal Department of Ornithology, Washington, District of Columbia; Biological Survey, Washington, District of Columbia.

For songs in lower grades: Songs of Happy Life, compiled by Sarah J. Eddy (publishers, Silver, Burdett & Co.) is recommended.

## First Grade

### NATURE STUDY

The apple,—color, size, taste.

A talk about the birds of the immediate locality common in fall and winter.

Special recognition by name, color, song-note, and general appearance of the three most common species. (Suggestive: Crow, Snow-bird or Junco, Chickadee.)

### CIVICS

Planting the apple seed; planting the apple-tree sapling.

What birds do for the neighborhood.

Feeding and protecting them around home and school.

### ART

Robin-Redbreast.—*Munier.*

### LITERATURE

Reading by teacher: Autumn Apples.—*Unknown.*

### AUTUMN APPLES

Apples swinging on the trees,
Swinging, singing in the breeze,
Whispering autumn melodies
To the world that winds away!

Red and laughing all the time,
Dainty as a lilting rhyme,
Kissing little vines that climb
Up to greet them in their play.

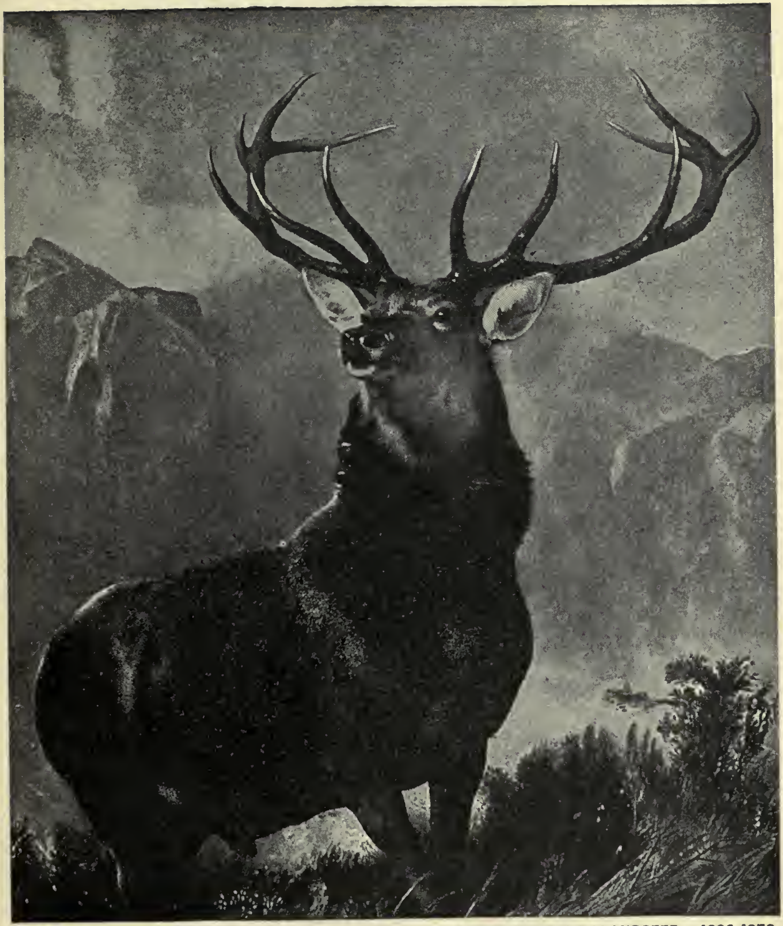
All the world goes singing on,
From the twilight to the dawn;
To the apples' cheeks are drawn
Butterflies and honey-bees.

Luscious apples, fine and big,
Hanging on a branch or twig,
Dancing just a little jig,
To the music of the breeze.

Song: Farewell to the Birds.—*Gaynor.*
Poem: Dicky-Birds.—*Anonymous.*

### DICKY-BIRDS

Lots of little dicky-birds,
Sitting in a row;
Lots of pairs of naked feet
Buried in the snow.
I should think you 'd fly away
Where the weather 's warm;
Then you would not have to be
Out there in the storm.



THE PERRY PICTURES, 913.
BOSTON EDITION.

FROM PAINTING BY LANDSEER. 1802-1873.

MONARCH OF THE GLEN.

Sorry little dicky-birds,
Don't you know the way?
Can't you find the road to go
Where it 's always May?
Robins all have found it out,
Wrens and thrushes too;
Don't you wish you 'd thought to ask,
Ere away they flew?

Hungry little dicky-birds,
Would you like some bread?
I will give you all you want,
Or some seeds instead.
Anything you like to eat,
You shall have it free,
Ev'ry morning, ev'ry night,
If you 'll come to me.

Happy little dicky-birds,
Have you had enough?
Don't forget to come again
While the weather 's rough.
Bye-bye, cheerful little birds!
Off the wee things swarm,
Dancing thro' the driving snow,
Singing in the storm!

CHORUS

Dicky-birds, dicky-birds,
Pretty dicky-birds,
Don't you want some crumbs to eat,
Pretty dicky-birds?

ANONYMOUS.

From Songs of Happy Life, compiled by Sarah J. Eddy. By arrangement with the publishers, Silver, Burdett & Co., and the compiler, Miss Eddy.

## SECOND GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Harvesting apples.

Talk on most common birds of local community of fall and winter.

Special recognition and knowledge of three species in addition to those learned in First Grade. (Suggestive: Bluejay, English Sparrow, Hairy Woodpecker.)

### CIVICS

Storing apples for winter use.

Birds' usefulness to man as insect and weed destroyers, as singers.

How to attract birds to neighborhood,—placing food, drink, and boxes and feeding-shelves.

Effect of use of sling-shot on decreasing birds in neighborhood.

### ART

Sparrows.—*Laux.*

### LITERATURE

Swinging 'Neath the Old Apple Tree.—*Anonymous.*

Hiawatha's Brothers.—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

### SWINGING 'NEATH THE OLD APPLE TREE

Oh, the sports of childhood,
Roaming thro' the wildwood,
Running o'er the meadows, happy and free:
But my heart 's abeating,
For the old-time greeting,
Swinging 'neath the old apple tree.

Swinging, swinging, swinging, swinging,
Lulling care to rest 'neath the old apple tree,
Swinging, swinging, swinging, swinging,
Swinging 'neath the old apple tree.

Swaying in the sunbeams,
Floating in the shadow,
Sailing on the breezes, happy and free;
Chasing all our sadness,
Shouting in our gladness,
Swinging 'neath the old apple tree.

Swinging, swinging, swinging, swinging,
Lulling care to rest 'neath the old apple tree,
Swinging, swinging, swinging, swinging,
Swinging 'neath the old apple tree.

ANONYMOUS.

From Favorite Songs and Hymns, published by American Book Co. By permission.

## HIAWATHA'S BROTHERS

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."
Of all the beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

From Hiawatha. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co., publishers.

## THIRD GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Dissemination of seeds of fruit trees.

Peculiarities of eyes, tongue, bill, feet, bones, wings, tail, and plumage of birds.

Learn meaning of *Family* as applied to groups of birds and illustrate by two most common Bird Families in community. (Suggestive: Crow and Jay Family and Sparrow Family.)

### CIVICS

A visit to, and talk on, seed-stores.

Birds' usefulness to man around home and school, in garden, farm, and woods.

Effect of use of sling-shot.

Effect of use of birds' plumage for millinery.

### ART

Colored prints of apple and apple tree.

Colored prints of fall and winter birds studied.

### LITERATURE

The Land of the Big Red Apple.—*Robertus Love.*

The Halo.—*W. C. Gannette.*

### THE LAND OF THE BIG RED APPLE

The Land of the Big Red Apple
Lies fair beneath her skies,
As halcyon isles where summer smiles
In seas of Paradise.

The lowly homestead nestles there,
With daisies at the door,
While bloomy clover scents the air–
I smell it as of yore.

The Land of the Big Red Apple
Is the home of hardy men,
Who sow and reap, and work and sleep,
And wake to work again.
They go their ways with heads erect,
And women walk beside,
Serene and sweet and circumspect,
And true and tender-eyed.

Robertus Love.

## THE HALO

(An Extract)

Think what a price to pay,
Faces so bright and gay,
Just for a hat!
Flowers unvisited, mornings unsung,
Sea-ranges bare of the wings that o'erswung—
Bared just for that!

Oh, but the shame of it,
Oh, but the blame of it,
Price of a hat!
Just for a jauntiness brightening the street!
This is your halo, O faces so sweet,
Death: and for that!

Reverend W. C. Gannett.

From Firth's Voices of the Speechless. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co., publishers.

## FOURTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Collecting fall fruits and nuts.

Fall migration,—cause (food supplies, climate, inherited instinct, imitation); methods of getting together, methods of flying, forms of communication for organizing, destination, distances, when return; effect of migration on birds, scattering families, losses, death, new homes, etc.

Add two new Families to those learned in Third Grade. (Suggestive: Swallow Family and Lark Family.)

### CIVICS

Marketing fall fruits and nuts.

Beauty and usefulness of birds to man.

How to prevent use of sling-shot by help of police.

How birds are captured by trappers for their plumage to be used in millinery.

The aigrette,—what it is, how obtained, result on nestlings and on the decrease of the bird.

### ART

A Resting-Place.—*Laux.*

### LITERATURE

The Little-Red-Apple Tree.—*J. Whitcomb Riley* (Rhymes of Childhood).

The Fall Migrations.—*Mary Drummond,* secretary Illinois Audubon Society.

## THE LITTLE-RED-APPLE TREE

The Little-red-apple Tree!—
O the Little-red-apple Tree!
When I was the little-est bit of a boy
And you were a boy with me!
The bluebird's flight from the topmost boughs,
And the boys up there—so high
That we rocked over the roof of the house
And whooped as the winds went by!

Ho! the Little-red-apple Tree!
With the garden-beds below,
And the old grape-arbor so welcomely
Hiding the rake and hoe!
Hiding, too, as the sun dripped through
In spatters of wasted gold,
Frank and Amy away from you
And me in the days of old!

The Little-red-apple Tree!—
In the edge of the garden-spot,
Where the apples fell so lavishly
Into the neighbor's lot;—
So do I think of you alway,
Brother of mine, as the tree,—
Giving the ripest wealth of your love
To the world as well as me.

The Little-red-apple Tree!
Sweet as its juiciest fruit
Spanged on the palate spicily,
And rolled o'er the tongue to boot,
Is the memory still and the joy
Of the Little-red-apple Tree,
When I was the little-est bit of a boy
And you were a boy with me!

James Whitcomb Riley.

From Rhymes of Childhood. Copyright 1900. By special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

## THE FALL MIGRATIONS

### I

A rush of wings through the darkening night;
A sweep through the air in the distant height.

Far off we hear them, cry answering cry;
'T is the voice of the birds as they southward fly.

From sea to sea, as if marking the time,
Comes the beat of wings from the long, dark line.

O strong, steady wing, with your rhythmic beat;
Flying from cold to the summer-time heat.

O keen glancing eye, that can see so far;
Do you guide your flight by the northern star?

The birds from the North are crossing the moon,
And the Southland knows they are coming soon.

### II

With gladness and freedom and music gone,
Another migration is passing on.

No long, dark lines o'er the face of the moon;
No dip of wings in the Southern lagoon.

No sweet low twitter, no welcoming song,
These are birds of silence that sweep along.

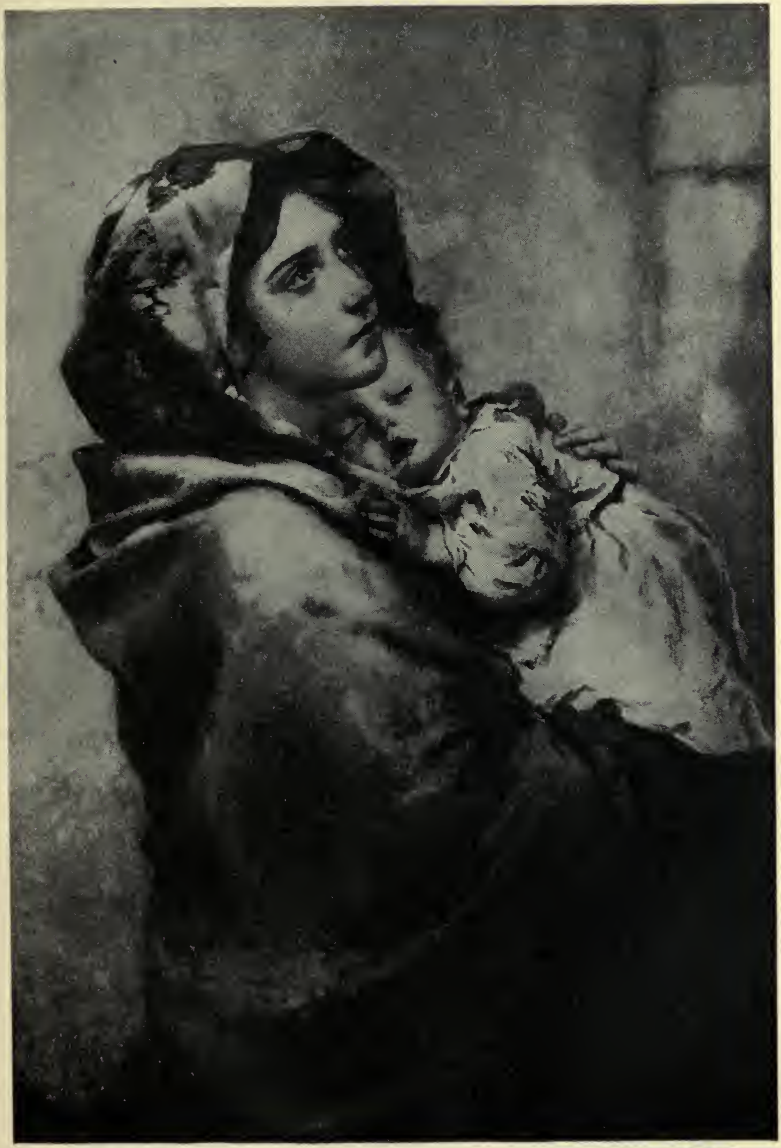
Lifeless and stiff, with the death mark on it,
This "Fall Migration" on hat and bonnet.

And the crowd goes by, with so few to care,
For this march of death of the fowls of the air.

A bier for dead birds, has it come to that;
Must this be our thought of a woman's hat?

MARY DRUMMOND,
Secretary, Illinois Audubon Society.

By kindness of the author. (This poem can be obtained in leaflet form from the Illinois Audubon Society at sixty cents per 100. Leaflet No. 6.)



THE PERRY PICTURES. 1112.
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MADONNA AND CHILD.

## Fifth Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Recognition and classification of different kinds of apple trees.

Review knowledge of various species of birds learned in preceding grades.

Group them into Families; study points of difference and points of analogy between one Family and another.

Learn the distinctive characteristics of an Order; illustrate by the Order of Perching Birds.

### CIVICS

The apple as an article of diet,—taste, nourishment, cheapness, abundance, etc.

What the city parks are doing for birds.

Police and city protection of birds.

Local anti-cruelty society's protection of birds.

Bird-day proclamation.

### ART

Prints of local fruit trees.

Prints of local birds.

### LITERATURE

The Orchard Lands of Long Ago.—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

The Wounded Curlew.—*Celia Thaxter.*

Publishers of Celia Thaxter's Poems, Houghton Mifflin Co. This poem can also be found in

Jones Readers, Book V, publishers, Ginn & Co., and in Songs of Happy Life, publishers Silver, Burdett & Co.

## THE ORCHARD LANDS OF LONG AGO

The orchard lands of Long Ago!
O drowsy winds, awake, and blow
The snowy blossoms back to me,
And all the buds that used to be!
Blow back along the grassy ways
Of truant feet, and lift the haze
Of happy summer from the trees
That trail their tresses in the seas
Of grain that float and overflow
The orchard lands of Long Ago!

Blow back the melody that slips
In lazy laughter from the lips
That marvel much if any kiss
Is sweeter than the apple's is.
Blow back the twitter of the birds—
The lisp, the titter, and the words
Of merriment that found the shine
Of summer time a glorious wine
That drenched the leaves that loved it so,
In orchard lands of Long Ago!

O memory! alight and sing
Where rosy-bellied pippins cling
And golden russets glint and gleam,
As, in the old Arabian dream,
The fruits of that enchanted tree
The glad Aladdin robbed for me!
And, drowsy winds, awake and fan
My blood as when it overran
A heart ripe as the apples grow
In orchard lands of Long Ago!

James Whitcomb Riley.

From Rhymes of Childhood. Copyright 1900. By special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

## Sixth Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Fruit trees of different parts of United States.

Fall migration, fall migrants, winter residents.

Review Order of Perching Birds.

Add the study of Order of Woodpeckers.

Learn to classify the local Families of birds that properly belong so under these Orders.

### CIVICS

State Bureau of Agriculture on promotion and distribution of fruit trees.

City and state laws protecting birds against sling-shot, trapping, rifle, and gun.

State Board of Agriculture on protection of birds as insect and weed destroyers.

### ART

Colored charts and stereopticon slides on fruit trees; on fall and winter birds.

### LITERATURE

The Planting of the Apple-Tree.—*William Cullen Bryant.*

To a Waterfowl.—*William Cullen Bryant.*

## THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE

(An Extract)

Come, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast
Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the Line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple-tree.

William Cullen Bryant.

Reprinted from Bryant's Complete Poetical Works. By permission of D. Appleton & Co.

## TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge or river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone—the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form—yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

William Cullen Bryant.

Reprinted from Bryant's Complete Poetical Works. By permission of D. Appleton & Co.

## SEVENTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Climatic and otherwise geographical distribution of fruit trees in the United States.

Range and geographical distribution of birds.

Study and classification of Bird Families grouped into Orders.

### CIVICS

Fruit raising as a national industry.

State Game Commission; game warden; game laws.

Audubon Society. (Found in magazine "Nation," Vol. 81, pp. 214-215.)

### ART

Colored charts and stereopticon slides on fruit trees; on fall and winter birds.

### LITERATURE

Biography of Audubon. (Suggestive: John James Audubon, by John Burroughs.)

## EIGHTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Review of work of preceding grades on fruit raising.

Uses of field-glass, kodak, local museums, and stereopticon slides in bird study.

Adaptation of birds to their environment.

### CIVICS

What the State University is teaching on scientific fruit raising.

Birds in Yellowstone and other national parks.

Federal Bureau of Agriculture on birds as insect and weed destroyers.

Federal Department of Ornithology.

Biological Survey at Washington, District of Columbia.

### ART

The Cornfield.—*Constable.*

Review of Robin-Redbreast.—*Munier.*

### LITERATURE

Flight of the Birds.—*John Milton* (Paradise Lost, Book 7).

## FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS

(An Extract)

Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch from the egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture, forth disclosed
The callow young; but feathered soon and fledge
They summed their pens; and, soaring the air sublime,
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud
In prospect: there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build;
Part loosely wing the region; part, more wise,
In common ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aery caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumbered plumes:
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays:
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
Their downy breasts; the swan with archèd neck
Between her white wings, mantling proudly, rows

Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower
The mid aerial sky: others on ground
Walked firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
The silent hours; and the other, whose gay train
Adorns him, colored with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes.

JOHN MILTON (Paradise Lost, Book 7).

# NOVEMBER

## THE HOME—THANKSGIVING—PERSECUTION

### THEME

He prayeth well who loveth well
  Both man and bird and beast,
He prayeth best who loveth best
  All things both great and small.
For the dear God who loveth us,
  He made and loveth all.

COLERIDGE.

## FIRST GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Talk on size, shape, and appearance of cow, sheep, and domestic fowls (chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese).

### CIVICS

Thanksgiving day (a day to be thankful for what we have; a day to thank others for what they do for us).

Thankfulness to parents, sisters, and brothers for what they do for us.

What the above animals do for us; cow,—milk for the family; sheep,—wool for clothes; fowls, —eggs for the table,—feathers for the house.

Thankfulness for these animals; love and kindness for them for what they do for us.

### ART

Feeding the Hens.—*Millet.*

### LITERATURE

Song: Thanksgiving Song (Songs in Season).
Memorize:

"God made all the creatures and gave them our love and
our fear,
To give sign, we and they are His children, one family
here."

Robert Browning (Saul).

## Second Grade

### NATURE STUDY

The sheep,—teeth, hoofs, wool, tail.

Food, drink, care, shelter.

Habits of grazing, chewing cud, and herding.

Effect of right food, proper care, shelter, and clean barns and yards.

### CIVICS

Thanksgiving day (same as First Grade).

Thankfulness to parents, brothers, and sisters for what they do for us.

The primitive shepherd,—mode of living. Practices of shearing, weaving, and coloring wool for cloth.

### ART

The Sheepfold.—*Jacque.*

### LITERATURE

Reading by teacher.—*Psalm XXIII* (Bible).

### PSALM XXIII

The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

THE BIBLE.

## THIRD GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Domestic fowls,—chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese, pigeons, and doves.

Habits as to walking, flying, and swimming.

Study their feet, wings, tail, and feathers.

Points of analogy and points of contrast.

### CIVICS

Thanksgiving day,—story of Pilgrims' landing.

Thankfulness to teachers and to others that serve us.

Different uses to man of above animals.

Man's abuse of them from neglect and ignorance.

How to care for pigeons—for doves (by pupils who have them).

Children's persecution of strangers, foreigners, old people, smaller children, calling names, nagging, snowballing, stoning.

### ART

Review of Feeding the Hens.—*Millet.*

### LITERATURE

The Ugly Duckling.—*Hans Christian Andersen* (Wonder Stories for Children).

## THE UGLY DUCKLING

It was delightful out in the country. It was summer. The wheat fields were yellow, and the oats were green; the hay had been put up in stacks in the smooth meadows, and the stork was wandering about on his long red legs, and chattering Egyptian, for that was the language he had learned from his good mother. All around the fields and meadows were great green forests, and in the midst of these forests lay deep lakes. Yes, it was really delightful in the country.

Bathed in sunshine there lay an old farm. Around it were deep ditches full of water, and on their banks there grew great burdocks, so high that little children could stand upright under the largest of them. It was just as wild there as in the deepest wood.

Near a ditch a duck was hatching upon a nest. She was almost tired out. Then, too, she was lonesome, for she seldom had visitors. The other ducks liked better to swim about in the ditches than to sit down under a burdock and quack with her.

If the weather had not been so fine, she would have been unable to stand the long hours with so little company to cheer her up. She felt most forlorn evenings; for during the daytime she could watch the other ducks swimming in the ditch, and often some one of them, going past, would call out to her.

Once she grew so weary of hatching that she started up to leave the eggs. Then she stopped and thought, "Perhaps the ducklings will soon be out. I think that I will wait a little while longer."

At last one eggshell after another burst open. "Peep! Peep!" In the eggs there were little creatures that stuck out their heads.

"Rap! rap!" they said, and they came rapping out as fast as they could, and looked all round them under the green leaves. The mother let them look as much as they chose, for green is good for the eyes.

"How wide the world is!" said the young ones, and they certainly had more room than they had when they were in the eggs.

"Do you think this is all the world?" asked the mother. "Why, it extends far across the other side of the garden quite into the parson's field, but I have never been there yet. I hope you all are here," she continued, and stood up. "No, I miss one. Oh, that largest egg still lies there! How long before that will hatch? I am really tired of it!" and she sat down again.

"Well, how goes it?" asked an old duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"It takes a very long time to hatch this big egg," said the hatching duck. "It will not open. Now just look at those new ducklings! Are they not the prettiest little birds one could possibly see?"

"Let me look at the egg which will not open," said the old visitor. "Ah! it is not a good one. Let it lie there, and then you can teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little longer," said the duck. "I 've sat so long now that I can sit a few days more."

"Just as you please," said the old duck, and she went away.

At last the great egg broke. "Peep! peep!" said the newcomer, and crept forth. He was very large and very ugly. The ducks stared at him. "It 's a very large duckling," said they; "none of the others look like that one."

The next day the mother duck went down to the ditch with all her brood. Splash! she jumped into the water. "Quack! quack!" she said, and one duckling after another plunged in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up in an instant, and swam capitally. Their legs went of themselves, and there they were—all in the water! The ugly gray duckling swam with them.

"Look how well he can use his feet, and how upright he holds himself! He is my own child!" said the mamma. "On the whole he 's quite pretty if one looks at him rightly. Quack! quack! all of you come with me, and I 'll lead you into the poultry yard, but keep close to me, so that no one may tread on you; and look out for the cats!"

So they came into the big poultry yard. "Shake yourselves—don't turn in your toes; a well-brought-up duck turns his toes quite out, just like father and mother —that way! Now bend your necks and say 'Queep'!" said the duck mother. They all did just what she told them to do, and imitated her so well that she felt quite proud of them. But the other ducks roundabout them said quite boldly: "How ugly that duckling yonder looks! We won't have him here," and one duck flew at the big duckling and bit him severely.

"Let him alone," said the mother; "he does no harm to any one."

"Oh, he 's too ugly," said the duck, "and, therefore, must be punished."

"Those are pretty children the mother has there," said one duck. "They all are pretty but that one. I wish she could color his feathers and make him a little better looking. He is a very ugly thing now."

The big duckling, which had crept last out of the egg, and looked so ugly, was bitten, and pushed, and jeered as much by the ducks as by the chickens.

So matters went on during the first day, and afterward things became worse and worse for the poor gray duckling. He was hunted about by every one; even his brothers and sisters were quite angry with him, and said: "If the cat would only catch you, it would be a good thing, you big ugly creature!" And the mother said: "If you were only far away!" And the ducks bit him, and the chickens pecked him, and the girl who had to feed the poultry, struck at him with the pan.

Then, frightened, he flew over the fence.

"That was because I am so ugly," thought the duckling, and he shut his eyes, but flew farther. Thus he came out into the great moor where the wild ducks lived. There he lay the whole night long; but he could not sleep, he was so hungry and tired. Toward morning the wild ducks woke up and looked at their new companion.

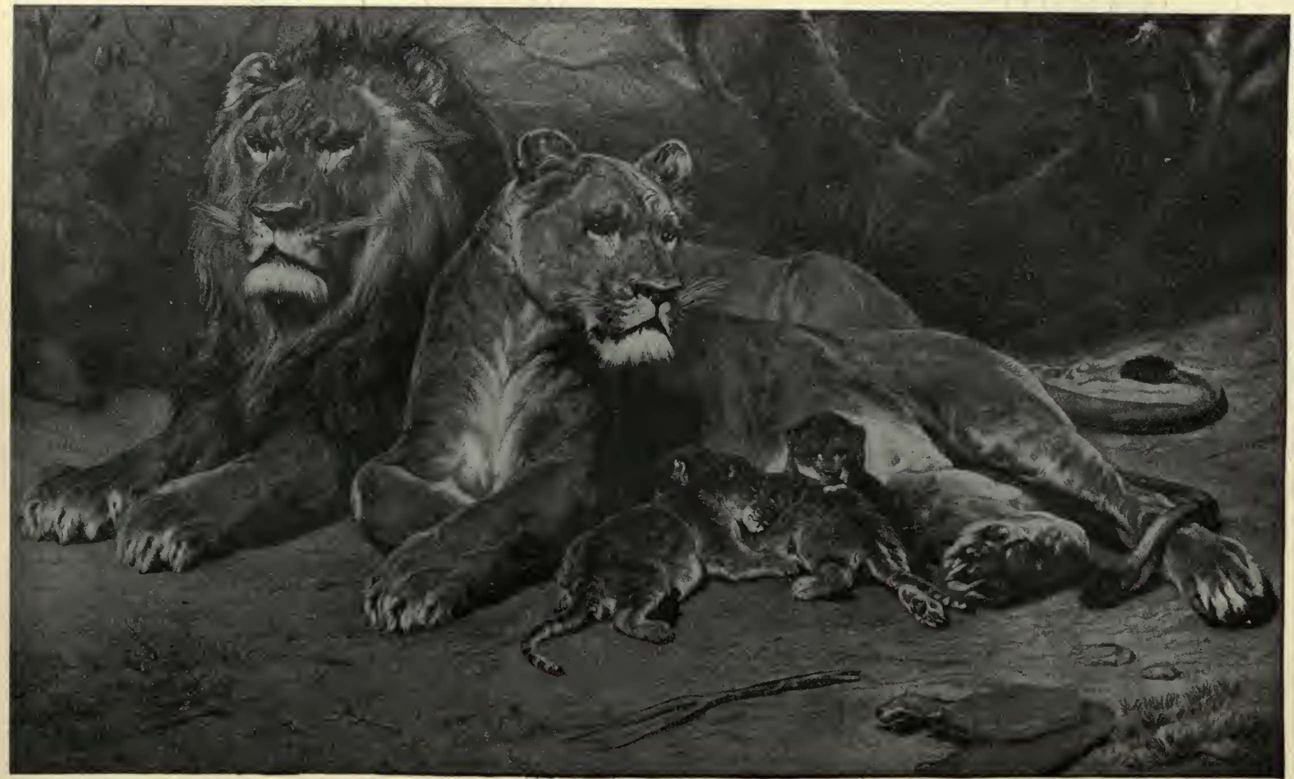
"What are you?" they asked, and the duckling turned to them and bowed as well as he could. "You are very ugly," said the wild ducks, "but we do not care for that, if you do not call yourself one of us."

He lay two whole days on the moor; then came thither two wild geese. It was not long since each had crept out of an egg, and that 's why they were saucy.

"Listen, comrade," said one of them. "You are so ugly that I like you. Will you go with us?"

Bang! bang! sounded through the air, and the two geese fell down dead in the swamp, and the water became red. Bang! bang! again rang out, and flocks of wild geese rose from the reeds. A great hunt was going on. The hunting dogs came—splash! splash! into the swamp, and the rushes and reeds were bent down on every side. The poor duckling was frightened beyond measure.

He turned his head and put it under his wing. At that moment a great dog came up. His tongue hung out of his mouth, and his eyes glared. Thrusting his nose against the duckling, he showed his sharp teeth, and—splash! splash! on he went without seizing it.



THE PERRY PICTURES. 541.
BOSTON EDITION.

LION FAMILY.

FROM PAINTING BY ROSA BONHEUR. 1822-1899

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"Oh, heaven be thanked!" exclaimed the duckling. "I am so ugly that even dogs do not care to bite me!"

Now winter was approaching. The leaves in the forest turned yellow and brown; the air was very cold. The poor duckling was certainly to be pitied. One evening there rose a whole flock of large, handsome birds out of the bushes; they were swans, and were dazzlingly white, with long, slender necks. They uttered the swan's cry, spread their great beautiful wings, and, mounting high in the blue heavens, flew away from that cold region to warmer lands—to open lakes and green fields.

The ugly little duckling felt very sad as he watched the beautiful creatures. He turned round and round in the water, like a wheel, stretched forth his head, and uttered such a strange loud cry as to frighten himself. Oh! he could not forget those stately, happy birds! He was not at all envious of them. How could he think of wishing to possess such loveliness as theirs? He would have been glad if even the wild ducks would have endured his company, the poor gray-feathered wretched thing!

The winter grew very cold. The duckling was forced to swim about in the water to prevent the surface from freezing, but every night the space in which he swam became smaller and smaller. At last the young bird became too wearied to swim any more, and lay still, and thus got frozen fast in the ice on the pond.

Early next morning a peasant came by. When he saw the duckling he broke the ice crust with his wooden shoe and carried the poor bird home to his wife. Then the duckling came to himself again. The children wanted to play with him, but he thought they would hurt him, and he flew up into the milk pan, and spilled the milk on the floor.

The woman screamed and struck at the duckling; the children tumbled over one another in their efforts to catch the frightened bird, and laughed and shouted in great glee. Luckily the door stood open, and the poor, terrified creature was able to flutter out into the garden.

There in the snow he lay quite exhausted. After awhile he was able to fly out into the wild land.

But it would make too sad a story if I were to tell all the misery and trouble which the duckling had to endure in that hard winter, while he lived on the moor among the reeds and sedges and withered grass.

When the larks began to sing again in the spring, everything soon became beautiful. Then all at once the duckling found he could clap his wings. They beat the air more strongly than before, and carried the bird far away, and, before he well knew where he was going, he found himself in a spacious garden with a large pond, where the elder trees smelled sweet, and bent their long green branches down to the water. What a gladness of spring was there! From a thicket came two beautiful white swans. They rustled their wings and glided gracefully on the water. The duckling saw the splendid creatures, and felt bashful and afraid.

I will fly to them, the royal birds," he thought, "and they will kill me because I, that am so ugly, dare to approach them. But I do not care. Better to be killed by them than to be bitten by ducks and pecked by fowls, and be struck by the servant girl, and to suffer hunger and cold in winter."

He flew out into the water and swam toward the beautiful swans; these looked at him, and came sailing down with outspread wings to meet him. "Kill me!" said the poor thing, and bent his head, expecting nothing but death. But what was that he saw in the clear water? His own image—no longer an ugly dark-gray bird, but—a glorious white swan! And the other swans swam around him and, coming up to him, stroked him caressingly with their beaks.

Into the garden ran little children. They threw bread into the water, and one cried out: "There is a new swan!" The other children echoed joyfully, "Yes, a new one!" and they clapped their hands and danced about, and then hastened to their father and mother, and said: "The new one is the most beautiful of all!" The old swans bowed their heads before the newcomer.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing, not knowing what to do. Once despised and ill-treated, now the most beautiful of all birds! Then, rustling his wings, he lifted his head, and cried out rejoicingly: "I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was only the despised and ill-treated Ugly Duckling!"

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

From Lights to Literature by Grades, Book Three. By permission of Rand, McNally & Co., publishers.

## FOURTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Wild fowls,—wild turkeys, geese, ducks, pigeons, and doves.

Habits as to flying, walking, and swimming.

Study feet, wings, tails, and feathers.

Habits of feeding, flocking, and migrating.

Compare with corresponding domestic species.

### CIVICS

Historic origin of Thanksgiving day.

Cruelties inflicted by man in hunting and trapping wild fowl.

Children's persecution of strangers, foreigners, old people, smaller children,—calling names, nagging, snowballing, stoning.

### ART

Landing of the Pilgrims.—*Rothermel.*

### LITERATURE

Reading by teacher: Chapters I and VII of Redruff, the Story of the Don Valley Partridge.—*Ernest Thompson Seton* (Wild Animals I Have Known).

Memorize:

Yes, well your story pleads the cause
Of those dumb mouths that have no speech;
Only a cry from each to each
In its own kind with its own laws;
Something that is beyond the reach
Of human power to learn or teach,—
An inarticulate moan of pain
Like the immeasurable main
Breaking upon an unknown beach.
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

From Tales of a Wayside Inn.

## FIFTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

The cow,—teeth, horns, hoofs, hair, tail.

Nature and habits as to digestion, chewing of cud, grazing, and herding.

Effect on the cow and its milk of good food, care, shelter, warmth, quietness, and gentleness in milking.

Home products of cow,—milk, butter, and cheese.

### CIVICS

The story of the Pilgrims' exile and wanderings on account of religious persecutions.

Responsibility of owners of domestic animals as to care, food, and shelter.

Sanitary surroundings for cow and milk required by law.

Sanitary inspection of milk, barns, milk stations, and creameries.

### ART

Pilgrims Going to Church.—*Broughton.*
Milking-time.—*Dupré.*

### LITERATURE

The Landing of the Pilgrims.—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

## THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The breaking waves dashed high
    On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
    Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
    The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
    On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conquerer comes,
    They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
    And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
    In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
    With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

## Sixth Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Study of the nature and habits of the fox; the wolf.

### CIVICS

Religious persecution as illustrated by the history of the Pilgrims.

Customs relating to trapping and hunting the fox and wolf.

Discuss laws and the absence of laws against cruel trapping.

### ART

The Lone Wolf.—*Kowalski.*

### LITERATURE

Lobo, the King of Currumpaw.—*Ernest Thompson Seton* (Wild Animals I Have Known).

## Seventh Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Study of the nature and habits of the deer.

### CIVICS

Political persecution as illustrated by the history of colonial America in its relation to Great Britain.

Discuss custom of deer stalking and hunting, and laws pertaining to same; game laws.

Discuss probable extermination of American deer.

### ART

A Deer Family.—*Landseer.*

### LITERATURE

A-Hunting the Deer in the Adirondacks.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

## Eighth Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Discussion: The kodak can accomplish more in science than the gun.

### CIVICS

Race persecution, as illustrated by the history of slavery in the United States.

Brute persecution, as illustrated by customs of trapping, hunting, stalking, and bull fighting.

Discussion: Persecution is caused by a lack of understanding one another, and a lack of feeling for one another.

Discussion: Sympathy can accomplish more in progress than persecution.

### ART

Monarch of The Glen—*Landseer.*

### LITERATURE

Story-telling by some pupil: Trail of the Sandhill Stag.—*Ernest Thompson Seton.*

# DECEMBER

## HAPPINESS—CHARITY—ALTRUISM

### THEME

That love of one from which there doth not spring
True love of all, is but a worthless thing.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## FIRST GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Talk on the short day and the long night in winter time.

### CIVICS

Christmas,—a time to be happy, a time to make others happy.

Whom can we make happy?—how?

Talk on the family,—father, mother, brothers, sisters, playmates, the pets, the domestic animals, the birds, squirrels, etc.; telling what can be done to make each happy.

### ART

Holy Family.—*Murillo.*

### LITERATURE

Story-telling by teacher: Tiny Tim.—*Charles Dickens.*

Poem: Norse Lullaby.—*Eugene Field.*

Song: Christmas Carol (Gaynor's Book).

## NORSE LULLABY

The sky is dark and the hills are white
As the storm-king speeds from the north to-night,
And this is the song the storm-king sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings:
    "Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep."
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:
    "Sleep, little one, sleep."

On yonder mountain-side a vine
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;
The tree bends over the trembling thing,
And only the vine can hear her sing:
    "Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
What shall you fear when I am here?
    Sleep, little one, sleep."

The king may sing in his bitter flight,
The tree may croon to the vine to-night,
But the little snowflake at my breast
Liketh the song I sing the best,—
    "Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
Weary, thou art. Anext my heart
    Sleep, little one, sleep."

EUGENE FIELD.

From A Little Book of Western Verse. Copyright, 1889, by Eugene Field. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

## SECOND GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Sunset in December.
Relative days and nights in December.

### CIVICS

Christmas (same as First Grade).

### ART

The Arrival of the Shepherds.—*Lerolle.*

### LITERATURE

Piccola and Sparrow.—*Celia Thaxter.*

(Celia Thaxter's Poems are published by Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Be Kind to Living Things.—*Anonymous.*

### BE KIND TO LIVING THINGS

Little children, bright and fair,
Blessed with every needful care,
Always bear this thing in mind,
God commands us to be kind.

Kind not only to our friends,
Those on whom our life depends;
Kind not only to the poor,
Those who poverty endure;

But, in spite of form or feature,
Kind to every living creature.
Never pain or anguish bring
Even to the smallest thing.

ANONYMOUS.

## THIRD GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

The position of the sun in December; its effect on length of day and night and on weather.

### CIVICS

Story of the Norse people and how they celebrated Christmas by good will and gift making to family members, neighbors, domestic animals, pets, and wild birds.

Discuss bringing the custom into our home life.

### ART

Madonna of the Arbor.—*Dagnan-Bouveret.*

### LITERATURE

Christmas in Norway.—*Celia Thaxter.*

(Celia Thaxter's Poems are published by Houghton Mifflin Co. This poem can also be found in Songs of Happy Life, published by Silver, Burdett & Co.)

Memorize:

A little word in kindness spoken,
    A motion or a tear,
Has often healed a heart that 's broken,
    And made a friend sincere.

Then deem it not an idle thing
    A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thought you bring,
    A heart may heal or break.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co., publishers.

## Fourth Grade

### NATURE STUDY

The sun in northern regions in December.

### CIVICS

The Norse origin of Christmas; celebration by the people of the extreme north over the beginning of the return of sunlight, warmth, and productiveness, expressed by good will, kindness, relief, and gift making to family first, then to neighborhood, and then to community.

How far has the custom reached us?

### ART

Divine Shepherd.—*Murillo.*

### LITERATURE

The Little Match Girl.—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

## THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL

It was bitterly cold. Flakes of snow were whirling thickly through the air. It was the last evening of the year. In the cold and darkness a scantily clad little girl, bareheaded and barefooted, was walking along the street. She wore slippers when she left home, but they were so large as to be of no use to her. They were old ones that her mother, long dead, had worn. The little girl had lost both of them in the middle of the square, where she had shuffled hastily out of the way of a carriage. One slipper could not be found, and a thievish urchin had seized the other and had run away with it. So now she had to walk with bare feet, and they were blue and red with the cold.

In an old apron she carried a few bundles of matches and had a bunch in her hand. Nobody had bought anything from her during that whole long day; and no one had given her as much as a single penny.

Hungry and cold she crept along, a picture of misery, poor little girl! Snowflakes covered her long, fair hair, which fell in curls about her pale, thin face.

All the houses she passed had their windows lighted up; and out of a kitchen door that opened for a moment, as she was going by, came a whiff of warm air, fragrant with the delicious smell of food. It was New Year's eve—she thought of that.

Colder and colder grew the night. In a corner formed by two houses she sought shelter from the icy wind and, shivering, cowered close to the walls. She dared not go home, because her father would beat her, as she had no money to give him. Besides, it was cold in the house, an old, ruinous building, with many holes in the roof. The larger ones had been stopped up with straw and rags, but the wind whistled through the others, and the snow sifted through them.

Her little hands were aching with the cold. Ah! the matches! If she might venture to take one from the bunch! She broke one off and drew it across the brick wall. Rrratch! how it blazed up! It burned with a warm, bright flame, just like a little candle; it was truly a wonderful light.

It seemed to the child as if she were really seated before a big polished stove, full of glowing coal. How brightly the fire burned! How comfortable it was! She stretched forth her freezing feet toward the heat, when suddenly the little flame went out, the stove vanished, and she was again in the cold, with only a burned match in her hand.

She lighted a second match. It blazed up, illumined the wall, and she saw clearly into the room beyond. There was a table covered with a snow-white cloth, and set with china and silverware; and on the farthest end was a large roast, cooling on a platter. More wonderful still, the roast, with knife and fork in it, hopped down to the floor and waddled toward the little girl, when—the match went out, and before her she saw nothing but cold brick walls and drifting snow.

Another match was lighted. The flame showed her a big Christmas tree only a few feet away. It was far larger and was more beautifully decorated than the one that she saw last Christmas, through the window, in the rich merchant's house. Hundreds of colored tapers were burning on the green branches and beautiful pictures, such as she had seen in store windows, looked down upon her. The little maiden lifted her hands toward them when—the match went out. But the lights of the Christmas tree rose higher and higher, till they appeared to be stars in the sky. Then one shot down, leaving a trail of white flame.

"Somebody has just died!" said the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only person who had ever loved her, and who was now no more, had told her that when a star falls, a soul ascends to God.

She drew another match along the wall. When its light shone around, she seemed to see her grandmother standing in the brightness. How mild she looked! How lovingly she smiled on her little granddaughter!

"Grandmother!" cried the child, "oh, take me with you! You will go away when the match is out. You will go like the warm stove, and the roast, and the big Christmas tree!"

Hurriedly she rubbed a whole bunch of matches against the wall, for she wanted to keep her grandmother with her as long as possible. And the matches burned so brightly that it became as light as midday. Her grandmother had never before appeared so lovable or so tall.

She gathered the little girl to her heart, and both went up to joy and brightness above the earth—up, up to where there is no cold, nor hunger, nor fear; for grandmother and grandchild went to God.

Next morning's sun rose on a little girl seated, with a smile on her lips, in the corner made by the joined houses. She had frozen to death on the last evening of the old year. In one hand was a bunch of burned matches.

"She tried to warm herself," the people said. But no one imagined what beautiful sights she had witnessed, nor knew in what glory she had gone away with her loving grandmother on New Year's eve.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

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## FIFTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

The midnight sun.

### CIVICS

Christmas in public institutions such as hospitals, orphan asylums, poorhouses, homes for the aged, etc.

### ART

Visiting Day at the Hospital.—*Jeoffroy.*

### LITERATURE

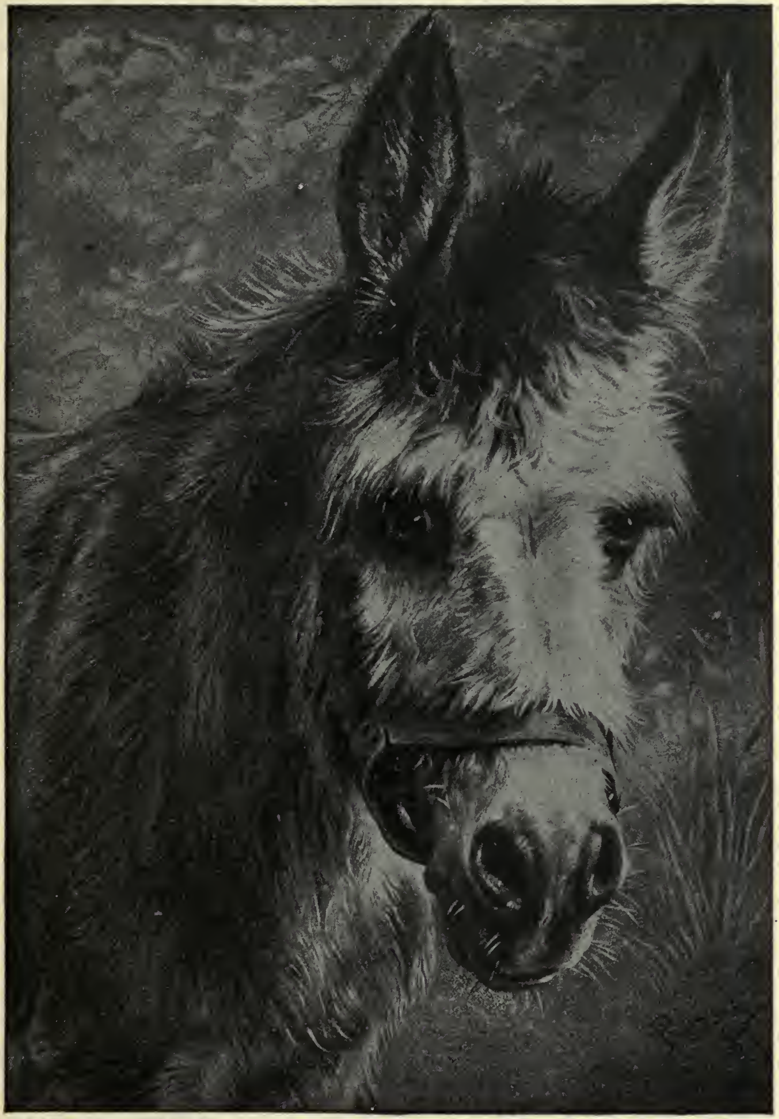
Carol Bird's Christmas.—*Kate Douglas Wiggin* (The Birds' Christmas Carol).

Jest 'Fore Christmas.—*Eugene Field.*

### JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy,
Without them sashes, curls, an' things that 's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor-ile they give for belly-ache!
'Most all the time, the whole year round, there ain't no flies on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas I 'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat;
First thing she knows she does n't know where she is at!
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride!



THE PERRY PICTURES. 556.
BOSTON EDITION.

FROM PAINTING BY ROSA BONHEUR. 1822-1899.

AN HUMBLE SERVANT.

But sometimes when the grocery man is woritted an' cross,
He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his hoss,
An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh, ye never teched me!"
But jest 'fore Christmas I 'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man,
I 'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother Dan,
As was et up by the cannibuls that lives in Ceylon's Isle,
Where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is vile!
But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West Show,
Nor read the life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she 'd know
That Buff'lo Bill an' cow-boys is good enough for me!
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, when I 'm good as I kin be!

And then old Sport he hangs around, so solemn-like an' still,
His eyes they seem a-saying': "What 's the matter, little Bill?"
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what 's become
Of them two enemies of hern that used to make things hum!
But I am so perlite an' 'tend so earnestly to biz,
That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me
When, jest 'fore Christmas, I 'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies, cakes, an' toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for naughty boys;
So wash your face an' bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's and q's,
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't wear out yer shoes;
Say, "Yessum" to the ladies, an' "Yessur" to the men,

An' when they 's company, don 't pass yer plate for pie
again;
But, thinkin' of the things yer 'd like to see upon that
tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

EUGENE FIELD.

From Love Songs of Childhood. Copyright, 1894, by Eugene Field. Published by Charles Scribners' Sons.

## SIXTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Eskimo people; their habits and life in relation to their geographical position.

### CIVICS

The Christmas spirit to relieve distress, to give happiness, to perform deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice, as illustrated by events in the days of knighthood and the age of chivalry.

The effect of Christmas and its custom of gift making on modern community life, including,—shops, clerks, and delivery horses; postoffice department, postman, mail and rural route horses; express companies, employees, delivery horses; the extreme poor of large cities.

### ART

Madonna.—*Ferruzzi.*

### LITERATURE

The Christmas Long Ago.—*James Whitcomb Riley* (Rhymes of Childhood).

Story-telling: The Legend of St. Martin. (St. Martin was riding along a country road and he met a beggar without sufficient clothing; with his sword he cuts his cloak in two and gives half to the beggar; then a vision appears of Christ wearing the half cloak in heaven.)

### THE CHRISTMAS LONG AGO

Come, sing a hale Heigh-ho
For the Christmas long ago!—
When the old log-cabin homed us
From the night of blinding snow,
When the rarest joy held reign,
And the chimney roared amain,
With the firelight like a beacon
Through the frosty window-pane.

Ah! the revel and the din
From without and from within,
The blend of distant sleigh-bells
With the plinking violin;
The muffled shrieks and cries—
Then the glowing cheeks and eyes—
The driving storm of greetings,
Gusts of kisses and surprise.

Sing—sweetest of all glees—
Of the taffy-makers, please—
And, round the saucers in the snow,
The children thick as bees;
Chin and laughing lip streak
With still a sweeter sweetness than
The tongue of Song can speak.

Sing in again the mirth
Of the circle round the hearth,
With the rustic Sindbad telling us
The strangest tales on earth!

And the Minstrel Bard we knew,—
With his "Love-i-er so True,"
Likewise his "Young House-K-yarpen-ter,"
And "Lovèd Henry," too!

And, forgetting ne'er a thing,
Lift a gladder voice, and sing
Of the dancers in the kitchen—
Clean from start to "pigeon-wing"!
Sing the glory and the glee
And the joy and jubilee,—
The twirling form—the quickened breath—
The sigh of ecstasy.

The eyes that smile alone
Back into our happy own—
The leaping pulse—the laughing blood—
The trembling undertone!—
Ho! pair us off once more,
With our feet upon the floor
And our heads and hearts in heaven,
As they were in days of yore!

James Whitcomb Riley.

From Rhymes of Childhood. Copyright, 1900. By special permission of publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

## Seventh Grade

### NATURE STUDY

The winter solstice.

Nature and habits of the reindeer.

### CIVICS

Christmas customs in different lands.

The Christmas spirit: A sympathetic understanding of the lives of others,—conditions, necessities, distresses, etc.; a desire to bring about conditions that make for the happiness of others.

Define altruism.

### ART

The Midnight Sun.

### LITERATURE

Christmas Carol.—*Charles Dickens.*

## EIGHTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

The heavens in winter time.

Land of the midnight sun.

Laplanders and other peoples of the polar regions.

Habits of peoples adapted to their geographical environment.

### CIVICS

Growth of the social service idea reviewed by the following outline of historic stages:

1. The ego: savage life, as illustrated by the cave man.
2. Tribe or clan rule: primitive life, as illustrater by the Indian.
3. Domination of the nation: early civilization, as illustrated by Sparta.
4. Class domination: advanced civilization, as illustrated by England under the feudal system.

5. Race domination: growing civilization, as illustrated by the United States prior to the Emancipation Proclamation.

6. Human versus dumb creation: present civilization, as illustrated by the United States at the present time.

7. Universal recognition of the rights of others: future civilization, as illustrated by an ideal community, a Utopia.

### ART

The Soul's Awakening.—*J. J. Sant.*

### LITERATURE

New Year's Eve.—*Alfred Tennyson.*
Memorize:

I live to hail that season, by gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason and not alone by gold;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.
—*Adapted.*

## NEW YEAR'S EVE

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

# JANUARY

## RELATION OF COLD TO ANIMAL LIFE—HIBERNATION

### THEME

For I am my brother's keeper,
And I will fight his fight;
And speak the word for beast and bird
Till the world shall set things right.
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## First Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Snowflakes, frost crystals, frost, and ice.

Weather in January.

Talk on the squirrel,—his coat, where he lives, what he eats, etc.

### CIVICS

Keeping the squirrels in the city parks, in the school yard, in the neighborhood trees by nuts, care, and kind treatment, especially in cold weather.

### ART

Piper and Nut-Crackers.—*Landseer.*

Squirrels—*Carter.*

### LITERATURE

Song: Tiny Little Flakes of Snow.—*Walker.*

Brownies.—*Anonymous.*

I know of a brownie who lives in a tree,
Chipperee-ree! chipperee-ree!
He fears no danger—oh, no, not he!
Chipperee-ree! chipperee-ree!
Here in my home in the maple tree,
I live contented and safe and free,
Oh, who so happy and full of glee!
Chipperee-ree! chipperee-ree!

I scamper and frolic the whole day long.
Chipperee-ree! chipperee-ree!
I am always gay though I sing no song.
Chipperee-ree! chipperee-ree!
And in the fall when the woods are brown,
And the nuts come dropping thickly down,
I 'll scamper away to Brownies' Town,
Chipperee-ree! chipperee-ree!

From Firth's Voices of the Speechless. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co., publishers.

## SECOND GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Effect of frost, snow, and ice on animal life. Man and domestic animals need shelter; furry and hairy animals grow a heavier coat; many birds go to warmer places, some animals sleep during the cold; insects die or go to sleep. All animals feel the cold.

Nature and habits of rabbits and hares.

### CIVICS

Man's custom of hunting and trapping for food in the past compared with his custom of hunting and trapping for sport in the present.

### ART

A Rabbit.—*Dürer.*

### LITERATURE

Story-telling by teacher: Chapter I of Raggylug.—*Ernest Thompson Seton* (Wild Animals I Have Known).

## THIRD GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Effect of cold on animal life,—as to eating, sleeping, activity, growth of fur, wool, and hair covering; different methods of sheltering from the cold; suffering, death.

Nature and habits of gophers, chipmunks, raccoons, skunks, beavers, minks, and musk rats.

### CIVICS

Stray animals in the city in the winter time,—how they suffer; what children can do for them.

Local refuges for small animals.

### ART

Colored prints of some of the animals mentioned under nature study.

### LITERATURE

The Pet Coon. — *James Whitcomb Riley* (Rhymes of Childhood).

## THE PET COON

Noey Bixler ketched him, an' fetched him in to me
When he's ist a little teenty-weenty baby-coon
'Bout as big as little pups, an' tied him to a tree;
An' Pa gived Noey fifty cents, when he come home at noon.
Nen he buyed a chain fer him, an' little collar, too,
An' sawed a hole in a' old tub an' turnt it upside down;
An' little feller 'd stay in there and won't come out fer you—
'Tendin' like he 's kind o' skeered o' boys 'at lives in town.

Now he aint 'afeared a bit! he 's ist so fat an' tame,
We on'y chain him up at night, to save the little chicks.
Holler "Greedy! Greedy!" to him, an' he knows his name,
An' here he'll come a waddle-un, up fer any tricks!
He 'll climb up my leg, he will, an' waller in my lap,
An' poke his little black paws 'way in my pockets where
They 's beechnuts, er chinkypins, er any little scrap
Of anything 'at 's good to eat—an' he don't care!

An' he 's as spunky as you please, an' don't like dogs at all.—
Billy Miller's black-an'-tan tackled him one day,
An' "Greedy" he ist kind o' doubled all up like a ball,
An' Billy's dog he gived a yelp er two an' runned away!
An' nen when Billy fighted me, an' hit me with a bone,
An' Ma she purt' nigh ketched him as he dodged an' scooted through
The fence, she says, "You better let my little boy alone,
Or 'Greedy,' next he whips yer dog, shall whip you, too!"

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

From Rhymes of Childhood. Copyright, 1900. By special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

## FOURTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Review study of some of the animals of Third Grade, Course of January.

Study of hibernation,—what it is, causes, duration, habitats, and effects.

### CIVICS

Wild animals in captivity,—a visit to the local Zoo; how they were caught, how they were transported; how they are cared for. Are they happy? Lack of natural environment; diseases that arise from unnatural modes of living.

### ART

The Sick Monkey.—*Landseer.*
Lions at Home.—*Bonheur.*

### LITERATURE

Our Little Brothers of the Fields.—*Charles M. Skinner.*

### OUR LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE FIELDS

This infamous rage for killing! oh, the gallons, the tuns, of good red blood that are poured over the earth every day the world turns round! The suffering that the men with guns impose; the happy creatures mangled in their play and flight; the crippled that drag themselves to the woods and hills to die, with unheard groaning; the little ones in fur and feathers that perish of cold and hunger, wondering in their baby way why the father and mother that were good to them come back no more!

How strange would be the sight of man feeding a wild animal, carrying water to a wounded deer, setting the broken wing of a bird, covering a chilled, forsaken creature with leaves, or earning from the clear, soft eyes one look of astonished gratitude! O brothers of the tongue that speaks, the hand that works such other good, the brain that thinks so high and kindly for those of your own species, will you not hear and heed the plaint in these wild voices that reach you even at your windows? Will you not have mercy on those harmless ones that after centuries of persecution, know and think of you only with aversion and terror? Hang up the gun, burn the whip, put down the sling, the bow, the trap, the stone, and bid them live. Let their joyous voices greet the sun again, as in the days before they learned the fear of men. Take their drooping carcasses out of your hat, my lady, and set an example such as a gentle, well-bred woman should give to her ignorant sisters. Be ministers and friends, not persecutors and enemies. Shoot at targets all you please. Punish the evil in the human race, if you will be stern. But spare, for their sake, yet more for your own sake, our little brothers of the fields.

CHARLES M. SKINNER.

From Small Voices of the Town, published in October, 1901, issue of Atlantic Monthly. By permission of The Atlantic Monthly Co.

## FIFTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Nature and habits of the bear.

### CIVICS

Training trick animals. (Reference: Cruelties connected with the Training and Exhibition of Animals, by Mrs. Huntington Smith, obtained from the American Humane Association, Albany, New York, for two and one-half cents a copy.)

### ART

Colored print of a bear.

### LITERATURE

Reading by teacher: Johnny Bear.—*Ernest Thompson Seton* (Lives of the Hunted).

## SIXTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Nature and habits and habitat of the seal.

### CIVICS

Commercial seal hunting.

National and international laws for protection of seals.

Laws for the prevention of cruelty needed with reference to the slaughter of seals, especially during the breeding season, when the young are left to die of starvation.

### ART

Colored print of the seal.

### LITERATURE

Story-telling by teacher or one of the pupils: Mafka and Kotik.—*David Starr Jordan.*

## SEVENTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

A comparison between wild fur-bearing animals and domestic animals in their relative dependence on their own skill and powers and on man.

### CIVICS

Discussion: The rights of wild animals based on humanity, and those granted by law.

### ART

Lost.—*Schenck.*

### LITERATURE

The Cost of a Skin.—*J. Howard Moore* (The New Ethics).

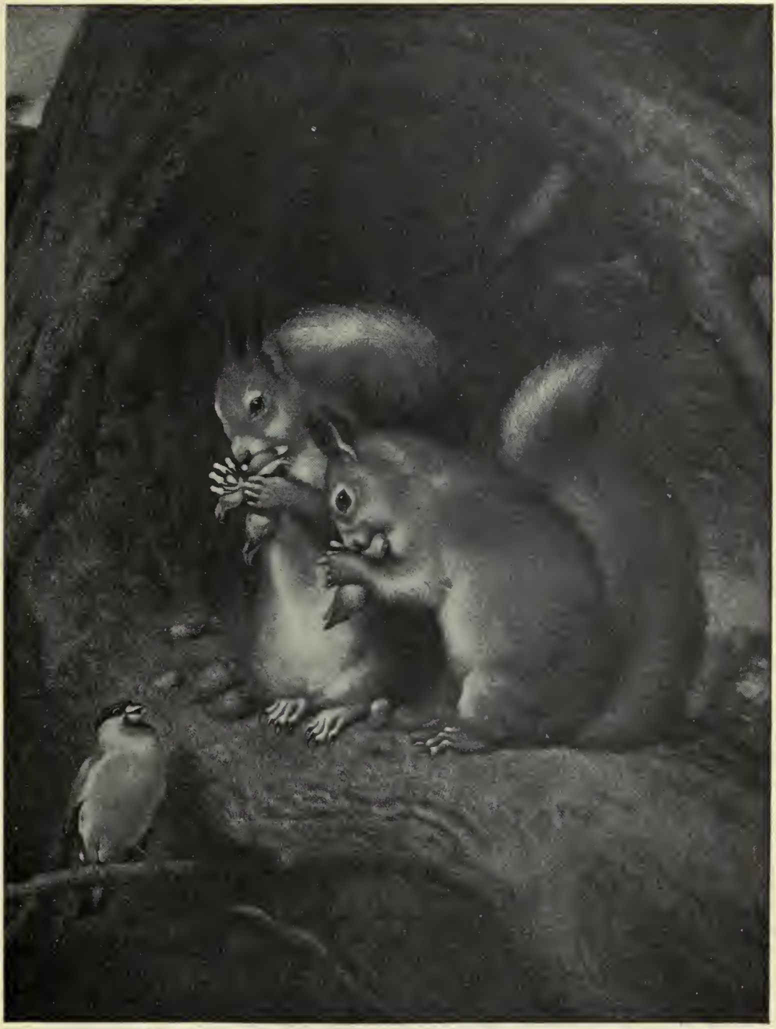
Obtained from the American Humane Association, Albany, New York, in leaflets for one cent a copy.

### THE COST OF A SKIN

Furs are luxuries, and it cannot be said in apology for the wrongs done in obtaining them that they are essential to human life. They are no more essential to human welfare than toothpicks or diamonds. Doing without them may cause inconvenience sometimes, but it cannot cause anything worse. And inconvenience, especially if it is largely imaginary, is a form of distress not extreme enough to cause any civilized being to commit crimes in order to avoid it. There are a great many inconveniences in this inconvenient world. It is inconvenient to do without our neighbor's purse sometimes, and our neighbor's wits, much more inconvenient than being deprived of the death-harvest of the birds and quadrupeds. But the most of us are able to stand these greater inconveniences, either because we are educated to do so or because we don't like to get mixed up with the club of opinion and law. The time will come in the evolution of human sympathy and understanding when the same kindly club will hang over the birds and quadrupeds as hangs over our neighbor now. Then we shall refrain from burglarizing them, no doubt with the same joy and eagerness as that with which we keep our hands off our neighbors now. In the present raw state of human nature the only limit most men place to their sins is that indicated where punishment begins.

Skins and deceased birds are not half so beautiful anyway as flowers, or ribbons, or velvets, or mohair. They are popular because they are barbaric. They appeal to the vulgarian. Our ideas of art, like our impulses, and like human psychology generally, are still largely in the savage stage of evolution. No one but a vulgarian would attempt to adorn herself by putting the dead bodies of birds on her head or muffling her shoulders in grinning weasels and dangling mink tails. Indeed, to one who sees things as they are, in the full light of adult understanding, a woman rigged out in such cemeterial appurtenances is repulsive. She is a concourse of unnecessary funerals. She is about as fascinating, about as choice and ingenious in her decorations, as she would be embellished in a necklace of human scalps. She should excite pity and contempt. She is a pathetic example of a being trying to add to her charm by high crimes and misdemeanors, and succeeding only in advertising her indifference to feeling.

Of all the accessories gathered from every quarter of the earth to garnish human vanity, furs are the most expensive; for in no way does man show such complete indifference to the feelings of his victims as he does in the fur trade. Fur-bearing animals, many of them, are intelligent enough to require the exercise by man of his highest cunning and perfidy to effect their capture. Yet, in addition to death, they are compelled to undergo suf-



THE PERRY PICTURES. 903.
BOSTON EDITION.

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PIPER AND NUTCRACKERS.

ferings so inhuman as to be utterly unjustified, even though the proceeds of these sacrifices were masses of living gold, instead of a skin.

The most of the skins used for furs are obtained by catching their owners in traps, and death in such cases comes usually at the close of hours or even of days of the most intense suffering and terror. The principal device used by professional trappers is the steel-trap, the most villainous instrument of arrest that was ever invented by the human mind. It is not an uncommon thing for the savage jaws of this monstrous instrument to bite off the leg of their would-be captive at a single stroke. If the leg is not completely amputated by the snap of the terrible steel it is likely to be so deeply cut as to encourage the animal to gnaw or twist it off. This latter is the common mode of escape of many animals. Trappers say that on an average one animal out of every five caught has only three legs. A trapper told me recently that he caught a muskrat the past winter that had only one leg. The poor remnant was caught by the tail.

Suppose we human beings were hunted with traps by a race of giants a hundred feet high, very ingenious, and absolutely without conscience so far as their treatment of us was concerned. Suppose that in spite of all our vigilance we were continually falling into these traps, which were hidden all about us, and compelled, in order to escape, to eat off our own arms or legs. Suppose that even then one out of every five of us was so ill-starred as to be caught a second time, and ended up after hours or days of unspeakable agony by having his head smashed into a jelly by a big club. Suppose we were absolutely helpless in the matter and that our victimizers had no higher purpose in inflicting these fiendish outrages than to get a scalp or a jawbone to dangle about their demoniacal necks. Suppose, finally, in order to complete the analogy, that these people imagined themselves to be highly civilized and enlightened. What sort of an opinion do you think we would have in the course of ages as to the real character of these people, and of their fitness to be models and superintendents of a planet?

In order to guard against the escape of the captive by the amputation of its own limb, trappers are advised by their guidebooks to use traps with small "pans" so that the limb of the captive, coming directly in the center of the trap, will be clutched close up to the body. No amount of self-mastication then can free the unfortunate. It is doomed. It may gnaw its fettered foot, and, in the frenzy of its agony, break its teeth on the unyielding steel, but it can never get away.

The "spring-pole" is another device used by trappers to prevent the escape of their prey by self-mutilation, and at the same time insure it from destruction by other passing animals. This consists of a flexible pole set in the ground near the trap. The upper end of the pole is bent down and fastened in such a way as to be liberated by any slight wrench. The chain of the trap is fastened to the poles. And when the creature is caught, its struggles to escape, which, we are told, "are often so violent as to break a stout trap or chain," release the pole, and the trap and prisoner are jerked into the air and held there. Here the unhappy captive must hang until it starves to death, or freezes, or perishes from thirst or pain, or until the particular "paragon" who carries on this accursed business comes along and confers on it the favor of knocking out its brains. The poor creature may have to hang in this distressing condition for a day or two or even a week, suffering agonies no pen can describe, including the pains of inflammation rendered many times more excruciating by the thousand fruitless struggles of the distracted sufferer to escape.

The "sliding-pole" is an arrangement for causing captives to drown themselves, and the "dead-fall" is a baited log so adjusted as to fall and crush the life out of any being unwary enough to approach it for the proffered food.

I cannot express myself when I get to thinking about these things—these terrible crimes that man is inflicting year after year on millions of his poor, helpless brothers. I become so indignant and desperate that I feel like getting an ax and knocking the whole planet to smithereens. I am ashamed of the race of beings to which I belong. It is so cruel and bigoted, so hypocritical, so soulless and insane. I 'd rather be an insect—a bee or a butterfly—and float in dim dreams among the wild-flowers of summer than be a man and feel the wrongs and sufferings of this wretched world.

J. HOWARD MOORE.

From The New Ethics. By Kindness of the author.

## EIGHTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Geographical review of the states that make up the Western plains of the United States,—physical features of surface, water courses, vegetation; and of pasturage conditions in winter time.

### CIVICS

Responsibility of the stockmen for the food and shelter of their stock on the Western plains in winter time.

Need of federal legislation on "The Western Plain Evil."

### ART

Lost.—*Schenck.*

### LITERATURE

The Starvation of Cattle on the Western Plains. —*E. K. Whitehead,* Denver, Colorado.

Obtained in leaflet form from the American Humane Association, Albany, New York, for one and three-quarters cents a copy.

## THE STARVATION OF CATTLE ON THE WESTERN PLAINS

### THE BEGINNING OF THE BUSINESS

When the early settlers of the West crossed the vast treeless prairies that stretch from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains and from interior of Mexico far into British Columbia, they found them inhabited by millions of buffalo—to say nothing of antelope and other prairie animals—all of which seemed to live well through all but winters of extraordinary severity.

The prairie grasses in the dry air and burning sun, shining three hundred days out of the year, cured into hay as they stood, and became nutritious feed, which, even in the deep snow, needed only to be pawed for.

As the settlers became more numerous, and the buffalo were exterminated, their place was taken by rapidly growing herds of cattle, living as the buffalo had done on the spring and early summer grasses, and the rest of the year on the same grass cured on the stem; going many miles to drink from such creeks and rivers as did not go dry, and, in the winters, eating snow till water could be found again.

There were no fences then, and no farms or claims to irrigating water for them. A few corrals and sod or adobe buildings, near some water course, constituted the home ranch, and from this the illimitable plains stretched away.

On them ranged together the cattle of a hundred owners, distinguishable from each other only by the brand; a device consisting of a combination of letters or figures, burned into the animal's hide with a red-hot iron, and thereafter an ineffaceable and permanent mark of ownership. No care was taken of the cattle, and no expense was incurred except the pay of a few cow-boys, varying in number with the size of a herd, to ride the range and keep a kind of oversight upon it.

### THE ROUND-UP

Twice each year, once in the spring and once in the fall, all the cattle were rounded up by the cow-boys of all cow-men or outfits having stock on that range, all working together. In the spring, the calves were branded according to the brand the mothers that they were following bore, and were turned loose again on the plains.

In the fall, the marketable cattle were cut out from the herds at the round-up, and driven or shipped to market.

The rest of the time, all, both young and old, were left to shift for themselves, with no provision for food, water, or shelter from one year's end to another.

The business is carried on today practically as it was then, thirty or forty years ago.

### CHANGE IN CONDITIONS

But, while methods are the same, conditions have altogether changed. The prairie grasses, growing in a light, friable soil in an arid, rainless climate, take shallow root; grow sparsely; and except on the bottom lands near water courses, grow very short.

The buffalo were migratory creatures, and any part of the range passed over and cropped by them might not be visited again in years. The grass was not injured or impaired, and grew, from year to year, the same. The water courses were not settled up; there were no barb-wire fences; and cattle could and did graze back ten, fifteen, and twenty miles, going straight to the river for water. The grass grew tall in the bottom lands and cured into standing hay. In the deep snow, when the prairie range was poor, it could be reached and eaten. Even in those days the very young, old, and weak animals suffered and died; especially in years of unusual drought when the grass did not grow, or in winters of extreme severity, when the snow lay deep and long; or in late and stormy springs, which animals enfeebled by winter's hardships could not endure.

### INCREASE OF THE BUSINESS

But the ease and profits of a business in which all a man had to do was to watch his herds increase as they fed on the public domain, were so great, that, year by year, the number of stock-men and the size of herds increased.

The water courses were fenced by ranchmen, and there was no longer any hay in the bottom lands. Barb-wire fences went stretching along the streams, while ten cattle came, where there was one before. The shallow-rooted prairie grass was trampled by many feet, and gnawed to the ground by starving mouths. The water in the streams was taken for irrigation.

Still the stockmen increased in numbers, and every year sent out more cattle, in stupid confidence that they would live where there was little to eat, little to drink, and no shelter from the fiercest storm. Not a pound of hay was provided; not a well was dug; not a wind-break or shed was erected. Practically, that, to-day, is the condition over most of this vast empire, where the range cattle business exists.

### PRESENT EXTENT OF THE BUSINESS

In the United States alone, it covers eighteen hundred million square miles—almost thirty times the size of all New England. A great part of the area of eighteen states and territories is occupied by it.

The National Stock-growers' Association claims to represent the owners of forty million head of cattle, worth nearly $500,000,000.

The United States census report of 1900 shows that there were in these states twenty-nine million head of range catle, not belonging to dairy or farm stock, but cattle expected to shift for themselves on the plains with little or no provision for food, water, or shelter.

### A PICTURE OF THE REALITY

There is no blacker stain on the civilization of the nation to-day than this.

Imagine a single animal in December, already gaunt from hunger, cold, and thirst—for, of the three, thirst is the most terrible—imagine this wretched creature wandering about on an illimitable plain, covered with snow; with nothing to eat except, here and there, buried under the snow, a sparse tuft of scanty, moss-like grass; eating snow for days and weeks, because there is nothing to drink; by day wandering in the snow; by night lying down in it; swept by pitiless winds and icy storms; always shivering with cold; always gnawed with hunger; always parched with thirst; always searching for something to eat where there is nothing; always staring with dumb, hopeless eyes, blinded, swollen, and festering from the sun's glare on the wastes of snow.

Imagine that, and imagine yourself enduring one hour of it. Multiply that hour by twenty-four. Multiply that period by the slow-moving days and nights from December to April—if life lasts that long. Multiply that by forty millions, and you have the statistics of brute suffering in this one way, for one year and every year, in this unspeakable trade.

Take all the suffering of dumb animals in the city of New York for a year, and it would not offset that of the cattle on some ranches in a single day.

It is like the figures astronomers give us—meaningless because we cannot grasp them. The mind and heart cannot take in what it means. It saddens one for a lifetime to see the ghastly corpses of starved cattle on the plains, and the still more ghastly living ones. Poor fleshless frames, from which the strong-clinging life seems unable to let go; their dull brains so sodden with suffering that they hardly know they suffer still; the very hair on their bodies bleached and colorless with famine; staggering about with staring eyes and listless steps, and growing ever weaker, till they stumble and fall in little heaps of hide and bones which even the coyotes, the scavengers of the plains, despise and will not touch.

### PLACING THE BLAME

Who are the owners of these unfortunate animals? They are "our best citizens;" foremost in society, business, politics, and religion; warmly clad, eating three good meals a day, and sleeping in comfortable beds—all paid for by the suffering of helpless beasts, deliberately put where their owners know they are dying lingering deaths, but knowing, too, that enough will survive to insure a profit.

These respectable gentlemen bitterly resent any attempt to interfere with this feature of their business, even by the enforcement of law. In some states they have even succeeded in preventing the enactment of laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals, on the avowed ground "it would be bad for their business."

### THE REMEDY

What is the remedy for this state of things? It is to be found in the education of public sentiment concerning the abuse of dumb animals in general, and especially as regards their abuse in this way; . . . and in the passage and enforcement of laws forbidding cruelty to animals. . . . The creation by Congress of a national board of commission, charged with the investigation and remedy of abuses of children and dumb animals throughout the country, would be more likely to supply the needed impulse to local sentiment, legislation, and action than any other agency which suggests itself.

E. K. WHITEHEAD.

Secretary of the State Bureau of Child and Animal Protection, Denver, Colorado. By kindness of the author.

# FEBRUARY

## PATRIOTISM—GOOD CITIZENSHIP

### THEME

O, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence;
Live, in pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude; in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self;
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
To vaster issues.

George Eliot.

### First Grade

#### NATURE STUDY

Differences in weather at different times of the year.

Some places are warm all the time and some places are cold all the time.

#### CIVICS

Character qualifications brought out,—love and gratitude.

Child's relation to his family as to love and duty.

Child's relation to his playmates as to love and duty.

Child's relation to his pets as to love and duty.

Neighbor,—One who lives near us and who serves us.

Birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, two who loved their neighbors.

### ART

Peace (And a Little Child Shall Lead Them).—*W. Strutt.*

### LITERATURE

Stories of the childhood of Washington and Lincoln.

Song: The Flag.—*Gaynor.*

Poem: Little Hands.—*Miriam Del Banco.*

## LITTLE HANDS

Little hands and dimpled fingers
  Were not made to pinch and tear,
But to move in deeds of kindness,
  And to fold in thoughts of prayer.

God intended little fingers
  To be filled with flowers bright;
But they must not tear one blossom
  That perfumes the summer night.

Little hands can be so gentle!
  They should never, never dare
To be cruel to the creatures
  God committed to their care.

Every rosy little finger,
  Every loving little hand,
Should be lifted up in mercy—
  Should belong to Mercy's Band.

Then be gentle, little fingers,
  Weave a web like sunshine's gleams,
So your days will fill with music
  That will echo through your dreams.

MIRIAM DELBANCO.

Teacher in Von Humboldt School, Chicago.
By kindness of the author.

## SECOND GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

The idea of climate as depending on degree and permanency of heat.

Effect of relative degrees of heat on color of people's skin; on mode of living; on habits of life.

### CIVICS

Character qualifications brought out,—love, gratitude, and service.

White race, black race, red race,—contrast the color of the skin of these races.

Contrast their first homes as to degree of heat as brought out in nature study.

Custom and skill as to hunting, trapping, herding, farming, pottery-making, spinning and weaving, tending to show that the three races have a common nature as to the necessities of life and the methods of supplying them.

Neighbor,—one who lives near enough to help us and whom we help.

Birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, men who performed great service for their neighbors because of their love of them.

### ART

A Helping Hand.—*Renouf.*

### LITERATURE

Stories of youth of Washington and Lincoln.

Story-telling by teacher: Philemon and Baucis (found in Hawthorne's Wonder-Book).

## THIRD GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Meaning of words *climate, temperate, torrid,* and *arctic* as applied to places having certain degrees of heat.

### CIVICS

Character qualifications brought out,—love, gratitude, service, and honesty.

Meaning of word *race,* people whose color of skin is the same, whose climate was at first the same, and who have the same general degree of skill in supplying the necessities of life.

Illustrate each point by application to the white race, black race, and red race.

Neighborliness, serving one another in daily life.

Birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, men who performed great deeds of service to the white race and the black race because of their love for them.

### ART

The Good Samaritan.—*Henner.*

### LITERATURE

A Triumph—*Celia Thaxter.*

Celia Thaxter's Poems published by Houghton Mifflin Co. This poem can also be found in Book V, Jones Readers, published by Ginn & Co.

Reading: The Good Samaritan.—*The Bible.*

## THE GOOD SAMARITAN

And he answering said, Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.

And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?

And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him.

And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him: And whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?

And he said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

THE BIBLE.

## Fourth Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Compare the four races, white, black, red, and yellow, as to climate, origin, color of skin, stature, other physical points, and development in industrial work.

### CIVICS

Character qualifications brought out,—love, gratitude, service, honesty, and courage.

Develop idea of community life,—as being based on nearness of living, common necessities, common methods of supplying them,—common interests, mutual help, and sympathy.

Illustrate by stories and conditions of early American colonial life and early settlement life in the history of the state.

Also illustrate community life by the community institutions, life-saving service, lighthouse service, and post-office service.

Birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, men who served the communities in which they respectively lived; men of courage.

### ART

Portrait copies of Washington and Lincoln.

### LITERATURE

The Great Stone Face—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.* (The Snow Image and Other Twice-Told Tales).

## FIFTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Develop idea that features of nature, oceans, mountains, plains, valleys, and rivers make different centers of community life and variously affect them as to modes of living, industries, etc.

Illustrate by physical features of North and South America.

### CIVICS

Character qualifications brought out,—courage and honor.

Community life and its community institutions,—insane asylums, hospitals, schools for blind, homes for poor, aged, and helpless, orphan asylums, anti-cruelty societies, refuges for disabled and homeless animals.

Birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, men of courage and honor, who made sacrifices for the good of the communities in which they respectively lived.

### ART

Foundling Girls.—*Anderson.*

### LITERATURE

The Fatherland.—*James Russell Lowell.*

## THE FATHERLAND

Where is the true man's fatherland?
  Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
  In such scant borders to be spanned?
Oh, yes, his fatherland must be
  As the blue heaven, wide and free

Is it alone where freedom is?
  Where God is God, and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span
  For the soul's love of home than this?
Oh, yes, his fatherland must be
  As the blue heaven, wide and free.

Where'er a human heart doth wear
  Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves;
Where'er a human spirit strives
  After a life more true and fair,
There is the true Man's birthplace, grand,
  His is a world-wide fatherland.

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
  Where'er one man may help another,
Thank God for such a birth-right, brother,
  That spot of earth is thine and mine,
There is the true Man's birthplace, grand,
  His is a world-wide fatherland.

James Russell Lowell.

Lowell's Poems. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co., publishers.

## Sixth Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Make a racial classification of the inhabitants of our country, including those of the states, territories, Alaska, the Philippines, Hawaii, and other island possessions.

Show that racial difference has been caused by external conditions, such as climatic and geographical, and illustrate by the special climatic and geographical conditions native to the various races of the United States and its possessions.

### CIVICS

Character qualifications brought out,—honor and loyalty.

The nation (community-life on an extended scale) common locality of its occupants, common modes of living, industries, customs, interests, sympathy, and love.

Develop idea of patriotism—love of one's countrymen and defense of what the country tries to do for them.

Washington and Lincoln treated of as patriots.

### ART

Lincoln's Monument.—*St. Gaudens.*

Portrait of Washington.—*Stewart.*

### LITERATURE

Quotation on America, from ode, "Liberty's Latest Daughter," by Bayard Taylor.

### AMERICA

She takes, but to give again,
As the sea returns the rivers in rain;
And gathers the chosen of her seed
From the hunted of every crown and creed.
Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;
Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;

Her France pursues some dream divine;
Her Norway keeps his mountain-pine;
Her Italy waits by the western brine;
And, broad-based, under all
  Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,
  As rich in fortitude
As e'er went world-ward from the island wall.
  Fused in her candid light,
  To one strong race all races here unite;

. . . .

'Twas glory, once, to be a Roman;
She makes it glory, now, to be a man.

Quotation from "Liberty's Latest Daughter," an ode by Bayard Taylor.

## SEVENTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Expand the idea that racial differences are matters of *degree* of race development and not of *kind;* are caused by externals, such as climatic, and other geographical features; and illustrate by all races and their original special geographical environment.

Apply same study to different nationalities and illustrate by countries of the world with their geographical divisions,—oceans, mountains, rivers, valleys, and plains,—showing that national differences are finer and more subtle than racial differences, but are also based on externals intensified by certain long-continued local conditions, such as language, government, and industries.

### CIVICS

Character qualifications brought out,—honor, loyality, and self-sacrifice.

Show that Magna Charta, House of Commons, Bill of Rights, French Revolution, Declaration of Independence, and Popular Suffrage are steps in one continuous march of civic betterment of the race of man as a whole.

Expand the idea of patriotism into love of one's fellow-creatures, not confined to one's own nation.

The parts Washington and Lincoln took in the civic march.

### ART

The Minute Man.—*French.*

### LITERATURE

Memorize:

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that—
When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.

The Builders.—*Ebenezer Elliott.*

### THE BUILDERS

Spring, summer, autumn, winter,
Come duly, as of old;
Winds blow, suns set, and morning saith,
"Ye hills, put on your gold."

The song of Homer liveth,
  Dead Solon is not dead;
Thy splendid name, Pythagoras,
  O'er realms of suns is spread.

But Babylon and Memphis
  Are letters traced in dust;
Read them, earth's tyrants! ponder well
  The might in which ye trust!

They rose, while all the depths of guilt
  Their vain creators sounded;
They fell, because on fraud and force
  Their corner-stones were founded.

Truth, mercy, knowledge, justice,
  Are powers that ever stand;
They build their temples in the soul,
  And work with God's right hand.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

From Stedman's Collection, published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

## EIGHTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

The original geographical location of the five races of mankind and the relationship between the peculiarities of each location and its native race; and how these different peculiarities have affected race development as a whole.

### CIVICS

Character qualifications necessary for good citizenship brought out.

The growth of arbitration versus warfare.

The world's great peace congresses; The Hague Tribunal and its efforts.

Lives of horses in war time.

### ART

Friedland "1807."—*Meissonier.*

Verestchagin's War Pictures. (The folly and horrors of war depicted by war pictures.)

### LITERATURE

A Song of Peace.—*John Ruskin.*

## A SONG OF PEACE

Put off, put off your mail, ye Kings, and beat your brands to dust;
A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better trust.
Nay, bend a-back the lance's point, and break the helmet bar,
A noise is in the morning's winds, but not the note of war!

Among the grassy mountain paths, the glittering troops increase!
They come, they come! how fair their feet! they come that publish peace.
Yea, Victory, fair Victory, our enemies are ours,
And all the clouds are clasped in light, and all the earth with flowers.

Oh! still depressed and dim with dew, but wait a little while,
And radiant with the deathless rose, the wilderness shall smile,

And every tender living thing shall feed by streams of
rest,
Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost, nor nurseling from
the nest.

JOHN RUSKIN.

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# MARCH

## REJUVENATION OF LIFE—GROWTH

### THEME

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## FIRST GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Observation of length of night and day.

Observation of clouds, rains, and winds.

Observation of awakening of seeds, buds, insects, etc. The baby chicks.

### CIVICS

Bathing.

Cleaning house.

Cleaning yard.

Work of the garbage man and his horses.

### ART

Spring.—*Corot.*

### LITERATURE

Song: The Sap has begun to Flow.—*Eleanore Smith II.*

Poem: Now Willows have Their Pussies.—*Mary E. Wilkins.*

## NOW WILLOWS HAVE THEIR PUSSIES

Now willows have their pussies,
  Now ferns in meadow lands
Hold little downy leaflets,
  Like clinging baby hands.
Like rosy baby fingers
  Show oak-leaves 'gainst the blue;
The little ones of nature
  Are ev'rywhere in view.

There 's purring in a sunbeam
  Where Tabby's babies play
The hen is softly brooding,
  Her chickens came to-day.
Up in the crimson maple
  The mother robin sings;
The world is full of caring
  For little helpless things.

MARY E. WILKINS.

From Songs of Happy Life, compiled by Sarah J. Eddy. By arrangement with the publishers, Silver, Burdett & Co., and the compiler, Miss Eddy.

## SECOND GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Observation of sunset in March; length of day and night.

Winds, rains, clouds.

Buds, leaves, insects awakening.
The baby lamb.

### CIVICS

Cleanliness of body.
Spring housecleaning.
Spring yard cleaning.

### ART

Dance of the Nymphs.—*Corot.*
Landscape.—*Corot.*

### LITERATURE

Poem: The Wind.—*Robert Louis Stevenson* (A Child's Garden of Verse).

### THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From A child's Garden of Verse, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

## THIRD GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Position of sun in March; its effect on length of day and night; on weather.

March winds, clouds, and rains.

Seed time, rising of sap, bursting of buds, beginning of leaves.

Insects, fish, and furry animals waking up.

The baby colt.

### CIVICS

Planting vines and flowers in home yard.

Planting vines and flowers in school yard.

Cleaning and beautifying home yards and school premises. Why?

Children keeping the schoolhouse street clean.

Danger to men and animals of glass, nails, tin cans, etc., in alleys and streets.

### ART

Planting Potatoes.—*Millet.*

### LITERATURE

Song of the Brook.—*Alfred Tennyson.*

## SONG OF THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern:
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots:
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

From The Brook: An Idyl.

## FOURTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Equal days and nights.

The effect of the lengthening of day on growing vegetable and animal life.

Garden making.

Hibernating animals waking up.

The baby calf.

### CIVICS

Community housecleaning, including street and alley cleaning, garbage removal, flushing from hydrants, and street sprinkling. Who do these different works? Why? How?

How children can help, in picking up nails, glass, and tin cans dangerous to life; in picking up stray paper, etc., and by obeying and helping to enforce the law against litter, nuisance, etc.

### ART

Bringing Home the New-Born Calf.—*Millet.*
The Prize Calf.—*Landseer.*

### LITERATURE

Memorize:

The year 's at the spring,
The day 's at the morn,
Morning 's at seven;
The hillside 's dew-pearled;
The lark 's on the wing,
The snail 's on the thorn,
God 's in his heaven,
All 's right with the world.
ROBERT BROWNING, Pippa Passes.

## FIFTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Develop that spring in nature is the youth-time of many forms of life; illustrate by forms of vegetable life beginning then,—seeds, buds, sprouts, saplings, etc.; illustrate by forms of animal life, —chicks, lambs, colts, calves, etc.

Nature's work in springtime is, therefore, preparation for birth and growth of vegetable and animal life

Man's work in springtime is that which helps nature,—planting, plowing, propagating, and rearing the young of animals.

(Illustrate by local conditions.)

### CIVICS

Public parks and playgrounds,—especial work in them at this time of the year,—grass, foliage, fountains, walks; responsibility of care, whose expense, benefit whom, regulations to public.

### ART

Ploughing.—*Bonheur.*

### LITERATURE

The Voice of Spring.—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

## THE VOICE OF SPRING

I come, I come! Ye have called me long—
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose starts in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By the thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;—
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,—
From the night bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Come forth, O ye children of gladness! come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me, fly!
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine,—I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen!
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!
Their light stems thrill to the wildwood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

Felicia D. Hemans.

## Sixth Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Develop this idea: the succession of seasons creates certain regular periods of weather; and of conditions in vegetable life; and conditions in animal life. The position of the earth to the sun and the lengthening of day causes an increase of temperature. This growing heat causes increased rapidity of circulation in winds and waters resulting in March winds and floods. The growing heat also acts on vegetable sap, causing seeds and buds that were lying dormant during the winter then to appear. Animal life, which was dormant or sluggish during the winter, renews its vigor, expressed by activity and by propagation. Spring is, therefore, the time of the year for the renewal of life and the beginning of growth.

### CIVICS

The school as a centre of influence for civic growth in sanitation, beauty, law, and kindness by discussion, by activity, by appearance, by example.

### ART

Oxen Going to Work.—*Troyon.*
Review of Spring.—*Corot.*

### LITERATURE

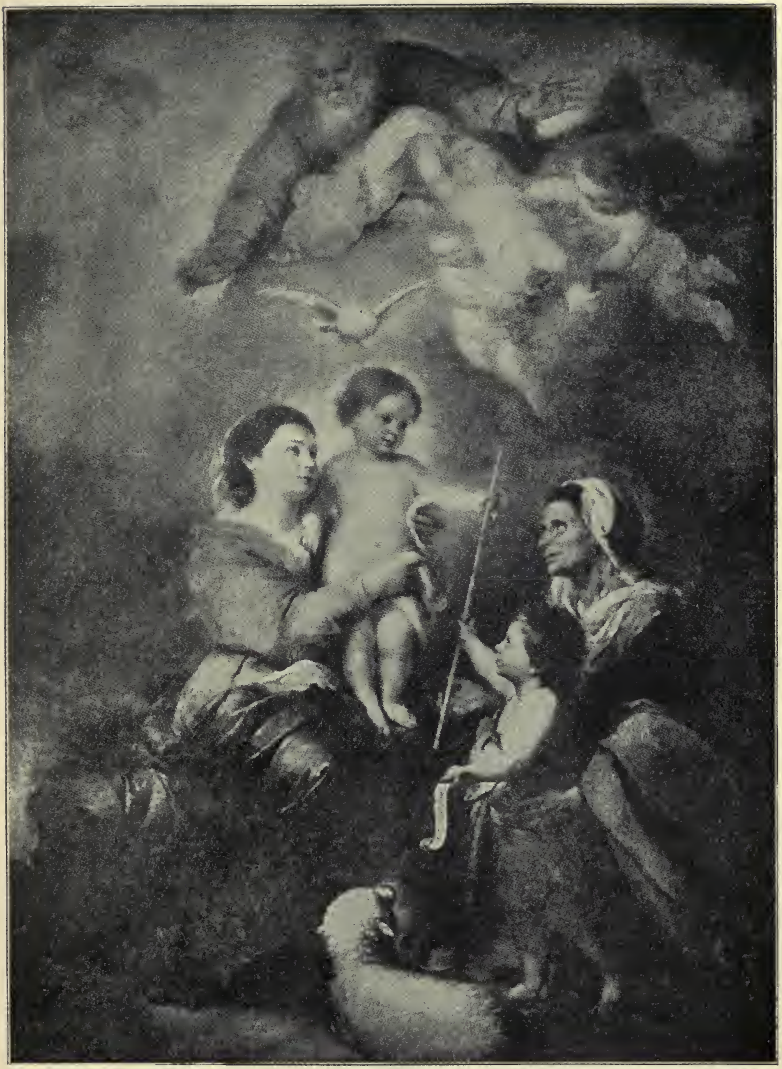
First five stanzas of To a Mountain Daisy.—*Robert Burns.*

## TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

(An Extract)

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou 's met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush amang the stoure
    Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
    Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it 's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
    Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe to greet
    The purpling east.



THE PERRY PICTURES. 674.
BOSTON EDITION.

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HOLY FAMILY.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
    Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
    Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou beneath the random bield
    O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
    Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
    In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
    And low thou lies!

Robert Burns.

## Seventh Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Scientific cause of change of seasons, including revolution of earth around the sun and the inclination of the earth's axis.

### CIVICS

State board of health; county and municipal health departments,—composed of,—how appointed,—their functions.

### ART

The Sower.—*Millet.*

### LITERATURE

The Worship of Nature.—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

### THE WORSHIP OF NATURE

The harp at Nature's advent strung, has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung, has never died away;
The green earth sends her incense up from many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup, she pours her sacred wine.
The mists above the morning rills, rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar curtains of the hills are sunset's purple air.
The winds with hymns of praise are loud, or low with sobs of pain;
The thunder organ of the cloud, the dropping tears of rain.
The blue sky is the temple's arch, its transept earth and air;
The music of its starry march, the chorus of a prayer.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

From Whittier's Poems. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co., publishers.

## Eighth Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Review scientific change of seasons.

The solar system in springtime.

### CIVICS

Federal laws on quarantine.

Federal laws on deportation of diseased and undesirable immigrants.

Federal laws concerning interstate transportation of diseased livestock.

### ART

Leaving The Hills.—*Farquharson.*

### LITERATURE

Memorize:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And the coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,

Stole with soft steps its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

From Holmes' Poems. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co., publishers.

# APRIL

## SHADE TREES—SPRING BIRDS—SPRING MIGRATION

### THEMES

The groves were God's first temples.
BRYANT.

No longer now the winged inhabitants
That in the wood their sweet lives sing away,
Flee from the form of man, but gather round,
And prune their feathers on the hands
Which little children stretch in friendly sport
Toward these dreadless partners of their play.
All things are void of terror; man has lost
His terrible prerogative, and stands
An equal amidst equals,—happiness
And science dawn, tho' late, upon the earth.
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

(See suggestions for October program.)

### FIRST GRADE

#### NATURE STUDY

Recognition of oak tree by leaf and trunk.

Talk on most common birds of spring and summer of the neighborhood.

Recognition by name, color, song, and general appearance of three species (not the same as those learned in October). (Suggestive: Robin-Redbreast, Song Sparrow, Red-winged Blackbird.)

### CIVICS

The shade of the oak for people, birds, and animals.

The beauty of the singing and the color of birds.

What children can do to feed, protect, and encourage birds.

### ART

Song of the Lark.—*Breton.*

### LITERATURE

Song: Robin, Robin (Song Exercise Book).
Poem: Fairy Bread.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*
Poem: The Sing-Away Bird.—*Lucy Larcom.*

## FAIRY BREAD

Come up here, O dusty feet!
Here is fairy bread to eat.
Here in my retiring room,
    Children, you may dine
On the golden smell of broom
    And the shade of pine;
And, when you have eaten well,
Fairy stories hear and tell.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

From a Child's Garden of Verse, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

## THE SING-AWAY BIRD

Have you ever heard of the sing-away bird,
  That sings where the Runaway River
Runs down with its rills from bald-headed hills
  That stand in the sunshine and shiver?
      Oh, sing! sing-away! sing-away!
    How the pines and the birches are stirred
    By the trill of the sing-away bird!

And the bald-headed hills, with their rocks and their rills
To the tune of his rapture are ringing;
And their faces grow young, all the gray mists among,
While the forests break forth into singing.
Oh, sing! sing-away! sing-away!
And the river runs singing along;—
And the flying winds catch up the song.

'T was a white-throated sparrow that sped a light arrow
Of song from his musical quiver,
And it pierced with its spell every valley and dell
On the banks of the Runaway River.
Oh, sing! sing-away! sing-away!
The song of the wild singer had
The sound of a song that is glad.

And, beneath the glad sun, every glad-hearted one
Sets the world to the tune of its gladness:
The swift rivers sing it, the wild breezes wing it,
Till earth loses thought of her sadness.
Oh, sing! sing-away! sing-away!
Oh, sing, happy soul, to joy's Giver,—
Sing on, by Time's Runaway River!

LUCY LARCOM.

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## SECOND GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

The oak-tree,—general shape, leaves, branches, bark, trunk, root, shade, acorns.

Talk on other common trees of the neighborhood.

Talk on the most common birds of spring and summer of the neighborhood.

Recognize by name, color, song note, and general appearance three species in addition to those of First Grade (not the same as those learned in October). (Suggestive: Baltimore Oriole, Wood-thrush, Cat-bird.)

### CIVICS

Usefulness of shade trees to birds, animals, and people.

Usefulness of birds to people,—beauty of color and singing, destroying of weeds and insects.

How to attract birds to neighborhood,—food, boxes, drinking-cup.

### ART

Sparrows.—*Laux.*

### LITERATURE

The Oak.—*Alfred Tennyson.*
One Morning Oh, So Early.—*Jean Ingelow.*

## THE OAK

Live thy life,
Young and old,
Like yon oak;
Bright in spring,
Living gold;

Summer rich
Then; and then
Autumn changed,
Sober-hued,
Gold again.

All his leaves
Fall'n at length,
Look, he stands,
Trunk and bough,
Naked strength!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Memorize:

## OLD RHYME

The robin and the red-breast,
The robin and the wren;
If ye take out of their nest,
Ye 'll never thrive again;
The robin and the red-breast,
The martin and the swallow;
If ye touch one o' their eggs,
Bad luck will surely follow.

ANONYMOUS.

## ONE MORNING, OH, SO EARLY

One morning, oh, so early, my beloved, my beloved,
All the birds were singing blithely as if never they would cease.
'T was a thrush sang in my garden: "Hear the story! hear the story!"
And the lark sang, "Give us glory!"
And the dove said, "Give us peace!"
Then I listened, oh, so early, my beloved, my beloved,
To that murmur from the woodland of the dove, my dear, the dove;
When the nightingale came after, "Give us fame to sweeten duty;"
When the wren sang, "Give us beauty!"
She made answer, "Give us love!"

JEAN INGELOW.

Found in Book Three, Lights to Literature, published by Rand, McNally, & Co.

## THIRD GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

How trees grow from seed and sapling; how long it takes them to grow.

The oak, maple, elm,—general shape, leaves, branches, bark, trunk, roots, shade, seeds.

Family life of birds,—mating, nesting, egg bearing, male and female rearing young, singing.

Meaning of term *family* as applied to a group of birds and illustrate by two most common Bird Families of community (not the same as those learned in October). (Suggestive: Family of Blackbirds and Orioles; Family of Wood-Warblers.)

### CIVICS

Man's custom of planting shade trees for the benefit of those that come after the planter.

The evil of sling-shot; of nest and egg collecting; of wearing bird's plumage for millinery.

### ART

Colored prints of oak, elm, maple.

Colored prints of spring and summer birds studied.

### LITERATURE

The Tree.—*Björnstjerne Björnson.*

Found in Book Three, Jones Readers, published by Ginn & Co. Published by Rand, McNally and Co. in Book Three. Lights to Literature.

Little by Little.—*Anonymous.*
Nest Eggs.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

## LITTLE BY LITTLE

(An Extract)

"Little by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed;
"I am improving day by day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."
Little by little each day it grew,
Little by little it sipped the dew:

Downward it sent out a thread-like root;
Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot:
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little, the leaves appear,
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

ANONYMOUS.

From The Jones Readers, Book III. By permission of Ginn & Co., publishers.

## NEST EGGS

Birds all the sunny day
Flutter and quarrel,
Here in the arbour-like
Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork
The brown nest is seated;
Four little blue eggs
The mother keeps heated.

While we stand watching her,
Staring like gabies,
Safe in each egg are the
Bird's little babies.

Soon the frail eggs they shall
    Chip, and upspringing,
Make all the April woods
    Merry with singing.

Younger than we are,
    O children, and frailer,
Soon in blue air they 'll be,
    Singer and sailor.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From A Child's Garden of Verse, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

## FOURTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

What shade trees do for birds,—nesting place, resting place, shade, food (trunk and leaf parasites).

What birds do for shade trees,—destroyers of leaf and trunk parasites, distributors of seeds.

What they each do for man.

Spring migration,—when birds first appear in spring; how they return, singly or in groups, and why; order of appearance of those studied in previous grades. Do they return to the old nests? How does the prevailing wind effect the birds' migration? Compare for analogy and differences with fall migration.

Add two new Families to those learned in Third Grade (not the same as those learned in October). (Suggestion: Family of Thrushes, Bluebirds, and Robins; Family of Wrens.)

### CIVICS

Why men plant trees for those that follow.

Caged song birds,—how they are captured; how they are brought to the United States; size of cages in which birds are kept when transported or in stores; treatment and care of them by dealers; how they are trained to sing. Are these birds happy? Compare their lives with those of free birds; visit a bird-store.

### ART

A Resting Place.—*Laux.*

### LITERATURE

Memorize:

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
  Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here 's health and renown to his broad green crown,
  And his fifty arms so strong.

There 's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
  And the fire in the west fades out:
He showeth his might on a wild midnight,
  When the storms through his branches shout.

Then here 's to the oak, the brave old oak,
  Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
  When a hundred years are gone.

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

The Wild Doves of St. Francis.—*William E. A. Axon.*

## THE WILD DOVES OF ST. FRANCIS

A Tuscan peasant youth he saw, who bore
Tethered and bound a swarm of young wild doves,
Poor pris'ners who were doomed to sale and death.
St. Francis, who loved all the things on earth,
All gentle creatures that have breath and life,
Felt in his heart a deep compassion born,—
And looked at them with eyes of tender ruth.
"O good young man," he cried, "I pray that you
Will give to me these poor and harmless birds—
Sweet emblems they of pure and faithful souls—
So they may never fall in ruthless hands
That quench such lives in cruelty and blood."
The youth had snared the birds within the woods,
Was taking them to market, where their doom
He knew was slaughter—sudden, cruel death;
Nor had one thought of pity moved his mind,
And yet, when gentle Francis made his plea
It found an answer in the young man's heart;
For use may blunt and thoughtless custom dim
The mind to deeds of needless pain and death,
Yet in each soul there is a secret cell
Whose echo answers to the voice of truth.
So the youth gave the wild doves to the saint,
And wondered what the holy man would do
With these poor captives from the woods and trees.
St. Francis took them to his loving heart,
And on his breast they nestled safe and warm.
"Dear little sisters," said the holy man,
"Why did you let them take your liberty?
Why place yourself in peril of your lives?
But you are safe from every danger now,
And I will care for you and build you nests
Where you may safely rear your little brood,
And live your lives as God would have you do,
Who is the father of all living things."
The wild doves listened to his tender words,
And in his eyes they saw affection beam,
And in his voice they heard their Father's voice.

So the wild birds were tamed by love alone,
And dwelt with Francis in his convent home;
And there he built them nests that they might live
Their free and happy lives without annoy.
William E. A. Axon (Abridged).

From The Jones Readers by Grades, Book V. By permission of Ginn & Co., publishers.

## Fifth Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Classification and study of shade trees of state.

Review knowledge of various species of birds learned in preceding grades.

Group the species into Families; study the points of analogy and the points of difference between one Family and another.

Learn the distinctive characteristics of an Order and illustrate by the Order of Perching Birds.

### CIVICS

Uses of forests to man; forest reservations; Arbor Day Proclamation; the "State tree" (the oak tree in Illinois; it symbolizes character, courage, strength, endurance).

Bird Day Proclamation; bird reservations (Yellowstone and other national and city parks); the eagle, the "national bird" of United States, symbolizes independence, strength, courage.

### ART

Prints of trees studied.

Prints of birds studied.

### LITERATURE

Memorize:

A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
    Old oak, give me,
That the world's blast may round me blow
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below,
    And firm-set roots unshaken be.

Some of thy pensiveness serene,
Some of thy never-dying green,
    Put in this scrip of mine,
That griefs may fall like snowflakes light,
And deck me in a robe of white,
Ready to be an angel bright,
    O sweetly mournful pine.

James Russell Lowell.

From The Beggar. By permission of publishers.
The Birds of Killingworth.—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

Publishers of Lowell's Poems and Longfellow's Poems are Houghton Mifflin Co.

## Sixth Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Study of forestry, especially as it applies to the United States.

Spring migration: Compare with fall migration in points of analogy and points of difference.

Review Order of Perching Birds.

Study as an Order, Goatsuckers and Swifts.

### CIVICS

State Board of Agriculture on the promotion of planting, and the protection of shade trees.

State Board of Agriculture on the protection of birds.

City and state laws protecting birds against sling-shot, trapping, rifle, and gun.

### ART

Colored charts and stereopticon slides on forest trees; on spring and summer birds.

### LITERATURE

A Forest Hymn.—*William Cullen Bryant.*

The Skylark.—*James Hogg.*

## A FOREST HYMN

(An Extract)

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why

Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised?

William Cullen Bryant.

Reprinted from Bryant's Complete Poetical Works, by permission of D. Appleton & Co.

## THE SKYLARK

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
O, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
O, to abide in the desert with thee!

James Hogg.

## SEVENTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Forestry, comparing progress of the United States in this activity with other nations, especially Germany.

Classification and study of Bird Families grouped into Orders.

### CIVICS

Kinds and uses of woods in national industries.

State Game Commission; game warden; game laws.

Audubon Society (Found in Magazine "Nation," Vol. 81, pp. 214-215.)

### ART

Colored charts and stereopticon slides on forest trees; on spring and summer birds.

### LITERATURE

The Forest Primeval.—*Henry W. Longfellow*, from Evangeline.

To the Skylark.—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

### THE FOREST PRIMEVAL

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and
hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in
the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,

Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.
This is the forest primeval.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

From Evangeline. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co., publishers.

## TO THE SKYLARK

(An Extract)

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the setting sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## EIGHTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Review of work of preceding grades on trees and forestry.

Uses of field glass, kodak, local museums, and stereopticon slides in bird study.

Adaptation of birds to their natural environment.

### CIVICS

Federal Department of Forestry.

Federal Bureau of Agriculture on trees.

Federal Bureau of Agriculture on birds.

Federal Department of Ornithology.

Biological Survey at Washington, District of Columbia.

### ART

Avenue of Trees, Middleharnais.—*Hobbema.*

Review of Song of the Lark.—*Breton.*

### LITERATURE

Memorize:

> Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets hail!
> Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
> Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
> Delicious is your shelter to the soul.
>
> James Thomson.

The Songsters.—*James Thomson* (The Seasons: Spring).

### THE SONGSTERS

Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn.
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree-irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And woodlark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Poured out profusely, silent: joined to these,
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert; while the stockdove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That even to birds and beasts the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches.

JAMES THOMSON.

From The Seasons: Spring.

# MAY

## HEALTH AND THE JOY OF LIVING—VALUES IN THE ANIMAL WORLD

### THEMES

All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone.
Emerson.

One all-extending ,all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All served, all serving; nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
Pope.

## First Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Talk on the appearance and ways of the grass hopper.

### CIVICS

Health makes the joy of living.

### ART

Colored print of grasshopper.

### LITERATURE

Poem:

The poetry of earth is never dead!
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;

That is the grasshopper's, he takes the lead
In summer luxury; he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
JOHN KEATS. (Grasshopper and Cricket).

Song: May Is Coming (Song Primer).

## SECOND GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Study appearance and ways of the cricket; of ants.

### CIVICS

Health makes life joyous for ourselves and makes life joyous for others.

### ART

Colored prints of the cricket and of ants.

### LITERATURE

Poem: The Cricket.

Little inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
Wheresoe'er be thine abode
Always harbinger of good,
Pay me for thy warm retreat,
With a song more soft and sweet.
WILLIAM COWPER.

## THIRD GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Study nature and habits of the toad, the frog, and the bat.

### CIVICS

It is the nature of man to be healthy and to enjoy life; it is his duty to help others to be healthy and to enjoy life; this includes not causing pain to any living creature.

### ART

Friends, or Foes?—*Burton Barber.*

### LITERATURE

Some Ready Helpers.—*Sarah J. Eddy.*
The Boys and the Frogs.—*Æsop's Fables.*

## SOME READY HELPERS

We often fail to understand some of our best friends in the animal world. We know so little about them that we think they are useless and uninteresting. Frogs, and especially toads, are often the objects of unjust dislike, yet their lives are very useful and full of interest.

The toad and frog are somewhat alike. Both come from eggs laid in water, and both begin life as little swimming tadpoles.

The young toad, when he is a tadpole, is sprinkled all over with very fine spots, which look like gold dust, while the frog tadpole is dark.

The first few weeks of the toad's life are spent in a ditch or a pond. Here he lives on water weeds and dead leaves. After a while he eats water insects and small grubs.

While living in the water the little toad looks very much like a fish. He has a large head and a long tail. He breathes through two branches, like feathers, which are called gills. These gills grow on each side of his head.

The toad changes very much before he is ready to live on land. In the water he has no legs, but soon he has four. His gills are gone and he draws air through his throat. He is going to begin a new life.

In the spring the toads go back to the shore of the pond. Mrs. Toad knows that her eggs must be hatched in the water, although she prefers to live on the land.

Frogs must live near the water, for they will die if their skins are not kept moist and cool. Yet they cannot live long in the water, and a drowned frog is no uncommon sight. Kind-hearted boys and girls should remember this, and be ready to lend a helping hand to some poor frog that finds the sides of his swimming place too steep for him to climb.

Young toads are very sensitive to heat, and secrete themselves in cool places during the day. A summer shower will bring them out by the dozens, so that many ignorant people think that the thirsty creatures have "rained down." Mr. Toad carries under his skin a great many sacs full of liquid. This keeps him cool and comfortable, no matter how dusty his home may be. If he is frightened he can defend himself with this liquid, which is harmless to the hands, but probably bitter and disagreeable to the taste, since dogs and cats show signs of discomfort after taking toads in their mouths. Care should be taken to wash one's hands after touching a toad, as this liquid is also very irritating to the eyes, and might be rubbed into them.

The most curious thing about a toad is its tongue. This is very long, and its tip is turned backward into the mouth. It can dart out and snap up a fly or a beetle so quickly that it is almost impossible to see the motion.

Toads are not only harmless, but they are our very good friends. If they are not disturbed they will live a long time in one place, and destroy many bugs and insects that injure our gardens.

It has been estimated that every year in this country property to the amount of $400,000,000 is destroyed by insects. If this is true all creatures which feed upon insects are entitled to our care and gratitude.

The United States Department of Agriculture has published a paper on the toad. It estimates that he saves to the farmer, by eating the cutworms which destroy the crops, about twenty dollars every season.

Toads eat the common house-fly, which is such an annoyance to us. A toad has been seen to snap up eighty-six flies in less than ten minutes.

Toads are sometimes kept for pets, and they are not lacking in intelligence. Once a toad lived in a garden, and every day at the dinner hour he came to be fed. It happened that the dinner hour was changed, and when the toad came there was nothing for him to eat. Mr. Toad made up his mind that he would not lose his dinner twice. On the second day he came at the new hour, and after this he was as punctual as the rest of the family. No one could tell how he knew that in the future his dinner would be served two hours earlier.

The toad is often the victim of thoughtless cruelty. He can do no one any harm. He cannot even run away when he is stoned and tormented. The fun of teasing him must be like that of beating a baby or a helpless cripple. No one but a coward could ever think it an amusing thing to do.

Perhaps no animal is so misunderstood as the bat. He seems such a queer compound of mouse and bird, and to most of us he is such a stranger, that we do not have a friendly feeling for him.

Of course you know that he is not a bird at all. Birds have feathers and the bat has soft, smooth fur. He is absolutely harmless, unless frightened or hurt, and he is a very useful little fellow. He eats mosquitoes and house flies and the insects that cause most of the worm-eaten apples.

Bats fly only at night. They soon become friendly with any one who is kind to them, and will come to be fed or stroked. One who has studied them says that the good they do is very great and that the value of one of the little animals might easily amount to fifty dollars a year.

Are we not unjust to any living creature when we shrink from it because to us it does not seem beautiful? It may well be that our eyes are too dull to see its real beauty. But whether we can see the beauty or not, it is only fair that we should recognize the service which we are so willing to accept.

SARAH J. EDDY.

From Sarah J. Eddy's Friends and Helpers. By permission of Ginn & Co., publishers.

## THE BOYS AND THE FROGS

Some boys, playing near a pond, saw a number of Frogs in the water and began to pelt them with stones. They killed several of them when one of the Frogs, lifting his head out of the water, cried out, "Pray stop, my boys; what is sport to you is death to us."

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

## FOURTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Nature and habits of fish.

Aquarium study.

### CIVICS

The field, meadow, woods, and pond, are respectively the homes of various animals. It is the nature of these lower forms of animals to be free from pain and to enjoy life; we must not cause pain and suffering to them nor interfere with their mode of living in their own homes.

### ART

Colored prints of forms of fish life.

### LITERATURE

The Gladness of Nature.—*William Cullen Bryant.*

## THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hangbird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic and chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There 's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There 's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Aye, look, and he 'll smile thy gloom away.
William Cullen Bryant.

Reprinted from Bryant's Complete Poetical Works by permission of D. Appleton & Co.

## Fifth Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Nature and habits of the spider; of bees.

### CIVICS

By a review of First, Second, Third, and Fourth Grade subjects for this month, develop the idea that lower forms of animal life have their own places in nature to fulfill; that, though they seem insignificant to us, it is partly because we do not understand them, and partly because they are so different from us in their relative size, construction, and mode of living.

While it is man's right to promote his own health and to enjoy life, it is his civic or social duty to help promote the health and enjoyment of life of others who, for different reasons, are unable to help themselves; as the sick, blind, aged, feeble, and the dumb animals that live with and serve man.

It is also his duty to refrain from interfering with the lower forms of animal life in their own homes, and not to cause pain to any living creature.

### ART

Colored prints of the spider and the bee.

### LITERATURE

The Spider's Lesson.—*John Brougham.*
To the Humblebee.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

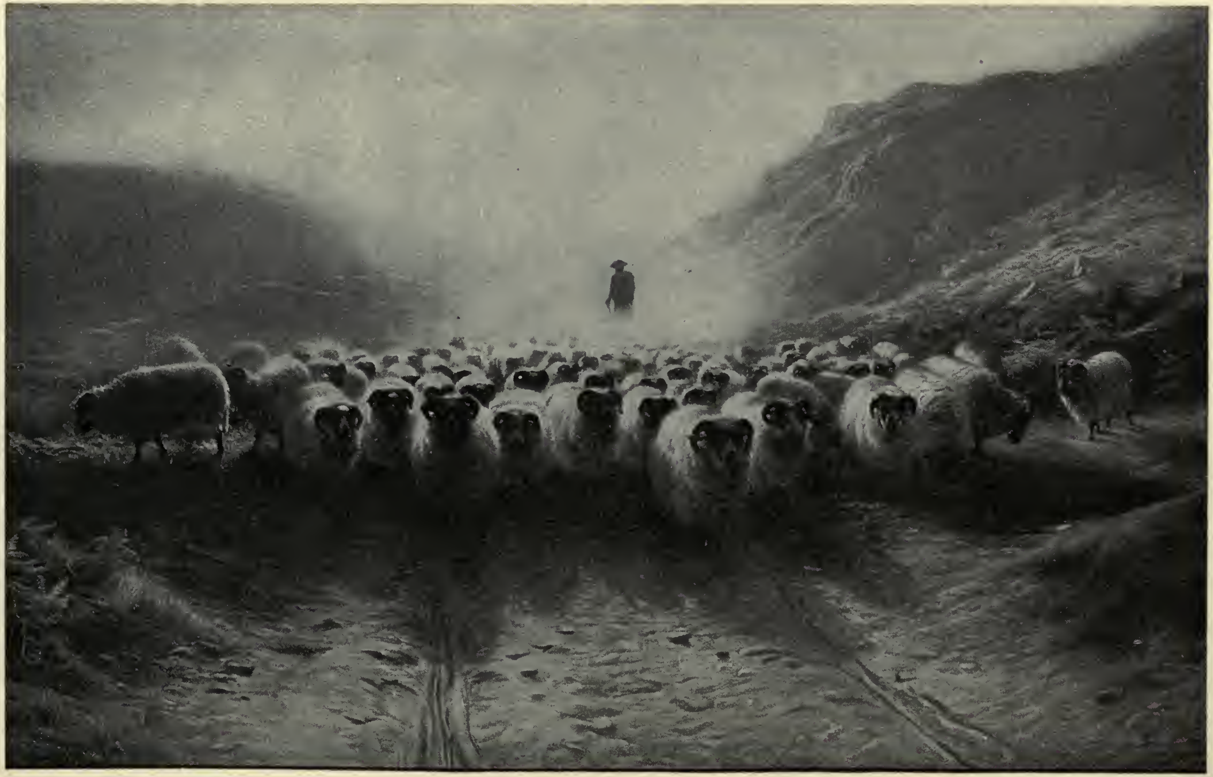
## THE SPIDER'S LESSON

Robert, the Bruce, in his dungeon stood,
Waiting the hour of doom;
Behind him the palace of Holyrood,
Before him—a nameless tomb.
And the foam on his lips was flecked with red,
As away to the past his memory sped,
Upcalling the day of his past renown,
When he won and he wore the Scottish crown:
Yet come there shadow or come there shine,
The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

"Time and again I have fronted the tide
Of the tyrant's vast array,
But only to see on the crimson tide
My hopes swept far away;
Now a landless chief and a crownless king,
On the broad, broad earth not a living thing
To keep me court, save this insect small,
Striving to reach from wall to wall":
For come there shadow or come there shine,
The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

"Work! work like a fool, to the certain loss,
Like myself, of your time and pain;
The space is too wide to be bridged across,
You but waste your strength in vain!"
And Bruce for the moment forgot his grief,
His soul now filled with the sure belief
That, howsoever the issue went,
For evil or good was the omen sent:
And come there shadow or come there shine,
The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

As a gambler watches the turning card
On which his all is staked,—
As a mother waits for the hopeful word
For which her soul has ached,—
It was thus Bruce watched, with every sense
Centered alone in that look intense;



THE PERRY PICTURES. 1131.
BOSTON EDITION.

LEAVING THE HILLS.

FROM PAINTING BY FARQUHARSON.
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All rigid he stood, with scattered breath—
Now white, now red, but as still as death:
Yet come there shadow or come there shine,
The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

Six several times the creature tried,
When at the seventh, "See, see!
He has spanned it over!" the captive cried;
"Lo! a bridge of hope to me;
Thee, God, I thank, for this lesson here
Has tutored my soul to persevere!"
And it served him well, for erelong he wore
In freedom the Scottish crown once more:
And come there shadow or come there shine,
The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

John Brougham.

From Firth's Voices of the Speechless. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co., publishers.

## TO THE HUMBLEBEE

### (An Extract)

Burly, dozing humblebee!
Where thou art is clime for me;
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets, and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodils,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,

Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among:
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.
Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,—
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

From Emerson's Poems. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co., publishers.

## SIXTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

The meaning of animal parasites; of pests.

Distinguish between lower forms of animal life which are harmless and those which are dangerous pests.

Make two lists of lower forms of life, one representing harmless creatures, as bees, crickets, beetles, etc; the other representing pests, as flies, mosquitoes, fleas, etc.

Some animals are of more value than others; in order to spare from discomfort, disease, and suffering and to promote the health and enjoyment of life of the more developed forms of animal life, such as man, horse, cow, sheep, dog, cat, and many others, it is necessary to destroy pests and parasites.

How to kill humanely and instantly, if necessary.

### CIVICS

The difference between destroying and torturing.

Laws against torture.

### ART

Prints of insects studied.

### LITERATURE

Humanity.—*William Cowper* (The Task: Book VI).

## HUMANITY

(An Extract)

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die;
A necessary act incurs no blame.

Not so, when held within the proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field.
There they are privileged; and he who hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.
The sum is this · If man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are parmount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are—
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who, in his sovereign wisdom, made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too.

William Cowper, (The Task).

## Seventh Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Study of the fly; the mosquito.

The use of the microscope.

### CIVICS

What doctors and boards of health are doing to exterminate, and counteract evil of, fly and mosquito.

Civic sanitation.

### ART

Prints of magnified insects studied.

Prints of microscopic studies.

### LITERATURE

Each and All.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## EACH AND ALL

(An Extract)

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now;
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth."—
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;

Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

From Emerson's Poems. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co., publishers.

## EIGHTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Primary evolution; explain the theory that life is a growth from the lowest and simplest stage of development to the highest and most complex.

Show that animal life in its various forms develops by adapting each its special form to its special environment, and illustrate by different orders of life,—insects, fish, birds, higher animal life, etc.

### CIVICS

Man's duty in morals and laws is first to the higher forms of evolution.

Destroying is not torturing.

Laws against torture and cruel methods of killing.

### ART

Prints of microscopic studies.

### LITERATURE

Biography of Darwin.
See, Through This Air.—*Aleaxnder Pope.*

## SEE, THROUGH THIS AIR

(An Extract)

See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, which no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee;
From thee to nothing. * * * * *
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

Alexander Pope. (Essay on Man).

# JUNE

## RELATION OF HEAT TO ANIMAL LIFE—VACATION TIME AND REST

### THEME

When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green.

. . . . . . . . . . .

Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms and birds and wild bees' hum;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air.

William Cullen Bryant.

## First Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Observation of length of day and night in June.
Observation of weather.
Talk on pet cat and dog and caged bird.

### CIVICS

Vacation time for school children.
Placing water for pets in summer time.

### ART

The Cat Family.—*Adam.*

### LITERATURE

Song: Out in the Country (Song and Exercise Book).

Memorize:

Sing, sing, lily-bells ring!
The blossoms are coming to town,
Daisies and lilies and daffydowndillies,
Each in a sweet, new gown.

UNKNOWN.

Poem: The Little Land.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

## THE LITTLE LAND

(An Extract)

In that forest to and fro,
I can wander, I can go;
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by,
Carrying parcels with their feet,
Down the green and grassy street.
I can in the sorrel sit,
Where the lady-bird a-lit.
I can climb the jointed grass,
    And on high,
See the greater swallows pass
    In the sky;
And the round sun rolling by,
Heeding no such things as I.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From A Child's Garden of Verse, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

## SECOND GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Observation of sunset in June; increase in the length of day over night; how heat effects men and animals in their work.

Care of pet cat and dog and caged birds.

### CIVICS

Why schools have vacation; rest after labor.

### ART

The Pet Bird.—*Meyer von Bremen.*

### LITERATURE

Cat Questions.—*Lucy Larcom.*

## CAT QUESTIONS

Dozing and dozing and dozing!
    Pleasant enough.
Dreaming of sweet cream and mouse meat,—
    Delicate stuff!

Waked by a somerset, whirling
    From cushion to floor;
Waked to a wild rush for safety
    From window to door.

Waking to hands that first smooth us,
    And then pull our tails;
Punished with slaps when we show them
    The length of our nails!

These big mortal tyrants even grudge us
    A place on the mat.
Do they think we enjoy for our music
    Staccatoes of "scat"?

To be treated, now, just as you treat us,—
The question is pat,—
To take just our chances in living,
Would you be a cat?

Lucy Larcom.

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## Third Grade

### NATURE STUDY

Position of sun in June; its effect on length of day and night; on weather.

Effect of heat on domestic animals,—perspiring, drinking, amount of labor.

### CIVICS

Alternate rest and labor for all necessary.

Vacation time for all that labor natural and necessary; illustrate by vacation time in labor, in business, in schools.

Animals that serve need vacation.

### ART

A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society.—*Landseer.*

The Children's Friend.—*A. Eberle.*

### LITERATURE

Memorize:

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon,
Under shady nook at noon,

Beetle on his mission bent
Tarries in that cooling tent.
Let me, also, cheer a spot
Hidden field or garden grot;
Place where passing souls can rest,
On their way and be their best.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

From Markham's Poems, San Francisco Examiner, publisher.

### FOURTH GRADE

#### NATURE STUDY

Long days and short nights.

Effect of heat on the amount of human and animal labor possible.

How people, horses, dogs, and cats, respectively, perspire.

Responsibility of owners as to care of pets left behind in vacation time.

#### CIVICS

Carrying humane education with one into the farm and country life in vacation time; what children must do and must refrain from doing to the animal inhabitants of meadow, field, wood, and water.

#### ART

Three Members of A Temperance Society.—*Herring.*

#### LITERATURE

The Barefoot Boy.—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

## THE BAREFOOT BOY

(An Extract)

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;

Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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## FIFTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Care of horses in hot weather,—kind of food, when and how often to water, lightening of loads, lessening of continuous labor, properly adjusted harness, sponges on head and other devices for warding off heat, sponging off bodies, care of feet, protection from pests (flies, etc.).

Treatment of dogs to prevent hydrophobia.

### CIVICS

Public drinking fountains for man and beast in the city.

Public and private rest havens and pasturage for horses and other animals that labor.

Refuges for stray animals.

The dog pound,—is it humanely conducted?

### ART

At the Watering Trough.—*Dagman Bouvret.*

### LITERATURE

## OUT IN THE FIELDS

The little cares that fretted me,—
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen,—
I cast them all away
Among the clover scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—
Out in the fields with God.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## SIXTH GRADE

The physiology of docking; how it affects the horse; deprivation of nature's defense against flies, etc.

### CIVICS

Laws against docking.

Better and more effective legislation needed. (The Colorado state law forbids the importation of docked horses and requires a registration of every docked horse already in the state, besides imposing a heavy penalty for docking).

### ART

A Kabyl.—*Schreyer.*

### LITERATURE

Knee Deep in June.—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Memorize:

> There is a singing in the summer air,
> The blue and brown moths flutter o'er the grass,
> The stubble bird is creaking in the wheat;
> And perched upon the honey-suckle hedge,
> Pipes the green linnet. Oh! the golden world,—
> The star of life on every blade of grass,
> The motion and joy on every bough,
> The glad feast everywhere for things that love
> The sunshine, and for things that love the shade.
>
> ROBERT BUCHANAN.
>
> From The Summer Pool.

The Summer Pool can be found in Stedman's Collection, published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

## SEVENTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

Summer solstice.

Emergency relief for man and laboring animals in hot weather.

### CIVICS

Civic corps for emergency relief,—purpose, organization, finances, work, location, how to call for emergency relief.

Emergency hospital.

Ambulance service for suffering animals.

### ART

Aurora.—*Reni.*

### LITERATURE

The Days Gone By.—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

## THE DAYS GONE BY

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The apples in the orchard, and the pathway through the rye;
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the quail
As he piped across the meadows sweet as any nightingale;
When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over, in the days gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped
By the honeysuckle tangles where the water-lilies dipped,
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along the brink
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle come to drink,
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant's wayward cry
And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days gone by.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of the eye;
The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic ring—
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything,—
When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,
In the golden olden glory of the days gone by.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

From Rhymes of Childhood. Copyright, 1900. By special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

## EIGHTH GRADE

### NATURE STUDY

The heavens in summer time.

Hydrophobia; what it is, causes; cases that look like hydrophobia; how to prevent it.

Proper muzzling.

### CIVICS

Fountains for man and beast, on the public highways,—how they are provided for, how they should be provided for.

American National Red Cross Society,—purpose, organization, finances, work, and occasions when called into service; location of national and state headquarters.

### ART

Aurora.—*Reni.*

### LITERATURE

June.—*James Russell Lowell.*

### JUNE

(An Extract)

'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking;
There is no price set on the lavish summer,
And June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
  Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
  And over it softly her warm ear lays:

Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
  An instinct within it that reaches and towers
And, groping blindly above it for light,
  Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
    The flush of life may well be seen
  Thrilling back over hills and valleys,
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there 's never a leaf or a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
  Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
  With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the best?

James Russell Lowell.

From Lowell's Poems, from The Vision of Sir Launfal. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co., publishers.

# A CLASSIFIED LIST OF THE MORE COMMON BIRDS

(The seasons mentioned apply to the middle-north section of the United States.)

### Order I. Diving Birds (*Pygopodes*)

1. Family of Grebes.
2. Family of Loons.

### Order II. Long-Winged Swimmers (*Longipennes*)

1. Family of Gulls and Terns, including:
   - Herring Gull, or Sea Gull (winter resident).
   - Ring-billed Gull (winter resident).
   - Bonaparte's Gull, or Sea Pigeon (spring and fall migrant).
   - Common Tern, or Wilson's Tern (spring and fall migrant).
   - Black Tern, or Short-tailed Tern (summer resident).

### Order III. Totipalmate Swimmers (*Steganopodes*)

1. Family of Cormorants.
2. Family of Pelicans.

ORDER IV. LAMELLIROSTRAL SWIMMERS (*Anseres*)

1. Family of Ducks, Geese, and Swans, including:

- Mallard, or Green-head (spring and fall migrant).
- Black Duck, or Black Mallard (spring and fall migrant).
- Green-winged Teal, or Winter Teal (spring and fall migrant).
- Blue-winged Teal, or Summer Teal (summer resident).
- Shoveler, or Spoon-bill (spring and fall migrant).
- Pin-tail, or Water Pheasant (spring and fall migrant).
- Wood Duck, or Summer Duck (spring and fall migrant).
- Red-head (spring and fall migrant).
- Lesser Scaup Duck, or River Duck (spring and fall migrant).
- Ring-necked Duck, or Ring-bill (spring and fall migrant).
- American Golden Eye, or Whistler (winter resident).
- Old Squaw, or Long-tailed Duck (winter resident).
- Lesser Snow Goose, or White Brant (spring and fall migrant).
- Greater Snow Goose, or Mexican Goose (spring and fall migrant).

Blue Goose (spring and fall migrant).
American White-fronted Goose, or Brant (spring and fall migrant).
Canada Goose, or Common Wild Goose (spring and fall migrant).
Whistling Swan, or American Swan (spring and fall migrant).

ORDER V. HERONS, STORKS, IBISES (*Herodiones*)

1. Family of Herons and Bitterns, including:
    American Bittern (summer resident).
    Least Bittern (summer resident).
    American Egret, or Great White Heron (summer resident).

ORDER VI. CRANES, RAILS, ETC. (*Paludicolae*)

1. Family of Cranes.
2. Family of Rails, Gallinules, and Coots, including:
    King Rail, or Red-breasted Rail (summer resident).
    Virginia Rail, or Reed Bird (summer resident).
    Sora, or Carolina Rail (summer resident).
    Yellow Rail, or Little Rail (summer resident).
    Florida Gallinule, or American Gallinule or Mud-Hen (summer resident).
    American Coot, or Mud-Hen (summer resident).

### ORDER VII. SHORE BIRDS (*Limicolae*)

1. Family of Phalaropes, including:
    - Wilson's Phalarope (summer resident).
2. Family of Snipes and Sandpipers, including:
    - Wilson's Snipe, or American Snipe (spring and fall migrant).
    - Pectoral Sandpiper, or Jack Snipe (spring and fall migrant).
    - Least Sandpiper, or Sand Snipe (spring and fall migrant).
    - Red-backed Sandpiper, or Red-backed Snipe (spring and fall migrant).
    - Semi-palmated Sandpiper, or Peep (spring and fall migrant).
    - Sanderling, or White Snipe (spring and fall migrant).
    - Greater Yellow-legs, or Stone Snipe (spring and fall migrant).
    - Yellow-legs, or Little Yellow-legs (spring and fall migrant).
    - Solitary Sandpiper, or Peet-Weet (spring and fall migrant).
    - Bartramian Sandpiper, or Field Plover (summer resident).
    - Spotted Sandpiper, or Sand Snipe (summer resident).
3. Family of Plovers, including:
    - American Golden Plover, or Green Plover (spring and fall migrant).
    - Killdeer, or Kill-Dee (summer resident).

Semi-palmated Plover, or Ring-Neck (spring and fall migrant).

### ORDER VIII. GALLINACEOUS BIRDS (*Gallinae*)

1. Family of Grouse, Partridges, etc., including:
    - Bob-White, or Quail (summer resident). (Being exterminated.)
    - Prairie Hen, or Prairie Chicken (summer resident.) (Being exterminated.)
2. Family of Pheasants and Wild Turkeys, including:
    - Wild Turkey (summer resident). (Being exterminated.)

### ORDER IX. PIGEONS (*Columbae*)

1. Family of Pigeons, including:
    - Passenger Pigeon, or Wild Pigeon (permanent resident).
    - Mourning Dove (summer resident).

### ORDER X. BIRDS OF PREY (*Raptores*)

1. Family of American Vultures, including:
    - Turkey Vulture, or Buzzard (summer resident).
2. Family of Kites, Hawks, Eagles, etc., including:
    - Marsh Hawk (spring and fall migrant).
    - Sharp-shinned Hawk, or Little Swift Hawk (spring and fall migrant).
    - Cooper's Hawk, or Chicken Hawk (summer resident).

Red-tailed Hawk, or Chicken Hawk (permanent resident).

Red-shouldered Hawk, or Hen Hawk (permanent resident).

Bald Eagle, or Old Abe (rare, permanent resident, and fall migrant).

American Sparrow Hawk (summer resident).

3. Family of Horned Owls, Screech Owls, etc., including:

Short-eared Owl (summer resident).

Screech Owl (permanent resident).

### ORDER XI. PARROTS AND PAROQUETS (*Psittaci*)

### ORDER XII. CUCKOOS AND KINGFISHERS (*Coccyges*)

1. Family of Cuckoos, including:
   - Yellow-billed Cuckoo (summer resident).
   - Black-billed Cuckoo (summer resident).
2. Family of Kingfishers, including:
   - Belted Kingfisher, or Kingfisher (summer resident).

### ORDER XIII. WOODPECKERS (*Pici*)

1. Family of Woodpeckers, including:
   - Hairy Woodpecker, or Big Sapsucker (permanent resident).
   - Downy Woodpecker, or Little Sapsucker (spring and fall migrant).
   - Yellow-bellied Sapsucker (spring and fall migrant).

Red-headed Woodpecker (summer resident).
Northern Flicker, or Yellow Hammer (permanent resident).

### ORDER XIV. GOATSUCKERS, SWIFTS, ETC. (*Macrochires*)

1. Family of Goatsuckers, including:
    - Whippoorwill (summer resident).
    - Night Hawk, or Bull Bat (summer resident and fall migrant).
2. Family of Swifts, including:
    - Chimney Swift, or Chimney Swallow (summer resident).
3. Family of Humming Birds, including:
    - Ruby-throated Humming Bird (summer resident).

### ORDER XV. PERCHING BIRDS (*Passeres*)

1. Family of Tyrant Fly-catchers, including:
    - Kingbird (summer resident).
    - Phoebe (summer resident).
    - Wood Pewee (summer resident).
2. Family of Larks, including:
    - Prairie Horned Lark (permanent resident).
3. Family of Crows and Jays, including:
    - Blue Jay (permanent resident).
    - American Crow (permanent resident).
4. Family of Blackbirds and Orioles, including:
    - Bobolink (summer resident).
    - Cowbird (summer resident).

Yellow-headed Blackbird (summer resident).
Red-winged Blackbird (summer resident).
Meadowlark (summer resident).
Baltimore Oriole (summer resident).
Rusty Blackbird (spring and fall migrant).
Bronzed Grackle (summer resident).

5. Family of Grosbeaks, Finches, and Sparrows, including:

Redpoll (winter resident).
American Goldfinch (permanent resident).
Lapland Longspur, or Brown Snowbird (winter resident).
Savanna Sparrow (summer resident).
Vesper Sparrow (summer resident).
Grasshopper Sparrow (summer resident).
White-crowned Sparrow (spring and fall migrant).
White-throated Sparrow (spring and fall migrant).
Tree Sparrow (winter resident).
Chipping Sparrow (summer resident).
Field Sparrow, or Field Chippy (summer resident).
Slate-colored Junco, or Snowbird (spring and fall migrant).
Song Sparrow (summer resident).
Swamp Sparrow (summer resident).
Fox Sparrow (spring and fall migrant).
Towhee (summer resident).
Rose-breasted Grosbeak (summer resident).

Indigo Bunting (summer resident).
Dickcissel, or Black-throated Bunting (summer resident).
English Sparrow (permanent resident).

6. Family of Tanagers, including:
    - Scarlet Tanager (summer resident).
7. Family of Swallows, including:
    - Purple Martin (summer resident).
    - Cliff Swallow (summer resident).
    - American Barn Swallow (summer resident).
    - Bank Swallow (summer resident).
8. Family of Waxwings, including:
    - Cedar Waxwing (summer resident).
9. Family of Shrikes, including:
    - Northern Shrike (winter resident).
    - Loggerhead Shrike (summer resident).
10. Family of Vireos, including:
    - Red-eyed Vireo (summer resident).
11. Family of Wood Warblers, including:
    - Black and White Warbler (spring and fall migrant).
    - Tennessee Warbler (spring and fall migrant).
    - Western Parula Warbler (spring and fall migrant).
    - Yellow Warbler (summer resident).
    - Black-throated Blue Warbler (spring and fall migrant).
    - Myrtle Warbler (spring and fall migrant).
    - Magnolia Warbler (spring and fall migrant).

Chestnut-sided Warbler (spring and fall migrant).
Bay-breasted Warbler (spring and fall migrant).
Black-poll Warbler (spring and fall migrant).
Blackburnian Warbler (spring and fall migrant).
Black-throated Green Warbler (spring and fall migrant).
Palm Warbler (spring and fall migrant).
Ovenbird (spring and fall migrant).
Grinnell's Water Thrush (spring and fall migrant).
Northern Yellow-throat (summer resident).
American Redstart (summer resident).

12. Family of Wagtails and Pipits, including:
    American Pipit (spring and fall migrant).
13. Family of Thrashers, including:
    Catbird (summer resident).
    Brown Thrasher (summer resident).
14. Family of Wrens, including:
    Winter Wren (spring and fall migrant).
    Long-billed Marsh Wren (summer resident).
15. Family of Creepers, including:
    Brown Creeper (spring and fall migrant).
16. Family of Nuthatches, including:
    White-breasted Nuthatch (permanent resident and spring and fall migrant).
17. Family of Titmice and Chickadees, including:

Chickadee (permanent resident and spring and fall migrant).

18. Family of Warblers, Kinglets and Gnatcatchers, including:
    Golden-crowned Kinglet (spring and fall migrant).
    Ruby-crowned Kinglet (spring and fall migrant).
19. Family of Thrushes, Bluebirds, and Robins, including:
    Wood Thrush (summer resident).
    Grey-checked Thrush (spring and fall migrant).
    Olive-backed Thrush (spring and fall migrant).
    Hermit Thrush (spring and fall migrant).
    American Robin, or Robin Redbreast (summer resident).
    Bluebird (summer resident).

# GRADED LIST OF TOPICS FOR WRITTEN WORK IN HUMANE EDUCATION

## FOR ALL GRADES (EXCEPT THE FIRST)

### ANNUALLY

Bird Day.
Local Game and Bird Laws.
What I Can Do for Our Anti-Cruelty Society.
Proper and Improper Harness for Horse and Mule.
The Shoeing of a Horse and Mule.
Local Laws and Institutions for Prevention of Cruelty.

## PRIMARY GRADES

### First, Second, and Third

Katydid's Trip to Sleepy Land.
Story of Fuzzy Wuzzy's Winter Time.
Bunny, Bossy, and Petz—The Happy Family. (Petz is the German diminutive for bear.)
Christmas Gifts for the Birds in Our Yard.
The Swallow's Nest.
The Lark's Nest.
The Oriole's Nest.
The Strength of the Beetle.
The Labor of the Bee.

The Little City of the Ant.

The Lives of a Butterfly.

The Butterfly-Cinderella.

The Four-Footed Friends at Our Home.

What My Pet Does for Me; What I Do for My Pet.

Our Grocer's Horse.

The Dog Next Door to Us.

My Cat in Vacation Time.

What I Learn about Animals on My Way to School.

## INTERMEDIATE GRADES

### FOURTH AND FIFTH

Bees in the Winter Time.

Hibernating Animals.

The Birds' Christmas in Norway.

Autobiography of Frumpy, a Cur.

Autobiography of Inky Blinky, an alley Cat.

A Girl's View on the Use of Sling-shots.

A Boy's View on the Use of Birds' Plumage as Millinery.

The Lesson of "The Birds of Killingworth."

Our Little Brothers in the Winter Time.

My Rights and My Pet's Rights Compared.

The Fountain of Our Neighborhood (real or imaginary).

The Life of a Horse in the Fire Department.

Autobiography of a Trick Dog.

How a Monkey is Trained to Beg.

The Sick Horse that was Moved by Ambulance.

Many Birds, Many Nests.
Many Birds, Many Plumages.
Many Birds, Many Songs.
A Visit to the Refuge of Our City.
Lesson of "The Dog of Flanders."
What Our City Does for Its Birds.
Birds in the City Parks.
A Visit to the City Zoo.
What Our City Does for Its Horses.
Care and Feed of the Horse.
Care and Feed of Poultry.
Lessons Learned from "Beautiful Joe."
The Dog as Friend and Helper.

## GRAMMAR GRADES

### Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth

What Our State Does for Its Birds.
Game Laws and Duties of the Game Warden.
Migration of Birds.
Permanent Bird Neighbors.
Lesson of Millet's "Song of the Lark."
Story of the Cock Fight that Didn't Come Off.
Vacations for Horses and Mules.
Adaptation of the Horse for Labor.
Adaptation of the Camel for Labor.
Adaptation of the Elephant for Labor.
What the Horse Has Done to Build up Our City.
Relation between Care of Cow and Sanitary Milk.
The Horse and Mule Compared.

The Ordinary Diseases of the Horse and Their Prevention.

Should Horses have a Sunday or Day of Rest?

Study of Bonheur's "The Horse Fair."

What Our State Does For Its Horses (laws).

Story of Lone Star, the Texas Pony.

The Kodak versus the Gun.

Lesson of "The Trail of the Sand-hill Stag."

Lesson of "A-Hunting the Deer in the Adirondacks."

The Seal-Fisheries of the Aleutian Islands.

Lesson of "Mafka and Kotik."

The Cost of a Seal Coat.

The Fountains of Our City.

How Elephants are Trained for Exhibit.

How Wild Animals are Trained for Exhibit.

The Most Humane Way to Exterminate Rats and Mice.

The Moral Difference between Destroying and Torturing.

Lessons Learned from "Black Beauty."

The Humane Work of Henry Bergh.

The Cat in Art, Poetry, and Legend.

The Family Horse that was Sold to a Peddler.

Value of the Work-Horse Parade.

Story of the Dog-Detective.

Life-Saving Dogs.

Wages of our Dumb Servants.

The Pets of Great Men and Women.

# HUMANE EDUCATION IN THE HIGH SCHOOLS

Humane education in high schools should consist of individual investigation and study by the pupil, of the concrete work of the subject of each month as outlined in the "Graded Course for Elementary Schools" of this Manual.

At the close of the month a topic representing the application of this knowledge and study to natural, civic, social, and ethic problems should be written upon.

This essay would test the scope and depth of the pupil's individual effort during the month, and his power to apply his knowledge to problems of nature, society, and morals that need solution.

Example:—

In September let the student study and investigate the subject of Labor in its relation to the physiological adaptation and natural environment of animals that labor, the laws, institutions, organizations, and conditions that exist in relaton to these animals and their special labor, and the esthetic, social, ethical, and historical relation between them and man.

At the close of September a composition on some such topic as The Economic Value of Kindness to Animals, or Study of Rosa Bonheur's Animal Art Work, or The Effect of Cruelty on the Individual that Practises It, or The Evolution of the Modern Work Horse, would test the pupil's individual effort in the monthly study of this subject and indicate to the teacher where strengthening is required.

This *Manual of Humane Education* should be in the possession of each high-school student in order that he may be guided in applying a psychologic method to his monthly study and investigation,—

1. By recognizing that each subject has three phases of approach,—that of nature, that of the civic community, and that of the culture of man's experience including art, literature, history, and morals.

2. By differentiating these three phases and basing his study on one or two of the three, or on all.

Example:—

Birds may be studied in their relation to nature, in their economic, utilitarian, and esthetic relation to man, and in relation to their part in art, poetry, history, and morals; or the pupil, following an individual bent, may base his treatment of the subject of birds on natural history alone, or on the economic side, or any other one phase, increasing the depth of the treatment in proportion to the narrowing of its scope.

3. By learning to treat his subject as a growth,

as illustrated by the unfoldment of each subject in The Graded Course from one grade to the next higher, and, by building his knowledge on conditions of parts, learning to apply it to problems of the whole.

Example:—

Let the student note that the subject of Rejuvenation of Life, in March, grows—in civics, for instance—from the child's individual consciousness of the value of his bodily cleanliness, by stages, to the cleanliness of home, neighborhood, community, state, and nation. The student is thus guided to treat of the subject of cleanliness in a rational, inductive manner, and to end in applying it to problems of sanitation that effect society as a whole.

## SUGGESTIVE TOPICS FOR HUMANE EDUCATION IN THE HIGH SCHOOLS

### Ninth and Tenth Grades

The Evolution of the Modern Work Horse.

Man's Dependence on Dumb Animals.

The Economic Value of Kindness to Animals.

Physiological Adaptation of Animals that Serve Man to Their Work.

Poets' Dogs and what Poets have Said of Them.

Dogs' Usefulness in the Detective Service.

Pioneers in Humane Work.

Model Stables: Their Value in a Community.

Birds as a National Asset.

The Part Birds have Played in Poetry.

Functional Adaptation of Birds to Their Environment.

Study of Rosa Bonheur's Animal Art Work.

The Extermination of the American Deer.

How Eradicate the Western Plain Evil?

Should the Federal Government Have a Bureau of Child and Animal Protection?

Baseball and the Bull Fight as National Sports Contrasted.

Debate: Do Animals Reason?

Debate: Do Animals Have a Sense of Right and Wrong?

Lesson of Verestchagin's War Pictures.

The Effect of Cruelty on the Individual Who Practises It.

Suggested Improvements in Stock-Yards' Conditions.

A Comparison between the Humane Law and Administration of Our State and Those of the State of Colorado.

Relation between Humane Education and a Knowledge of Civic Institutions.

The Value of the Work-Horse Parade.

### JUNIOR AND SENIOR CLASSES

What Practices of Cruelty Need Federal Legislation?

Is there Any Relation between the March of Progress and the Recognition of Animals' Rights?

The Relation between a Scientific Knowledge of Animal Life and Kindness to Animals.

The Ethical Side of Humane Education.

Is there a Psychologic Relation between a Tendency to Criminality and the Practice of Cruelty to Animals?

Is Vivisection in the School-Room Justifiable?

The Educational Value of School Essays on Humane Topics.

The National Peace Society.

Children's Rights Ignored in Industrialism.

The Social Value of Humane Education.

History of the Humane Movement.

Animals' Rights in Literature.

Can the Pleasures of the Hunt be Obtained without a Victim?

Values in the Animal World.

Nature's Annual Rejuvenation of Life.

Artists Who have Taken Animals as Their Models and Subjects.

The Hague Tribunal.

# COLLATERAL READING AND AIDS TO TEACHER AND PUPIL IN HUMANE EDUCATION

A part of the work in humane education is to have posted a list of standard works in humane literature accessible to pupils, which would guide them in purchasing books and in drawing from the public library, and which could be drawn upon for collateral reading and study by both teacher and pupil.

Also, a list of first-class humane periodicals as a guide for subscribing for one or more publications and to be consulted for up-to-date reference work.

It should also be remembered:—

1. That many of the humane organizations issue leaflets at nominal prices which give concrete information on specific subjects appropriate to humane education work.

2. That nearly every humane organization issues annual reports that are often replete with illustrations and reading matter that may be of use to the teacher.

3. That the United States Department of Agriculture issues gratis a large amount of useful literature, chief among which are "Diseases of the

Horse" and "Diseases of Cattle," in large volumes beautifully illustrated.

4. That the State Departments issue Bird and Arbor Day literature and Blue Books giving illustrations of the efforts in behalf of the delinquent and dependent classes.

5. That State Boards of Charities and Health Departments issue bulletins and annual reports that may be useful in broad-gauge humanitarian instruction.

6. And that many of the current magazines contain articles of special value in humane education.

A representative list of books, periodicals, leaflets, and articles in current magazines supplementary for humane education follows:

### Books and Stories

Abbott. A Boy on a Farm.
Aflalo, F. G. Ethics of Performing Animals.
The Cost of Sport.
Aldrich. Story of a Cat.
Æsop. Æsop's Fables.
Andersen, Hans Christian. The Ugly Duckling.
Andrews, Jane. The Seven Little Sisters.
Each and All.
Ten Boys.
Ariel. Those Dreadful Mouse Boys.
Bartlett, L. L. Animals at Home.
Balantyne. Dog Crusoe.
Baldwin. An American Book of Golden Deeds.
Wonder Book of Horses.

BAILY. Our Own Birds.
BARTLETT, A. D. Wild Animals in Captivity.
BAMFORD. Look-about Club.
  My Land and Water Friends.
BARRY, E. P. Pedro: An Ugly Dog.
BASKETT. Story of the Birds.
  Story of the Fishes.
  Story of the Amphibians and Reptiles.
BIGNELL. My Wood-land Intimates.
  Quintette of Gray-coats.
BILLINGHURST, P. J. Hundred Anecdotes of Animals.
BLAISDELL. Hero Stories from American History.
BRYSON, Charles Lee. Tan and Teckle.
BURROUGHS, John. Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers.
  John James Audubon.
  Birds and Bees.
  Wake Robin.
BUCKNER, E. D., M. D. The Immortality of Animals.
BOREMAN, Belle-Helm. Dis-Chords and Other Chords (poems).
BROWN. Rab and His Friends.
BLANCHAN, How to Attract the Birds.
  Bird Neighbors.
BOLTON, Sarah K. Our Devoted Friend, the Dog.
BROOKS READERS (published by The American Book Co.).
CARTER, Sarah Nelson. For Pity's Sake.
CARTER, M. H. Cat Stories (retold from St. Nicholas).

CLEMENS, William M. The House of a Hundred Doors.

CHAMPNEY. Howling Wolf and His Trick Pony.

CARRINGTON, Edith. The Dog: His Rights and Wrongs.

Workers without Wage.

The Cat: Her Place in Society.

CRAM, W. E. Little Beasts of Field and Wood.

CHASE. Friends of the Fields.

CHEEVER. Doctor Robin.

COLMORE, G. Priests of Progress (sold by American Anti-Vivisection Society).

CORNISH, C. J. Animals at Work and Play.

Animal Life.

CHAPMAN, Frank M. Bird Life.

COCHRANE, R. Four Hundred Animal Stories.

CARTER, Marion Hamilton. Stories of Brave Dogs.

DAVIS, Richard Harding. The Bar Sinister.

DALE, John T. Heroes and Great-Hearts, and Their Animal Friends.

DE LA RAMEE, Louise. The Dog of Flanders.

Moufflon.

DAXENDALE. Yours with All My Heart.

DEARBORN AND WEED. Birds in Their Relation to Man.

DEWEY. Bruno.

EDDY, Sarah J. Friends and Helpers.

Songs of Happy Life.

EASTMAN. Red Hunters and the Animal People.

ENSIGN, Herman Lee. Lady Lee, and Other Stories.

Eckstrom, Fannie Hardy. The Bird Book.

Ewing. Jackanapes.

Story of a Short Life.

Firth, Abraham (compiled by). Voices of the Speechless.

Finch, Nora J. Colliery Jim (autobiography of a mine mule).

Francis. Book of Cheerful Cats.

Ford, Sewall. Horses Nine.

Just Horses.

Fraser. Mooswa.

Forbush, Edward H. Useful Birds and Their Protection.

Fortescue, J. W. Story of a Red Deer.

Fuller. Alley's Cat's Kitten.

Finley, William H. American Birds.

Gask, L. Dog Tales.

Gatty. Parables from Nature.

Grinnell. Our Feathered Friends.

Greenleaf. Stories and Tales from the Animal World.

Gordon, Anna A. Toots, and Other Stories.

Harris. Door-yard Folks.

Hart. Animals of the Bible.

Herrick, F. H. The Home Life of Wild Birds.

Hiesemann, Martin. How to Attract and Protect Wild Birds.

Holder, C. F. Marvels of Animal Life.

Hornaday, W. T. American Natural History.

Hurst, J. W. Life Story of a Fowl.

Hawks. The Trail to the Woods.

Harrison, E. How Little Cedric Became a Knight.
Ingersoll, E. Wit of the Wild.
Johonnet, James. Friends in Feather and Fur.
Jackson. Cat Stories.
Jackson, G. E. Big Jack and other True Stories of Horses.
Johnson. The Story of Two Boys.
  Young People's Natural History.
Jewett, J. H. Little Mother Stories.
Jordan, David Starr. Mafka and Kotik.
  True Tales of Birds and Beasts.
Job, H. K. Wild Wings.
Jones Readers (published by Ginn & Co.).
Kelly. Short Stories of Our Shy Neighbors.
Kipling Rudyard. Just So Stories.
  Kim.
  First Jungle Book.
  Second Jungle Book.
Kingsley, Charles. Water Babies.
Kupfer. Lives and Stories Worth Remembering.
Lang, Andrew. Animal Story Book.
Lange. Our Native Birds.
  How to Know the Wild Birds of Illinois.
Lottridge, S. A. Animal Snapshots and How Made.
Lanier, Bob.
London, Jack. Call of the Wild.
  White Fang.
Long, William J. Ways of Wood Folk.
  A Little Brother to the Bear.

Secrets of the Woods.
Wilderness Ways.
Northern Trails.
Wood Folk at School.
Beasts of the Field.
Leffingwell, Albert Dr. The Vivi-Section Controversy. Published, 13 Regent St., London, England.
Maeterlinch, Maurice. Our Friend, the Dog.
Marvin, Rev. F. R. Christ among the Cattle.
Merwin, Henry C. On Dogs and Men.
Miles, A. H. Animal Anecdotes.
Miller, Olive Thorn. Four-handed Folk.
Neighbors in Field, Stream, and Wood.
Our Home Pets.
Miller. Bird Ways.
Little Brothers of the Air.
Little Folks in Feather and Fur.
Mills, W. How to Keep a Dog in the City.
Mulets, L. E. Phyllis' Stories of Little Animals.
Moore, Howard J. Universal Kinship.
The New Ethics.
Montieth. Living Creatures of Water, Land, and Air.
Morley. Little Wanderers.
Little Mitchell, the Story of a Mountain Squirrel.
The Bee People.
Insect Folk.
McCrea, Roswell. The Humane Movement.
McCord, Charlotte. Only a Horse.

McCullough, A. W. Little Stories for Little People.
Nesbit, Z. A. P. Farmyard Friends.
Ollivant, A. Bob, Son of Battle.
Danny.
Owen, John S. Dr. Gramma.
Phelps, Elizabeth Stewart. Loveliness.
Trixy.
Page, Emma E. Heart Culture.
Patterson, Louise S. Letters from Pussycatville.
Dickey-Downey.
Pussy Meow.
Pierson, C. D. Tales of a Poultry Farm.
Pyle. Stories of Humble Friends.
Pool. Boss, and Other Dogs.
Plympton, A. C. Two Dogs and a Monkey.
Reid. Josie and the Chipmunk.
Young Voyageurs.
Reed. Book of Clever Beasts.
Repplier, Agnes. The Fireside Sphinx.
Roberts, Charles G. D. Kindred of the Wild.
Animal Tales.
Red Fox.
Watcher of the Trails.
Little People of the Sycamore.
Return to the Trails.
Robinson, R. E. Hunting without a Gun.
Salt, Henry E. Animals' Rights.
The Sportsman at Bay.

SAUNDERS, Marshall. My Pets.
Beautiful Joe.
Beautiful Joe's Paradise.
Nita, the Story of an Irish Setter.
SETON, Ernest Thompson. Lives of the Hunted.
Biography of a Grizzly.
Monarch, the Big Bear of Tallac.
Trail of the Sand-Hill Stag.
Wood Myth and Fable.
Two Little Savages.
Wild Animals I Have Known.
Wild Animal Play.
Animal Heroes.
SCOTT, W. E. D. Story of a Bird Lover.
SEWELL, Anna. Black Beauty.
SCHILLINGS, C. G. Flashlights in the Jungle.
SHARP. Watcher in the Woods.
Wild Life Near Home.
STICKNEY, J. H. Pets and Companions.
Bird World.
STODDARD. Red Mustang.
STOWE. Dog's Mission.
SEWALL, Marion. Bonnie Prince.
STONE and CRAM. American Animals.
STAFFORD, A. O. Animal Fables.
TABER, S. R. Reasonable Restriction vs. Absolute License in Vivisection.
Illustrations of Human Vivisection (published by National Vivisection Reform Society).

TREAT, Mary. The Home Studies of Nature.
TORREY. Clerk of the Woods.
  Dog's Tale.
TROEGER. Harold's Rambles.
TRINE, Ralph Waldo. Every Living Creature.
VELVIN, E. Behind the Scenes with Wild Animals.
VINCENT. Animal World.
WARNER, Charles Dudley. Deer Hunting in the Adirondacks.
WALLIHAN, A. G. and M. A. Camera Shots at Big Game.
WEBSTER. Strenuous Animals.
WARE, F. M. Our Noblest Friend, the Horse.
WEED. Stories of Insect Life.
  Bird Life Stories.
WHITEHEAD, E. K. Dumb Animals and How to Treat Them. (Issued by secretary of the Colorado State Bureau of Child and Animal Protection.)
WELLS. King Kindness and the Witch.
WALTON. Hermits' Wild Friends.
WESSELHOEFT, Lillie F. Frowzel, the Run-away.
  Jack, the Fire-dog.
  Jerry, the Blunderer.
  Madame Mary of the Zoo.
  Sparrow, the Tramp.
  Foxy, the Faithful.
WHEELOCK, Mrs. I. S. Nestlings of Forest and Marsh.

Walter, H. E. and A. H. Wild Birds in City Parks.
Winslow, H. M. Concerning Cats.
Walker, M. C. Bird Legend and Life.
  Our Birds and Their Nestlings.
Williams, Sarah. Through the Year with Birds and Poets.
Wright, Mable O. Wabeno, the Magician.
  Citizen Bird.
  Four-footed Americans.
  Tommy Ann and the Three Hearts.
  Dog Town.
  Gray Lady and the Birds.
Wright. Stories of Birds and Beasts.
  Stories of Earth and Sky.
  Stories of Plants and Animals.
Wood, J. C. Stories of the Animal World.
Wise. Diomed.
Yonge, Charlotte. Golden Deeds.
Zola, Emile. Why I love My Dog.
Authors Not Known. Some of New York's 400.
  Dog Post-man.
  The Pity of It.
  Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst.
  Straggles.
  The Strike at Shanes's (published by American Humane Education Society, Boston).
  Dog Stories (published at 13 Regent Street, London, England).
  Golden Rule for Treatment of Horses.
  Four Feet, Wings, and Furs.

All about Animals (published by Scribner).
Animal Friend Series (published by Tucker).
A Plea for Dumb Creation (published by Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals).
Protection of Animals (published by American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals).
The Three Butterflies.
A Brave Little Rebel (Harper's Fourth Reader).
How the Cricket Brought Good Luck (Harper's Fourth Reader).
The Daisy and the Lark. (American Educational Reader No. 4)

## DOMESTIC PERIODICALS

Advocate of Peace. Published by American Peace Society, Boston, Mass.

American Bird Magazine. Monthly. C. K. Reed, Worcester, Mass.

Animal Life. Monthly. Animal Life Publishing Company, Richmond, Va.

American Horse Owner. Monthly. Jefferson Jackson, Chicago, Ill.

Animal's Defender, The. Monthly. Published by New England Anti-Vivisection Society, Boston, Mass.

Bird Lore. Published by The Macmillan Company, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, (official organ of the Audubon Societies of America).

Boys and Girls. Ithaca, New York.

By The Wayside Official organ of Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

Bulletin of the San Francisco S. P. C. A. Monthly.

Birds and Nature Magazine. Monthly. Atkinson, Mentzer and Grove, Chicago, Illinois.

Bit and Spur. Semi-Monthly. Bit and Spur Publishing Co., Chicago Illinois.

Cat Journal, The. Published by The Cat Journal Company, Rochester, New York.

Cat Review. Semi-Monthly. Dayton, Ohio.

Condor, The. Bi-Monthly. Official organ of Cooper Club, Pasadena, California.

Child and Animal Protection. Monthly. Published by Colorado Humane Society, Denver, Colorado.

Children's Charities. Monthly. Published by Illinois Children's Home Society, Chicago, Illinois.

Dogdom. Monthly. Dogdom Publishing Company, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Dog Journal, The. Published by The Dog Journal Company, Rochester, New York.

Draft Horse Journal. Monthly. E. C. Babcock, Chicago, Illinois.

Field and Stream. Monthly. Field and Stream, New York.

Fur, Finn and Feather. Bi-Monthly. Charles Suydam, New York.

Humane Advocate, The. Published by the Illinois Humane Society, Chicago Illinois.

Humane Journal, The National. Published by Humane Journal Company, Chicago, Illinois.

Humane Educator. Indianapolis, Ind.

Humanitarian Review, The. Monthly. S. W. Davis, Los Angeles, California.

Horseman. Weekly. Chicago Horseman Company, Chicago, Illinois.

Horse Review. Weekly. J. C. Bauer, Chicago, Illinois.

International Veterinary Review. Monthly. Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Journal of Zoophily. Published by Women's Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Juvenile Court Record, The. Published by Visitation and Aid Society, Chicago, Illinois.

National Humane Educator. Indianapolis, Indiana.

National Live Stock Bulletin. Monthly. Washington, District of Columbia.

Our Animal Friends. Weekly. Published by American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, New York.

Our Dumb Animals. Monthly. Published by Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Boston, Massachusetts.

Our Four-Footed Friends. Monthly. Published by Animal Rescue League, Boston.

Our Boys. Published by The Friends of Boys New Haven, Connecticut.

Outdoor Life. Monthly. Denver, Colorado.

Pet Stock Magazine. Monthly. A. D. Hosterman, Springfield, Ohio.

Quarterly Bulletin of Oakland S. P. C. A. Oakland, California.

Rider and Driver. New York and Chicago.

Ranch and Range. Monthly. H. S. Grover, Denver, Colorado.

Recreation. Monthly. Outdoor News Company, New York.

Southern Letter, The. Published by Tuskegee Normal, Tuskegee, Alabama.

Stock Growers' Journal. Miles City, Montana.

Survey, The. Published weekly by Charity Organization Society, New York.

Youth's Outlook, The. Boyne City, Michigan.

## FOREIGN PERIODICALS

Abolitionist, The. Published by The British Union for Abolition of Vivisection, London, England

Animals' Friend. Monthly. London, England.

Animal World, The. Monthly. Published by Royal S. P. C. A., London, England.

Animals' Guardian, The. Published by The London Anti Vivisection, Society.

Band of Mercy, The. Published by Royal S. P. C. A., London, England.

Humanitarian, The. Journal of the Humane League, London, England.

Zoophilist and Animals Defender, The. Published by London Anti-Vivisection Society.

Child's Guardian, The. Published by National S. P. C. C., London, England.

Herald of the Golden Age. Paignton, England.

Tierschutz Zeitung. Breslau, Germany.

Tier und Menschen Freund. Leipzig, Germany.

## LEAFLETS ISSUED BY THE AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION

OFFICE: ALBANY, NEW YORK

The Commercial Side of Philanthropy, by President William O. Stillman.

The Economic Value of Anti-Cruelty Work, by Honorable James M. Brown.

The Relation of the Pulpit to Anti-Cruelty Work, by Honorable James M. Brown.

What a Humanitarian would do with a Million Dollars, by President William O. Stillman.

The Transportation of Live Stock by Railroads and the Federal Twenty-eight Hour Law, by E. K. Whitehead.

The Care and Transportation of Cattle, by E. K. Whitehead.

The Starvation of Cattle on the Western Plains, by E. K. Whitehead.

Preliminary Steps and Legislative Methods in Securing Humane Laws, by Mrs. F. Lovell

The Cry of the Children, by Mrs. F. Lovell.

The Cost of a Skin, by J. Howard Moore.

Silent Martyrs of Civilization, by J. Howard Moore.

Cruelties Connected with the Training and Exhibition of Animals, by Mrs. Huntington Smith.

Our Food Supply Involved: The Abuse of Live Stock in Transportation.

Humane Education with a Special Word for Mothers, by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Truth about Mexican Bull Fights.

Report on Neglect of Range Stock in the Northwest, by Clarence M. Abbott.

How to Organize for Humane Work, by Thomas E. Hill.

Work-Horse Parades, by Henry C. Merwin.

Mercy Sunday Leaflets: (*a*) A Plea; (*b*) Suggestion; (*c*) Program.

The Magnitude of the Work of Anti-Cruelty Societies, by George T. Angell.

What Humane Societies Believe should be done in Stock Transportation, by President William O. Stillman.

Humanity (a sentiment, motto style).

Humane Education (a sentiment, motto style).

Protection of Birds, by E. P. Felt, New York State Entomologist.

Protection of Elk from Starvation in the Northwest.

Don't Shoot (illustrated), by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Dastardly Sport (reprint from Atlanta Constitution), by President William O. Stillman.

Captive Wild Birds (a plea to stop the traffic), by Miss Marshall Saunders.

Parental Religion (a factor in child-saving work), by Honorable Elbrige T. Gerry.

The Prevention of Suffering of Live Stock on Ranges and Railroads, by Clarence M. Abbott.

How to Make Anti-Cruelty Work a Success in Rural Counties, by N. J. Walker.

Report of Committee of American Humane Association on Humane Slaughtering and Killing Methods, by Chairman Henry Bergh.

Cruelty in Transportation of Poultry and its Relief, by George A. H. Scott.

The Prevention and Cure of Crime among Children, by N. J. Walker.

Sample Constitution and By-Laws, also information about incorporation.

Halftone Portrait of Richard Martin (founder of Anti-Cruelty Movement), with brief biography.

Halftone Portrait of Henry Bergh (founder of Anti-Cruelty Movement in America), with brief biography.

## LEAFLETS OF THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

OFFICE: BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Humane Leaflets, Nos. 1 to 8, by George T. Angell.

Humane Horse Book, compiled by George T. Angell.

Humane Training and Treatment of the Horse, by H. C. Merwin.

Protection of Animals, by George T. Angell.

Bird Leaflet, by George T. Angell.

Address to Boston Public Schools, by George T. Angell.

Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, by George T. Angell.

Five Questions Answered, by George T. Angell.

The Check Rein, by George T. Angell.

The Cruel Over-check Card (two sides).

How to Kill Animals Humanely.

Service of Mercy.

Band of Mercy Information, by George T. Angell.

Fifty-two Band of Mercy Songs and Hymns.

Condensed Information: On how to conduct and organize Anti-Cruelty Societies and Bands of Mercy, by George T. Angell.

## LEAFLETS OF THE RHODE ISLAND HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

OFFICE: PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

How to Treat Cats, by Mary F. Lovell.

A Letter to Children, by Mary F. Lovell.

Bands of Mercy (their objects and how to form them).

A Check-Rein.

How to treat a Horse (in English and Portuguese).

An Appeal from the Horses (in Italian and Portuguese).

A Wise Fish.

Care of Mules.

How Birds Help the Farmer.

Early Lessons in Kindness or Cruelty, by A. D. Fogg.

About Poor Puss, by Annie E. Fisher.

Mollie Whitefoot's Vacation (deserted cat story), by Anna H. Smith.

Humane Education, by B. J. Tice.

The Cat, by Edith Carrington.

A Few Rules for the Care of Poultry.

Directions for the Care of Swine.

Hints on the Care of Cows.

A Word for Our Woolly Friends, by Isabel C. Barrows.

An Appeal to Every Woman (about wearing feathers on hats).

A Rich Poor Horse and a Poor Rich Horse, by Mrs. Fairchild Allen.

An Appeal from the Horses to their Owners and Drivers.

A Law to Help Boys (about tobacco).

The Unconscious Element in Discipline, by H. S. Baker, Ph. D.

The Air-Gun and the Birds.

Man's Faithful Friend (about dogs).

Pigeon Shooting from Traps.

Public Parks and Public Schools, by M. A. Campbell.

Military Drill in the Public Schools.

Physical Training in the Public Schools.

Teaching Patriotism in the Public Schools, by Lucia Ames Mead.

The Brutalization of Childhood.

The Coming Education.

Professor Frog's Lecture, by M. A. L. Lane.

Collections by Julia Andrews.

An Appeal from Horses to the Summer Visitors.

## OTHER HUMANE LEAFLETS AND LITERATURE

The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of New York issues a number of leaflets of which the following are representative.

Ten Rules for the Treatment of Animals.

What is Docking?

Fashion's Cruelty and Bird Protection.
The Dehorning of Cattle an Act of Cruelty.
Hints for Dog Days.
Rabies and Hydrophobia.

The Animal Rescue League of Boston and the Women's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, issue a number of interesting leaflets on the proper care of animals, animal rescue work, graveyards for animals, rest havens for horses and photographs of animals, as well as post cards with pictures of animals.

The National Association of Audubon Societies (Mr. William Dutcher, President, New York) issues a number of colored as well as uncolored illustrations with outlines of the more common American birds. It also issues a number of special leaflets of which the following are representative:

The Cost of a Feather.
Bob White, the Farmer's Friend.
Putting up Bird Boxes.
Bird Clubs in Schools.
The Aigrette Loses Caste.
Winter Feeding of Wild Birds.
August, and the Flocking Time.
October, and Preparations for Winter.
February Hints.
April—Nature Study Organizations.
December Reminders.
In June.
The Purple Martin.

## MAGAZINE ARTICLES FOR COLLATERAL READING

### ANTI-VIVISECTION

### NATURE STUDY

Appeal *Vs.* Vivisection. S. Coleridge. Fortnightly, 75:88–92.

Black Art of Vivisection. S. Coleridge. Contemporary, 93:460–69.

Murder in the Name of Science. G. M. Searle. Catholic World, 70:493–504.

Reflections of a Layman on Vivisection. J. R. Angell. World To-day, 12:379–83.

Royal Commission on Vivisection. S. Coleridge. Contemporary, 90:809-12.

Vivisection. H. C. Merwin. Atlantic, 89:320–25.

Vivisection and Disease. S. Coleridge. Contemporary, 93:728–33.

The Madness of Vivisection. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Cosmopolitan, 48:713–18.

Vivisection—Animal and Human. Diana Belais. Cosmopolitan, 49:266—7.

### THE HORSE

Folk Lore of Horse Shoes and Shoeing. G. Fleming. Nineteenth Century, 52:309–26.

Helping the Work Horses. Paul P. Foster. Outing, 53:168–79.

Position of the Horse in Modern Society. Humane Journal, 1:7.

The Crime of Docking. J. W. Dixon. Country Life, 12:81–82.

Watering and Feeding the Horses. J. W. Dixon. Country Life, 11:75.

Work Horse Parade. Paul P. Foster. World To-day, 10:535–38.

(Nearly every volume of Country Life and Outing contains interesting information on the care of horses.)

### THE MULE

Common Mule. Nineteenth Century, 47:130–38; Review of Reviews, 21:231.

Our Friend the Mule. Blackwood's, 180:631–38.

The Pack Mule. B. C. Brown. Atlantic, 90:700–702.

### THE DOG

Care of Dogs in Summer. J. A. Graham. Outing, 50:364–65.

Care of the Dog. A. W. Lee. Outing, 38:272–74.

On Dogs and Men. H. C. Merwin. Atlantic, 105:10–18.

Our Friend the Dog. Maeterlinck. Century, 67:415–21.

Pets of the Poets. Living Age, 257:59–61.

The Mind of the Dog. Living Age, 249:443–45; 250:612–23.

Timid Dogs. J. A. Graham. Outing, 48:760–62.

Transportation Methods in Alaska. National Geographical Magazine, 17:69–82.

(Nearly every volume of Outing and Country Life contains interesting information on the dog.)

### THE CAT

Care of the Cat. E. H. Rydall. Country Life, 12:444.

In Praise of Cats. Living Age, 260:124–26.

Pussies, Plebeian and Royal. Good Housekeeping, 49:178–80.

The Aristocracy of Cats. V. Roderick. Everybody's, 20:216–25.

### BIRDS

Audubon Movement. Nation, 81:214–15.

Birds of the Sea. Finley and Bohlman. Outlook, 82:939–45.

Bird Study. A. B. Comstock. Chautauquan, 41:369–74.

Bird Study in City Schools. School Review, 10:50–51.

Bird Hunting with a Camera. Review of Reviews, 31:433–38.

Boys and Birds. H. Hutchinson. Living Age, 253:549.

Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist. National Geographical Magazine, 20:438–63.

Destruction of the Birds. Popular Science Monthly, 56:393–94.

Extinction of Birds. Living Age, 256:185–88.

Feeding Birds in Winter. Woman's Home Companion, 32:20–21.

Feeding Birds. W. B. Thomas. Living Age, 248:317–19.

How to Shield our Birds. Windmuller. Outlook, 75:369–72.

How to Preserve Bob-White. Independent, 63:856–60.

How to Encourage Birds to Come. Ladies Home Journal, 19:7.

Keeping Open House for the Birds. St. Nicholas, 34:208–11.

New Methods of Bird Study. F. H. Herrick. Critic, 38:425–30.

New Ways of Attracting and Protecting Birds. Country Life, 11:638.

Photographing a Flicker Family. St. Nicholas, 32:802–805.

Statistical Study of Mid-Summer Birds of Illinois. Scientific American Supplement, 66:26; Science ns. 27:918–20.

Talk on Birds. W. E. D. Scott. Outlook, 71:-609–18.

Taming of Garden Birds. F. Irwin. Living Age, 236:75–81.

The Policemen of the Air. National Geographical Magazine, 19:79–118.

Travelers in the Air. E. P. Powell. Independent, 64:668–72.

Value of Birds. Outlook, 64:478.

Wearing of Aigrettes. Chautauquan, 31:300.

(Country Life and Outing contain many interesting short stories on birds.)

### WILD ANIMALS

After Big Game with a Camera. Country Life. 12:418–22.

Central Park Animals as their Keeper Knows Them. W. J. Smith. Outing, 42:248; 43:60.

Feeding the Wild Animals. G. E. Walsh. Scientific American, 85:259.

Fresh Fields for Photographers. Living Age, 239:187–90.

How Trainers get Acquainted with Animals. Ladies Home Journal, 32:10.

Hunting with a Camera. Cosmopolitan, 39: 43–48.

One Season's Game Bag with a Camera. National Geographical Magazine, 19:387–446.

Origin and Growth of a Famous Wild Animal Business. Scientific American Supplement, 52: 213, 51–52.

Photographing Wild Game with Flashlight and Camera. National Geographical Magazine. 17:-367–423.

Psychology of Animals. McClure's, 30:469–79.

Speech and Habits of Wild Animals. Independent, 63:138–42.

Stalking Moose with a Camera. Country Life, 12:299–303.

Tameness of Wild Animals. C. F. Holder. Scientific American, 86:333.

The Greatest Hunt in the World. National Geographical Magazine, 17:673–92.

Training Wild Beasts. H. H. Boyesen. Cosmopolitan, 34:123–32.

Training of Lions, Tigers and Other Great Cats. McClure's, 15:386–98.

Working to Save the Bison. Outing, 48:102–106.

UNCLASSIFIED

Animal and Plant Intelligence. Outing, 51:308–15.

Animal Wealth of the United States. National Geographical Magazine, 17:511–24.

Ants and Bees as Pets. Scientific American Supplement, 68:152–53.

Course of Study in Elementary Schools. Elementary School Teacher, 8:491–501.

Economic Loss through Insects. National Geographical Magazine, 20:735–49.

Fishes that Build Nests and Take Care of Their Young. National Geographical Magazine. 18:400–12.

Habits of Turtles and Lizards. National Geographical Magazine, 18:413–19.

Instinct of Feigning Death. Popular Science Monthly, 72:179–85.

January Nature Study. Chautauquan, 32:379–81.

Nature and Animal Life. Atlantic, 100:223–28.

Nature Study Movement. Education, 24:501–503.

Nature Study with Birds for the Elementary School. Elementary School Teacher, 5:408–18.

Nature Study and Religious Training. Education Review, 30:12–30.

Nature Work in the School Room. Elementary School Teacher, 6:425–30.

Plant and Animal Intelligence. Harper, 107:-183–87.

Queer Methods of Travel. National Geographical Magazine, 18:687–715.

Reindeer in Alaska. National Geographical Magazine, 14:127–48.

Some of our Immigrants. National Geographical Magazine, 18:317–34.

Study of Animals in Schools. Education Review, 35:139–47.

Study of Animal Life. Its Place in School. Education, 24:209–18.

The Ant and her Ways. Scientific American Supplement, 67:404–406.

The Extermination of the Mosquito. Living Age, 260:561–63.

The Glass Bottom Boat. National Geographical Magazine, 20:761–78.

Women and Children of the East. National Geographical Magazine, 18:248–71.

# A BRIEF SURVEY OF THE ANTI-CRUELTY MOVEMENT

## THE ADVANCE-GUARD

Philosophers, prophets, and geniuses have, from time immemorial, recognized a universal kinship in the unending series of animal life.

The ability to suffer has been considered by thinkers of depth, of truth, of insight, to be the chain that links not only all classes of humanity, but that binds our little brothers, the dumb creation, into this bond of universal kinship.

The quotations that follow are selected merely to illustrate that humane sentiment towards animals has not been confined to one age, religion, creed, class, or sex:

I swear as surely as the youthful Sun God, Ra, loves me . . . it is a viler thing to my heart to let the horses starve than all the other faults thou hast committed.—A king of 25th Dynasty of Pharaohs—Translation from Egyptian Stone.

Of all and every kind of sin which I have committed against the creatures of Ormazd, as . . . the dogs, the birds, and the other good creatures . . . I repent.—Avesta, the Persian Scriptures.

He who seeking his own happiness, does not punish or kill beings, who also long for happiness, will find happiness after death.—Dhammpada, Hindoo prophet.

Verily there are rewards for our doing good to dumb animals.—Mohammed.

I know all the fowls of the mountains, and the wild beasts of the field are mine.

For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.—Old Testament.

Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of these is forgotten before God.—New Testament.

Hurt not animals.—Triptolemus, a Greek hero, alleged inventor of the plow and agriculture.

Not so the Golden Age that fed on fruit.
Nor durst with bloody meats their mouths pollute.
Then birds in airy space might safely move,
And timorous hares on heaths securely rove;
Nor minded fish the guileful hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.
Ovid, Latin poet.

Walther von der Vogelweide, the great lyric poet of the Middle Ages, so loved the birds that he left a large bequest to the monks of Würzburg on condition that they should feed the birds every day on the tombstone over his grave.—Sarah J. Eddy.

Thou art of blood—joy not to see things bleed;
Thou fearest death—think they are loath to die.
Sir Phillip Sydney, 17th century.

### MODERN AUTHORITIES

And I am recompensed and deem the toils
Of poetry not lost if verse of mine
May stand between an animal and woe,
And teach one tyrant pity for his drudge.
COWPER.

Cruelty to animals is the characteristic vice of a vulgar, base nation or individual.—Alexander von Humboldt, naturalist.

The awful wrongs and sufferings forced upon the innocent, helpless, faithful animal race, forms the blackest chapter in the whole world's history.—Edward Freeman, historian.

No civilization is complete which does not include the dumb and defenseless of God's creatures within the sphere of charity and mercy.—Queen Victoria.

Society owes to the horse a depth of gratitude a thousand times greater than it does to thousands of men who abuse him.—Henry Ward Beecher, Protestant minister.

Pius X (head of the Roman Catholic Church) has issued a special blessing for all who "Protect from abuse and cruelty the dumb servants given to us by God."

Education of the intellect makes a man individual; education of the heart makes him universal.—G. Stanley Hall, educator.

It is a great gift of the Gods to be born humane, with a hatred for cruelty and injustice.—George Eliot, novelist.

### IN ENGLAND

Yet in spite of this advance guard's standard of righteousness and justice, obvious as it is, the world at large has been just as slow in conforming to it as in other processes of evolution.

How slow, may be estimated by considering this statement quoted from the Seventy-fourth Annual Report of the Royal Society of London:

"Whether from ignorance, thoughtlessness, heedlessness, or wanton brutality, animals were subjected to extreme pain and torture, and their condition failed to excite the commiseration of the public. The best classes of society contained a few persons only who openly protested against this cruelty, while the majority were engaged in divers pastimes that caused much animal suffering, and regarded with scorn and indignation any appeal made to them in favor of the brutes.

"Naturally, the lower and lowest orders were, therefore, more or less insensible to the claims of lower animals; taking cue, as well as example, from their betters, they also indulged in cruel sports and maintained a right in man to behave toward dumb domestic dependents as he pleased. In fact, the protests of humane people were silenced by ridicule which came from the platform, the pulpit, and the senate, as well as from the galled pens of satirists.

"No better instance can be quoted of the prevailing indifference of men in even the highest social position to the feelings of animals than the mocking treatment of the Peers when Lord Erskine stood up in the House of Lords in the early part of the present century (1811) to ask for justice to the lower creatures of God. Insensible alike to his moderate demands and appeals for compassion and mercy to all defenseless animals that man had pressed into service, the chamber broke out into open derision when he argued in favor of their rights to humane treatment. It is said that loud jeers, vulgar ejaculations, indecorous demeanor, and even whistling and cock-crowing were practically the only reply given to the grand speech of this high-souled man.

. . . .

"The most reckless savage punishment, and the most disgusting disregard to the bodily sufferings of animals, were exhibited unconcealed in the highways and streets daily; festering sores, discharging wounds, excruciating lameness, and totterng infirmity called not forth modern devices to evade public reprobation, and without disguise the lash and goad worked their bloody inflictions. The uncombined efforts of a few benevolent individuals were no check to these evils; and hence it became necessary to establish a society which should unite the friends of dumb animal creatures."

And so the humane spirit which had been slowly crystallizing through the ages began to take concrete form in laws and organizations, to secure the rights of animals and protect them against cruelty.

"An Act to Prevent the Cruel and Improper Treatment of Cattle," was a statute introduced in England in 1822 by a Mr. Martin. This was the first historic step of concrete action. In 1824 the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was organized in England and laid its plans of campaign for progress through schools, press, pulpit, police force, and legal procedure.

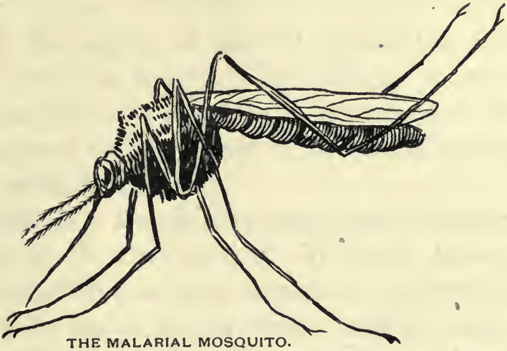
In the course of time the Queen, the nobility, and members of both houses of Parliament became patrons of the society; and in 1840 the word Royal was affixed to its name.

"In 1835 the Society obtained an amendment of Martin's Act; . . . In 1849 a new and much improved act for the more effectual prevention of cruelty to animals; and in 1854 an act prohibiting the use of dogs as beasts of draft and burden through England; and recently many other good Acts of Parliament."

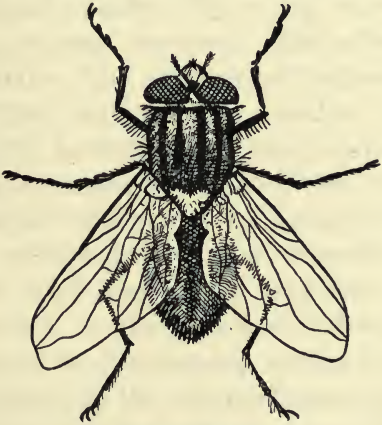
### IN AMERICA

The following record is taken bodily from the Forty-Fourth Annual Report of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals:

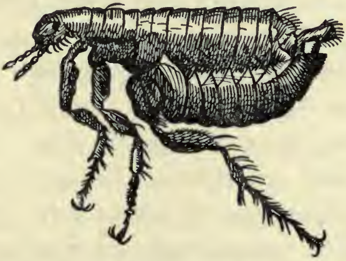
"The first society organized in America for the protection of animals was the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, its founder and first president being the late Henry Bergh, to whose noble self-sacrifices and untiring



THE MALARIAL MOSQUITO.



THE HOUSE FLY.



CAT and DOG FLEA.

ENLARGED STUDIES.

energies the cause of animal protection in this country owes its origin. The history of the Society, therefore, is practically an account of the inception and development of the work of animal protection in America.

"In 1862 Mr. Bergh was appointed secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg. While in Russia he found himself on several occasions constrained to interfere in cases of atrocious cruelty, and, but for his official position, he would have been exposed to personal violence. His attention was thus directed to the subject of humanity to the brute creation, and while in London on his way home in 1865, he made the acquaintance of John Colam, Esq., secretary of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who gave him much valuable information concerning the operations of that Society in England. On Mr. Bergh's arrival at home, he found that no similar society existed in this country, and he immediately devoted himself to the establishment of a society for the United States. At the outset the proposition met with little encouragement, and without the assistance of the press it might probably have failed. On February 8, 1866, Mr. Bergh delivered a lecture in Clinton Hall, in which he pleaded his cause with such force of argument and such warmth of eloquent conviction, that expressions of sympathy and offers of assistance were freely made by persons in attendance. The press then lent its powerful aid, the lecture was published in whole or in part in all the great cities of the country; public sentiment in favor of Mr. Bergh's movement was quickly aroused, and on April 10, 1866, 'The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' was incorporated by the Legislature of the State of New York. Among the original charter members of the Society were many of the most eminent citizens in the city and state of New York.

"On the 19th of April, in the same year, Mr. Bergh secured the passage by the Legislature of New York of the first law ever enacted in this country for the protection of animals. It provided that 'every person who shall, by his act or neglect, maliciously kill, maim, wound, injure, torture, or cruelly beat any horse, mule, cow, cattle, sheep or other animal, belonging to himself or another, shall, upon conviction, be adjusted guilty of a misdemeanor.'

"On the 22nd of April a meeting was held in Clinton Hall for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization, and at that meeting the first society for the protection of animals in this country came into active existence. The purpose of the association, as set forth in its constitution, was 'to provide effective means for the prevention of cruelty to animals throughout the United States, to enforce all laws which are now, or may hereafter be, enacted for the protection of animals, and to secure, by lawful means, the arrest and conviction of all persons violating such laws.' As a matter of fact, the only law of that kind then to be found on the statute books of the states of the Union was that which had been passed by the Legislature of New York nine days after the incorporation of the Society. Within twelve months, however, another 'act for the more effectual prevention of cruelty to animals' was passed by the Legislature of the same state; and from time to time additions have been made to it, so that there is now hardly a phase of cruelty which the Society has not the legal power to prevent within the boundaries of the state of New York. The legal definition of the word 'animal' now includes every living creature except members of the human race, and the words 'torture' and 'cruelty' include every act, omission, or neglect whereby unjustifiable physical pain, suffering, or death is caused or permitted."

### HENRY BERGH

One word about this creative character.

The name of Henry Bergh is to the cause of animal justice what Wilberforce's in England, and Lincoln's in America is to the cause of anti-slavery. No great reformer accomplishes his special purpose without benefiting the general progress of humanity.

This is illustrated by the life of Bergh as it is by that of Wilberforce and of Lincoln. Not only the once shackled negro and the tortured dumb creature are the grateful recipients of their heroic action and moral courage, but to them every nation owes its obligation for the raising of the standard of justice in judgment and nobility in action,—for the impetus to human aspirations and ideals.

May the name of Bergh, with those of Wilberforce and Lincoln, be enshrined in every nation's Temple of Fame!

### STATE AND LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS

The Pennsylvania Society was the second organization, 1867; the work of this society, as also that of the Women's Pennsylvania Society, is especially noted for its efforts along constructive lines,—good educational work, advanced legislation, and practical help, as introducing proper harness and bits, abolishing the check-rein, and providing ambulance and derrick for disabled animals.

The Massachusetts Society comes third in order, 1868. This is one of the most active and forceful in the United States,—along educational lines, progressive legislation, and popular agitation and support.

The New Hampshire law gives the officer making an arrest for cruelty the right to seize the animal, notifying the owner, and to kill it if disabled, or to hold it as security for proper damages.

Colorado has established a State Bureau of Child and Animal Protection. This state by its modern progressive methods of humane activity, its humane educational work in the schools, and its system of volunteer workers, has gained for itself a unique reputation as one of the most advanced communities in anti-cruelty work in the world.

Wyoming also has a State Bureau of Animal and Child Protection.

There are at present three hundred and fifty-one local humane societies in the United States. Most of these are composed of private individuals and operated by them, permission being obtained from the State legislature to so organize. Their activity extends throughout the state with central headquarters and localized branches; or they are local in their jurisdiction.

The significance of this organization and the need that also still exists is so well expressed in the Forty-Fourth Annual Report of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that again we submit an extract from it:

"The establishment of these and other organizations has presented an increased interest in humane work which has found a practical expression in the legislation of nearly every state in the Union. At this date there is not a single state in which cruelty of any kind is not forbidden by the law, under stringent penalties for disobedience. Some defects continue to exist of course; but, speaking broadly, it may be said that laws on this subject are good. What is now required is that the great mass of the people shall be educated into sympathy with the humanity of the law.

### HUMANE EDUCATION WORK

The American Humane Education Society, whose headquarters are in Boston, was founded, 1889, by George T. Angell, who was its president until he died in 1909.

George T. Angell, so faithful, so arduous, so well-beloved, so famous, has a unique and interesting niche in the Hall of Fame.

He is the originator of the great Band of Mercy scheme by which children all over the country are united into groups under leaders, and educated in morals and humanity.

The scope of the influence of such basic, constructive work is immeasurable.

California has a Humane Education Association whose headquarters are in San Francisco.

The Rhode Island Humane Education Society is an organization which carries humane education directly into the public schools of the state. By an arranged co-operation between the school authorities and the official workers of the Society, who are professional educators, the latter go into the schools and give to the pupils correct knowledge of animal life and its economic and civic relationship to human society.

Fourteen states in the Union have laws making instruction in the habits, lives, usefulness, and rights of animals part of the school curriculum.

One department of the Women's Christian Temperance Union is waging an active campaign through legislation, agitation, and education, in the different states, with a view to welding the schools and humane education.

### AUDUBON SOCIETY

Audubon Societies have been formed in many localities, specializing on the protection of birds; the National Association of them has its headquarters in New York City. Their work is mainly education, both of the public at large and of children, but legislation is also a part of their campaign. Each state has its branch of this organization, working according to local conditions and laws.

### BIRD DAY

Professor C. A. Babcock, superintendent of schools, Oil City, Pennsylvania, originated Bird Day, and first celebrated it in the schools under his charge in 1894.

The United States Departenmt of Agriculture issued in 1896 a circular suggesting that a Bird Day "to be devoted to instructing the children in the value of our native birds, and the best means of protecting them, might with propriety be added to the school calendar." Most of the states now have, through their Legislature, set aside Bird Day, which the schools are to observe by proper exercises.

### THE AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION

The American Humane Association is an organized federation of humane societies in the

United States. It meets annually and is attended by delegates from these societies and interested individuals. Its purpose is to bring together for discussion and work those interested in child and animal protection, to promote the further organization of local societies, and to represent humane interests in the laws made by the federal government, and those humane interests that would not fall to the supervision of any one particular state, such as cattle transportation.

Its headquarters are, Humane Society Building, Albany, New York.

The first convention was in 1874. There have since been held thirty-three meetings, a few years having been missed.

### VIVISECTION

There are several societies in the United States organized especially to prevent or restrict the practice of vivisection. Among these are:

1. The National Society for Humane Regulation of Vivisection. Headquarters, Washington, District of Columbia.

2. American Anti-Vivisection Society. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

3. New York Anti-Vivisection Society. New York City.

4. New England Anti-Vivisection Society. Boston, Massachusetts.

5. California Anti-Vivisection Society. Los Angeles, California.

6. Society for the Prevention of Abuse in Animal Experimentation. Brooklyn, New York.

7. Maryland Anti-Vivisection Society. Baltimore, Maryland.

### HENRY BERGH FUND

Information regarding this subject is so concisely given in the Thirty-Third Annual Report of the American Humane Association through the copy of a letter from Professor Roswell McCrea, who was appointed to take charge of the work of the Fund, that the copy of the letter is submitted.

"As you know, the Henry Bergh Fund was given to Columbia University more than a year ago. It was the purpose of the donor that the money so given should be used in establishing some form of university work along humane lines, in memory of Henry Bergh. The definite uses to which this fund shall be put have not yet been determined. Up to the present time we have undertaken two lines of work. In the first place, a course of public lectures was given during the early months of 1909. These lectures aimed to cover various aspects of work that may properly be called humane. The other line of work undertaken has been an investigation of the work of humane societies. This I have been pursuing during the past year, and the results, I hope, will be available within a few months. I have confined my work largely to a descriptive survey of the work of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in the United States. This includes a summary of the provisions of state and territorial laws for the prevention of cruelty. Work for children is included only far enough to give some indication of the various types of work being done by various humane societies.

As for the future plans of the Foundation, little can yet be said. It would, of course, be desirable to establish university courses, if possible, dealing with work for the prevention of cruelty, but the character of this work is such that it is a matter of great difficulty to adapt it to the requirements of the university curriculum. It is quite likely, however, that public lectures will be given on various aspects of work for animals, and it is an added possibility that children's work will be handled as part of the general work on social economy already given in the University. Beyond this I can say nothing."

The desriptive survey of the humane movement here referred to came off the press in February, 1910, under the title of The Humane Movement, and may be had from the Macmillan Company, New York.

It presents a careful inquiry into the work pursued by the various anti-cruelty societies, especially with reference to work for animals, and gives the anti-cruelty laws that obtain in the different states.

### ADDRESS TO TEACHERS, CITIZENS, AND CHILDREN.

Teachers, citizens, children, will you not take up this noble effort of humanitarianism to the most helpless and the most friendless, as yet, of all the orders of society which need protection?

The royalty of service entitles them to our gratitude, the helplessness of their condition to our pity, the innocence of their lives to our love, and the miseries of their fate to our compassion.

Teachers, be advance guards of the "new education."

Citizens, support the humane laws of your state, give assistance to your Anti-Cruelty Society, and organize for further growth and action in humane work.

Children, learn about these societies that exist in your community, help them by reporting to them cases of cruelty, obey their regulations, restrain other children who are inclined to break them, study the lives and usefulness of these little brothers and, studying, learn to love them.

# A BRIEF REVIEW OF CHILD-SAVING WORK

Hardly had Henry Bergh succeeded in launching his memorable crusade in behalf of defenseless animals when, in 1874, he was confronted with this problem: Mrs. Walker, a kind-hearted woman living in the same house with an inhuman female by the name of Connolly, came to him to complain about the dreadful abuse heaped upon a foster child of this woman by the name of Mary Ellen, who was kicked, cuffed, and mutilated with a pair of large shears until she was maimed and disfigured.

Mr. Bergh cast about for an agency that might investigate the facts in the case for the purpose of prosecuting this woman and taking little Mary out of her custody. He could not find any existing society to undertake the work, so he concluded that, for the purpose of effecting justice, he would consider her as belonging to the animal kingdom and thus extend the protecting arms of his society around the child.

After Mary was rescued and the Connolly woman sentenced to prison, Mr. Bergh at once set about assisting in the organization of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to

Children, of which he became the vice-president. This society is one of the strongest and best known humane societies for children in the world and is sometimes erroneously called the Gerry society, owing to the long and intimate relationship of Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry with the society as its president.

Similar humane societies for children have been established in most of the larger eastern cities, but, in the western states and in the smaller cities throughout the country, the practice has been to unite the work on behalf of children and animals in one organization, chiefly for reasons of economy.

During many years these societies have been doing splendid service in rescuing children from lives of cruelty and vice, and have succeeded in placing many effective laws upon our statute books for the protection of children from these influences.

In the course of time, with the growth of social consciousness and the education of the masses to American standards of living, the grosser forms of cruelty have diminished, and specialized agencies have taken up those phases of humane work that humane societies found beyond their scope and power fully to develop.

Thus, we have the system of state factory inspection to restrict child labor; the playground movement to promote healthy recreation for children; the truancy departments to compel the attendance of children at school; the juvenile court movement, providing a separate, more elastic, and more just method of dealing with delinquent and dependent children; children's aid societies and juvenile protective leagues, tending to create a healthy environment for child life, both by prosecuting offenders and by constructive club work among children; special institutions for the treatment of delinquent, dependent, truant, backward, and sickly children.

All of these institutions may justly be regarded as offsprings of the humane society principle, but in some cases there is a conflict of scope and an overlapping of jurisdiction with the old-line humane society. For instance, in some states the factory inspector not only has the power to prosecute employers of children under the legal age but also has for his duty the prosecution of employers who expose children to cruel physical conditions, dangerous to life and limb.

The scope of humane societies for children through the country also varies with reference to the definition of the word cruelty. In most of the large cities we find that there is a strict construction on the word, confining it to acts of physical violence to the child, while in many of the smaller cities cognizance is taken of the milder forms of neglect that eventually lead to physical abuse. Some of these societies go so far as to provide material relief in cases of distress and thus take the place of a charity society where none exists.

When the juvenile court movement sprang into power, about 1899, the necessity for supervisory and probation officers was met in most of the larger eastern cities by the humane societies for children who already had most of the machinery necessary to put the law into operation.

In the western cities, where the humane societies for children were weak or non-existent, the juvenile court at first provided volunteer probation officers and later established a system of paid probation officers that are now doing much of the work that formerly had to be done by humane society agents.

# BLANK FORM FOR MAKING COMPLAINT TO THE LOCAL ANTI-CRUELTY SOCIETY

Date..................

To the Anti-Cruelty Society of............

Please investigate;

1. ....................................

Kind of Animal

2. ....................................

Description as to Age, Color, etc.

3. ....................................

Where seen

4. ....................................

When

5. ....................................

Name of Owner

6. ....................................

Address

7. ....................................

Name of Driver

8. ....................................

Address

9. ..........................................

Nature of Trouble

10. ..........................................

What No. 5 or No. 7 Say about It.

11. ..........................................

Description of Vehicle

12. ..........................................

Names and Addresses of Witnesses

Signed ..............................

Address ....................................

# WAYS OF PROMOTING HUMANE EDUCATION OUTSIDE THE SCHOOLS

## CHILDREN'S WORK

In communities where humane education is not regularly constituted a part of the public-school course, those interested in its promotion should classify the city or community into districts with the various schools as nuclei.

A place of meeting should be selected in each district. These places might be a room in the public library, Y. M. C. A. building, the schoolhouse, church, private home, or hired hall.

The children of the school or schools which are the centers of the districts, should be invited to come to the respective meeting places, and the officials of the schools be urged to co-operate in the work of their district.

Each group of children should be under the guide of an adult volunteer worker; and all the groups under the leadership of one general leader in order to promote harmony and a systematized unification of the work.

After organizing on the same general parliamentary plan throughout the several districts, the educational work should be carried out by following a prepared outline, also uniform throughout the districts in its main features. This outline should consist of a list of monthly subjects to guide the character of the work for each month, as in the "Graded Course of Study" of this Manual; and the work should be carried out as closely along the same educational lines as indicated in the course as can be done by a group not classified as to age and grade.

### ADULT WORK

Mothers should instruct their children in humanity.

Humane education organizations (including schools) should have a Mothers' Day to instruct mothers how to teach their children in this respect.

Sunday schools should present such humane education as is based on their religious denomination.

Ministers should recognize the universal kinship of life in their interpretation of man's relation to God.

Women's civic organizations should have one program at least devoted to the rights, civic and ethical, of the dumb servers of the community.

Humane organizations and individuals should institute prize competitions for essays on humane subjects and rewards for heroic acts of kindness to animals and their cause; they should operate night schools for humane instruction among teamsters' unions and federations of teamsters' employers; they should establish bureaus for public lectures with stereopticon slides appropriate to the cause.

And I would further suggest that, until the time comes when the federal government will assume a national humane department, all the humane organizations and individuals of our country unite in establishing a central national bureau.

The character of this bureau would bear the same relation to the cause of animal protection as the Russell Sage Foundation to sociology and philanthropy.

Its purposes would be:—

1. Scientific investigation into the problems of animal protection.

2. Dissemination of the results of this investigation.

3. Investigation into, and relief of, situations causing suffering of animals, not reached by state organizations.

4. Promotion of federal humane legislation.

5. Establishing scholarships in universities for the study of animal protection.

6. Raising funds for the expenses of this bureau.

This bureau would, in many respects, be similar to the American Humane Association; it would differ from it in having hired officials devoting their entire professional time to the work, and in having a fixed official establishment.

In the meantime every individual act done in humanity's cause, every chance word spoken or written for love and service, every reproof for cruelty, every praise for positive kindness, helps in this onward march towards the Excelsior Heights.

May all action, all struggle, all self-sacrifice in humanity's progression, be an outward expression of George Eliot's prayer,—

> "May I reach
> That purest heaven,—be to other souls
> The cup of strength in some great agony,
> Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
> Beget the smiles that have no cruelty."

# FIRST SUPPLEMENT

## EXPLANATORY NOTES TO MONTHLY OUTLINES IN THE GRADED COURSE OF STUDY

(*To precede study of Chapter IV.*)

## LABOR

In September the subject of Labor is especially appropriate because:

1. Labor Day comes in this month.
2. The children renew their regular school labor of the year then.
3. The harvest time seems to suggest a period of labor and activity on the part of those whose occupation is related to the farm and even on the part of Nature herself in preparation for the rigors of Winter.

### Labor in Its Social Relations.

In real life we experience things in relation to each other; that is the way, then, the child should study things, in relation to each other.

By studying the labor of the horse, for instance, with that of human labor in community life, the child gets the conception of the interdependence of different forms of labor. The horse labors for others, it is a useful member of the community, it has limitations of endurance, sensibility to pain and deprivation, it has certain rights, moral and legal.

This study gives the child at the start the altruistic instead of the egotistic viewpoint and he will grow up with the basic recognition that different forms of life are interdependent, that all have their uses and all have their rights. (It will be time to differentiate in values later on.)

Bring out the idea:

1. Of the relation between each laborer's particular work and the physical structure, natural strength, instinct, skill, and power of the laborer.
2. The economic and ethical phases of co-operation among the laborers of each center of industry.

The home—

The labor of father in supporting family.

The labor of mother in caring for children and household.

The labor of children in helping in home, yard, farm, etc.

The labor of housedog in protecting the household.

The labor of family horse in carrying and transporting.

The neighborhood community—

The labor of farmer, horses, and dogs (especially Shepherd).

The labor of grocer and horse.

The labor of butcher and horse.

The labor of baker and horse.

The labor of milkman and horse.

The labor of garbage collector and horses.

The labor of street sprinkler and horses.

The labor of policeman and patrol horses.

The labor of fire department and fire horses.

The labor of postmen and rural route horses.

Lumber camps, mines, mountain regions—

The labor of men, children, horses, mules, burros, sledge dogs.

### Labor in Its Ethical Bearings.

It is a part of the plan of both Nature and Society that all that live in the right way should labor. Therefore, those who do not labor are those who are abnormal or weak either physically, mentally, or morally.

Ethical points to be brought out and developed in class in proportion to the grade—

a. Laziness: a moral disease that prevents its victim from properly laboring.

b. Nobility of labor: Labor is ennobling whatever its form; there is no such thing as menial labor; there must be varieties of labor; "The humblest workman has his place which no one else can fill."

c. "The laborer is worthy of his hire"; the laborer must be rewarded either in money wage—or return of labor or support and care; in whatever way it comes, the reward is a right; this right should be recognized and to withhold it, no matter how humble the laborer, is a wrong—it is stealing what belongs to him.

d. Labor wage: Most laborers perform their work for the good it brings themselves; this is commendable. But some who labor are serving others; this is even more commendable; serving others is unselfishness; it is more than a duty, it is a virtue. A father's work for his family, a mother's care for her children, are noble forms of labor. The work of many animals is based on love. All domestic animals serve others. How doubly noble is the labor of love!

e. The wages of our dumb laborers is food, shelter, care, protection, love and gratitude; these wages are their rights; to bestow them is not generosity, it is simply a duty; to withhold or even stint them is not only ingratitude and selfishness, but stealing. He who accepts and profits by the labor of a horse, mule, dog, or other dumb servitor and does not give it its wages of food, care, shelter, protection, love, and gratitude, is cheating and stealing from a laborer who cannot help himself.

### THE CIVIC AND LEGAL PHASES OF LABOR.

Not only is the wage of the laborer a right but also proper conditions under which the labor is performed.

To supervise, regulate, and enforce the rights of laborers, the government (city, state, or federal) makes laws and creates offices. There are also organizations whose especial work is to enforce these rights.

Under this phase of the subject, not only bring out the civic and legal requirements as they exist in the state and society, but develop the initiative of the pupils by discussion as to what they can do individually in making right conditions and also as to what laws and conditions ought to exist to give labor its rights.

## HARVEST FRUIT—FALL BIRDS—FALL MIGRATION

## SHADE TREES—SPRING BIRDS—SPRING MIGRATION

The subjects and outlines for October and April are corollary to each other. The one should, therefore, be studied with relation to the other, not only because of their general similarity in subject matter but also, on account of this similarity, to prevent duplication.

In schools where the session lasts less than ten months, it may be suggested to combine the study of these two months by giving half of the material of each month on points that are opposite on account of the two opposing seasons of the year, and by eliminating the repetition of facts of the two months where material is the same.

Between trees and birds there is a natural tie; in the scheme of life the two orders are of mutual assistance to one another; also, they are both of assistance in the scheme of life to man; for these reasons these subjects are put together.

In the fall of the year the fruit trees are the appropriate subject for the season and in the spring trees that give shade are the seasonal subject. Arbor and Bird Day coming in April by the civic enactment of most states makes an additional reason for the above April subject.

### BIRDS.

On account of the beauty of their appearance and their singing, of the innocence and attractiveness of their lives, and of the close intermingling of their lives with that of man, birds have always appealed to the imaginative, poetic, and artistic phases of man's mind.

On account of their utility as insect and weed destroyers and as seed carriers, birds have also entered into the consideration of the practical affairs of man's life.

And, lastly, on account of the suffering, needless and shocking, which these beloved minor brothers of ours have experienced from the barbarous instinct of vanity, survival in the human, and from ignorance and depravity, the subject of birds is not only a desirable but a necessary study for the young.

It must be remembered by teachers and educators that example, though an unconscious influence, is one of the most potent in the development of pupils. Therefore, no teacher should presume to teach the beauty and the utility of birds, the desirability of saving them from death and torture, and to point out the innocence and lovableness of their lives, while, at the same time, adorning herself with birds' plumage. If it is impossible, from a psychological standpoint, for a woman teacher to give up wearing feather adornments, let her at least be politic enough to leave this adornment at home, where the children may not be influenced by the inconsistency of teaching one sentiment and practicing the expression of another. Perhaps the hypocrisy which this very act would portray to the teacher's consciousness would shame her into consistency and lead her into omitting the adornment of the body altogether with an ornament that means the cost of not only the lives of songsters but of their prolonged suffering.

## THE HOME—THANKSGIVING—PERSECUTION

Civic enactment has placed Thanksgiving Day in November. We always associate the feasting of Thanksgiving Day with the home; Thanksgiving Day historically grew out of persecution; this explains the composite monthly subject for November.

In the lower grades home and the spirit of thanksgiving, which is another form for gratitude, naturally come within the understanding of the child; in the intermediate grades this spirit of thanksgiving assumes a civic or community character, and in the upper grades the historic aspect of Thanksgiving Day as based on the emigration of the Puritans because of persecution in the home country develops the idea of persecution in general.

But persecution is not necessarily confined to one's fellow creatures. Persecution also has been applied in the past between race and race, class and class, and kind and kind.

Hence, the subject of persecution in the upper grades expands to the consideration of varying forms of victims.

## HAPPINESS—CHARITY—ALTRUISM

In developing the subject for December it is a part of the spirit of the subject that, as heretofore, we make no distinct demarcation between human and dumb creation or other classes of life. In the lower grades the pets and the domestic animals by right of their relationship of lovingness, responsibility, and service should be considered members of the family; in the intermediate grades, where civic and community relations are first being developed, the horses of the trade that bring the good things to the home in preparation for the feasting of this festival period, the delivery horses that bring the gifts to express the good will of this joyous era, the post and rural route horses that carry back and forth the messages and greetings of good fellowship—all these have the right to consideration and loving gratitude in a period justly termed altruistic in its character. While, in the upper grades, the same principle of extending recognition and consideration to the different classes, rich and poor, aristocratic and common, and even to our little brothers of the far off lands, the Laplanders and Eskimos, where the Christmas celebration first originated, is properly brought out under this subject of altruism and charity.

Let each grade develop the idea of this universal recognition based on the principle expressed in Elizabeth Barrett Browning's beautiful thought:

"That love of one from which there doth not spring
True love of all, is but a worthless thing."

### Christmas and the Solstice.

Certain phases of humane education seem to have a distinct correlation with certain phases of the weather. Thus, the phase of charity and altruism, especially as it is associated with the Christmas time, seems closely associated, perhaps rightfully, perhaps traditionally, with the cold and brilliant winter time. The glow of the sun especially seems figuratively expressive of the glow of love for others. And, too, history teaches us that the Norse people had a celebration around the twenty-fifth of December which, in its character, is like our Christmas time, a period of rejoicing, of feasting, of good fellowship, and of extending charity and kindness to man and beast. This period was to celebrate the close of the three months' night, when the cold and darkness in the northern regions barred activity, industry, and intercourse; and, further, history teaches us that when Christianity was being extended to these countries, the missionaries, in order to propitiate the Norse people, allowed the Christmas time which celebrated the birth of Christ, to be adjusted to, and co-ordinated with, the celebration over the return of the sun with its attendant warmth, growth, activity, and industry. It is for this historic reason that we find the Christmas period a mixture of feasting and rejoicing with good will and gift making—in a word a combination of the joys of nature with the peace and good will of the spiritual.

With an effort to develop this historic idea, the outline for December has brought out in its nature study phase, the effect of the sun upon this period.

## RELATION OF COLD TO ANIMAL LIFE—HIBERNATION

It is generally conceded by educators that the primary purpose of humane education is to develop in the character of the pupil a breadth of viewpoint and of sympathy.

In January by showing the relation of cold to animal life in varying forms, and in June the relation of heat, the very fact of a common standard of suffering and of relief from suffering, owing to conditions of weather, tends to this broadening of viewpoint and sympathy.

Secondarily, humane education works for the purpose that certain great evils which exist today and which it is impossible to correct now, may, in the immediate future, be abolished when the present generation with a broader and more sympathetic standard of right and wrong become the legislators, reformers and citizens.

In the lower and intermediate grades, interest and sympathy aroused by a knowledge of the lives of the victims make for a constructive mental attitude; and in the upper grades some knowledge of the evils through literature and discussion tend to educe standards of justice that lead to future action for reform.

## PATRIOTISM—GOOD CITIZENSHIP

There are three educational modes of attack in developing the character qualification, patriotism. The first mode—the most common one—is that founded on the ideal. This is most commonly based on the study of the lives of heroes and especially of those heroes who have helped to develop the country and institutions to which the students belong. The second mode of attack is in developing an interest in, a sympathy for, and a co-operation with, the people of the students' immediate vicinity; this procedure more closely follows the idea of good citizenship. The third line of study in the subject of patriotism is that of breaking down any inherited or instinctive tendency on the part of students to form mental barriers based on class, national and racial distinctions.

The teacher should aim in developing this double-faced study, patriotism—good citizenship, to keep the three lines of approach in mind,—namely, the ideal or love of heroes, the fraternal or love of our community neighbors, and the universal or love of all races and nationalities.

In order to break down traditional barriers in a recogniton of the kinship between one's own country and race and alien countries and races, it is desirable to lead pupils to discover that nations and races differ from each other externally on account of physical conditions such as latitude and geographical environment, and that this difference does not extend to the moral and spiritual character of nations and races. Also, that while there are differences in races and nationalities, these differerences are not only largely physical but that they are also a matter of degree and not of kind. For instance, one race may be more civilized than another, but that is because it is further along in development, not because it is a different race of beings from the other, just as one child may be more developed than another on account of age or superior external advantages. This line of thought tends to eradicate from the child his feeling that his country or his race is superior to that of any other, which is egotism and selfishness on a large scale.

This idea of the effect of latitude and geographical features may be developed under the nature study phase of humane education, the teacher keeping in mind that this phase is to develop in the pupils' consciousness a broader and a more sympathetic and comprehensive patriotism.

## REJUVENATION OF LIFE—GROWTH

The subject of growth is one that comes in some way to the consciousness of every child. The teacher's duty is to have this subject unfold in the child's mind on normal subjects and in a normal way. Three fundamental forms of growth are, natural, educational, and spiritual.

Under natural growth comes the development of all forms of life, vegetable and animal; educational growth is well illustrated in the expansion of the child himself in his relation to environment natural and social, spiritual growth is the expansion of the soul in relation to ethical and eternal truths.

The subject of growth is a most appropriate one for school study in the month of March. This month is the beginning of Spring and Spring in nature is the youth-time of many forms of life in the vegetable and animal world.

This beginning of forms of vegetable life—seeds, buds, sprouts, saplings, etc.; of forms of animal life—chicks, lambs, colts, calves, etc.; so common at this time of the year, illustrates nature's ever recurring youth-time.

Educational and spiritual growth may be suggested in the study taken up, but, of course, have a psychological significance too deep for elementary study as a whole, though the literature in the course may start to life in the child's mind some subtle idea of these great phases of growth which mature years may develop.

## HEALTH AND THE JOY OF LIVING—VALUES IN THE ANIMAL WORLD

Humane education, like all phases of education, is based on truth, scientific as well as moral; scientific truth as based on a study of life in all its forms, moral in an adjustment of the truths thus discovered to a sense of right and wrong.

The scientific investigation of life discloses that different forms of life have varying degrees of intelligence or, to speak more truly in the terms of science, varying degrees of development. From the amœba to man there is a symmetrical series of stages of life varying in degree of development from the simple, basic power to respond to mechanical stimulus, as illustrated by the sponge, to the mysterious complexity of spiritual power as illustrated by man.

In May the nature study phase will develop through the grades this idea of varying forms and varying stages of development in the animal world,—a sort of primary evolution.

Every creature from the lowest form to the highest has the instinct to preserve and to continue its life.

This instinct, commonly called the instinct of self-preservation, as it expresses itself in higher and more complex forms of life becomes the sense of the enjoyment of life and in still higher and more complex forms it becomes happiness.

This power to enjoy life or to be happy, being based on the degree of development of the creature, it is reasonable to combine the study of the degree of development of life with the development of the power to enjoy life.

Hence, under civics for this month is developed through the grades this latter study, the joy of living.

Man, being the highest form of living creature, it is reasonable that the value of the form of development,—whether a creature almost equal to man in its power to suffer and enjoy and which has been his companion in civilization and progress, such as the horse and dog, or a creature living its life apart from man but harmless to him, such as the frog, or a creature inimical to man and to be destroyed, such as the housefly,—that its value should depend on the standard established by man.

At the same time, the greatest ethical value to be derived from this month's study is the growth of the pupil's power to differentiate by degrees instead of by sweeping lines of demarcation—to comprehend that there are degrees of development and degrees of the power to enjoy and to suffer,—in a word, that there are values in the animal world and that these values are largely based on the power to enjoy and to suffer.

## RELATION OF HEAT TO ANIMAL LIFE—VACATION TIME AND REST

The subject for June compared with the subject for January, Relation of Cold to Animal Life, suggests that the two months are corollaries. It will be remembered that the secondary purpose in humane education, that of correcting certain great existing evils, was developed in January, and so again in June we have two prevailing customs which humane education in this month should appropriately attempt to correct by evolving a new attitude on the part of men that are today children.

One of these evils is that of working animals without systematized rest. The other is that of depriving man's most useful servant, the horse, of a most necessary part of his anatomy.

The docking of horses' tails is an evil that is very apparent in its consequences, and yet, ignorance, fashion, and cruelty continue to perpetuate the crime of docking.

In the upper grades where children begin to understand the meaning of reform, this evil should be analyzed in its banefulness and an attempt made to make children see that a condition so abnormal should not be tolerated.

Another suffering that dumb animals are specially liable to in the heat of summer, because of their inability to ask and to supply themselves in their needs, is that of thirst.

In the talks that are evolved in this month between pupil and teacher, let the teacher keep in mind the evils to be eradicated and then by constructiveness and positiveness, rather than by the negativeness of education, attempt to have the pupil develop a wholesome and normal standard of others' rights.

In this constructive way, pupils will develop a sense of justice and a love for all creatures, especially helpless ones, so that evil met with in after years in the outside world will have a natural remedy from the students that have been brought up with the instillation of the principle of justice.

# SECOND SUPPLEMENT

## ADDITIONAL LITERATURE BY GRADES

(*To supplement Chapter IV*)

## PEGASUS AND BELLEROPHON

OR

## THE CHIMAERA.

### FIRST GRADE—SEPTEMBER.

Once in the old, old times so long ago it is hard to think about, a fountain flowed out of a hillside in a sunny land. The water was clear and sweet and caught the sunshine in its spray.

To this fountain there sometimes came to drink a horse named Pegasus. This horse was oh, so beautiful, snow white in color and with beautiful, silvery wings. Nowadays, we do not see horses with wings. This horse could run like the wind over hill and dale and when it used its wings it shot up in the clouds like a ray of sunshine. Its tail was like a beautiful plume and its mane flowed over its neck like the tangled curls of a child. Its eyes were soft and large and dark just like those of horses you have seen.

Now, this horse had never had anyone ride on its back. It would come and drink at this fountain, nibble a little at the clover, and roll on the grass; then it would jump up, snort and wave its plumed tail, and run in and out of the woods and dells; then all at once it would give a wild neigh, toss its tangled mane, spread its silvery wings and fly up, up so very high among the clouds that it looked like a speck of sunshine dotting them.

At the same time that this horse lived so many, many years ago, there lived also a monster. This monster had three heads; the name of the first head was Cruelty, the name of the second head was Uncleanness, and the name of the third head was Disease. Wherever this monster went the people suffered. Everybody tried to kill it but it was too strong. The people heard that if someone could catch and mount on the horse with silvery wings, that person could kill the monster.

But then very few had ever seen the horse, some even said there was no such horse, and, at any rate up to the time of this story, no one had been able to catch it. Many went to the fountain to try to get a glimpse of the horse.

The rough man who went to the fountain said if he could find it he would clip its wings and make it do its work for him.

An old gray man leaning on a staff said, "I think I saw it many, many years ago, but it is so long I have forgotten what it looked like."

The young, fair maiden said she saw it once but she was afraid of it when she heard it, and ran away.

A little child, with tender blue eyes with a far-away look in them, said he had seen it many times.

"Why, I come here to sail my little boats in the fountain and to gather pebbles out of its basin and I see it very often; but I always see it in the water of the fountain, coming down from the sky, and when I turn around to look at it, it flies away."

A young man named Bellerophon listened to all that was said and wished so much that he could behold the horse. This man loved his people and hated to see them suffer under Cruelty, Uncleanness, and Disease, the three-headed monster. He longed to catch the beautiful horse, mount its back and go and seek the monster and kill it.

So he, with the little boy, visited the fountain every day and waited for Pegasus to come to drink.

One day Pegasus came. It came from the clouds, first a tiny speck like a spot of sunshine, then as large as a bird, then nearer and larger and more splendid it came, until it dropped on the ground by the fountain.

Oh, how beautiful it was. Its coat was like white, soft down. Its mane and tail waved and flowed, and its large and tender eyes glowed like stars.

And how gay it was. It sniffed the air, it pricked its ears, it tossed its head, it waved its tail, it pawed the ground, and was altogether as gay and frisky as a little boy.

Bellerophon waited a little while till it got done playing and then went up to it. He rubbed its nose, kissed its fair head, and stroked its neck, he looked into its eyes, talked to it, and in every way showed his love for it. Pegasus had never had a master. It looked back at Bellerophon in a wondering way as though it liked to be loved and still was afraid.

After Bellerophon had patted and talked to and loved the horse until Pegasus could no longer doubt him, he mounted on its back.

Of course, Pegasus did not like this at first because it did not understand it; but when Bellerophon made Pegasus understand that he was its loving master, it spread its wings and flew away with Bellerophon on its back.

Many days they spent in riding around in every valley, on the mountain tops, among the clouds, and flying with the birds. After a while Bellerophon had taught Pegasus by love and kindness how to turn and stop and go at his command.

And then it was he went on the journey to find the monster. It would take too long to tell you of the terrible fight that Bellerophon and Pegasus had with the monster, with its three heads, Cruelty, Uncleanness, and Disease.

But, on account of the strength and the speed of Pegasus and on account of the wisdom and love for his fellow creatures Bellerophon had, and finally on account of the strong, loving sympathy between the steed and the driver, the monster was slain.

After the monster was killed, and his beloved people were free and happy, Bellerophon slipped the bridle from the head of the steed and said, "Be free forevermore, my Pegasus; be as free as thou art fleet." But Pegasus rested his head on Bellerophon's shoulder and would not leave him; and so the two lived together, loving companions ever after:

The above is a paraphrase of the original story by Nathaniel Hawthorne. From Wonder-Book. By permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Co.

## THE BELL OF ATRI.

### SECOND GRADE—SEPTEMBER.

This is the story told in the poem:

Once upon a time in a pretty little village of sunny Italy there lived a king by the name of John. He was a good man and all the people loved him very much, because he always helped those who did right and punished those who did wrong.

The king decided to make it very easy for everybody to have his wrongs righted. So he caused a large bell to be placed in the open tower of a church right in the middle of the village. He then asked everyone who was abused to pull the bell so all could hear it and know that someone needed help.

From time to time the bell was rung and it always seemed to say, "Someone has done a wrong—someone has done a wrong." In each case the king and all the soldiers of his army and all the nobles of his court would gather in a body at the tower. Here they would listen to the story of the one who rung the bell. And always the king helped the one in trouble and made the wrongdoer repair the harm he had done.

The people began to understand this very well and so, after a while there was very little wrong done. At last the bell was not used at all and the people had almost forgotten why it was there.

The long rope which was attached to the bell began to unravel and wear away. In order to repair it someone twisted a growing vine around it, or perhaps the vine grew around the rope by itself.

Everything went well in the village as it always does where good is rewarded and evil punished. The people did their work, were kind to one another, and grew happy.

All but one man. This man at first was gay and happy and rich. But, as he grew older, he became less gay—he became less happy—*but* he became more rich. And at last he grew to love gold so much he sold all he had for it.

He loved his dog that watched his home but he sold it for gold. He loved his hawks and falcons which had given him pleasure in the past, but he sold them for gold. He loved his steeds that pranced so gaily when he rode them, but he sold them for gold. All but one. This one, because he loved it, he hated to give up first and kept it in its stall; but he fed it so little that it grew thin and feeble. And at last he turned it out to feed upon the grass of the fields and highways.

The poor old horse, thin and old and lame and feeble, went from lane to lane, from field to field, always looking for food, for it was very hungry.

And at last it came to the tower where the bell hung with the grapevine swinging from it.

The poor hungry horse pulled at the vine to eat it. And, as he pulled, the bell began to ring "Someone has done a wrong—someone has done a wrong."

Out rushed the king and all the soldiers of his army and all the nobles of his court. And when they saw the hungry horse, they all said, "Yes, indeed, someone *hath* done a wrong."

Then the people who knew, told who the owner of the horse was and how, for love of gold, he had turned it out in its old age to die of hunger. The king then shamed the owner for his meanness and commanded him to put the old horse in a clean, warm stall, to feed it, and care for it as long as it lived. And this the owner did, for though he had loved gold he became ashamed.

And the dear old horse and its owner grew old together and at last died, loving each other to the last.

The above is a paraphrase of the poem by Henry W. Longfellow, published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

## THE HORSE'S PRAYER.

### Fifth Grade—September.

To Thee, My Master, I offer my prayer: Feed me, water and care for me, and, when the day's work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean, dry bed, and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort.

Always be kind to me. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins, Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat, or kick me when I do not understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet.

Do not check me so that I cannot have the free use of my head. If you insist that I wear blinders, so that I cannot see behind me as it was intended I should, I pray you be careful that the blinders stand well out from my eyes.

Do not overload me, or hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod. Examine my teeth when I do not eat. I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

I cannot tell you when I am thirsty, so give me clean, cool water often. Save me, by all means in your power, from that fatal disease—the glanders. I cannot tell you in words when I am sick, so watch me, that by signs you may know my condition. Give me all possible shelter from the hot sun, and put a blanket on me, not when I am working but when I am standing in the cold. Never put a frosty bit in my mouth; first warm it by holding it a moment in your hands.

I try to carry you and your burdens without a murmur, and wait patiently for you long hours of the day or night. Without the power to choose my shoes or path, I sometimes fall on the hard pavements which I have often prayed might not be of wood but of such a a nature as to give me a safe and sure footing. Remember that I must be ready at any moment to lose my life in your service.

And finally, O My Master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to some cruel owner, to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do Thou, My Master, take my life in the kindest way, and your God will reward you here and hereafter. You will not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him who was born in a Stable. Amen.

## EULOGY ON THE DOG.

### Seventh Grade—September.

One of the most eloquent tributes ever paid to the dog was delivered by the Honorable George G. Vest, one time a Senator of Missouri, U. S.

He was attending court in a country town, and, while waiting for the trial of a case in which he was interested, was urged by the attorneys in a dog case to help them. Voluminous evidence was introduced to show that the defendant had shot the dog in malice, while other evidence went to show that the dog had attacked defendant.

Vest took no part in the trial and was not disposed to speak. The attorneys, however, urged him to speak. Being thus urged he arose, scanned the face of each juryman for a moment, and said:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: The best human friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolute, unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

"Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he can be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

"If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and, when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death."

Then Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice. He made no reference to the evidence or the merits of the case. When he finished judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury filed out but soon entered with a verdict of $500 for the plaintiff, whose dog was shot; and it was said that some of the jurors wanted to hang the defendant.

## THE STORY OF SCRAGGLES.

Fifth Grade—October.

### The Dedication.

*To Scraggles, My Pet Sparrow and Companion*

Saint Francis, the founder of the Franciscan order, without whom there would probably have been no missions in California, regarded the birds as his "little brothers and sisters.'' Just as I began the actual writing of the book, In and Out of the Old Missions of California, I picked up in the streets a tiny song sparrow, wounded, unable to fly, and that undoubtedly had been thrust out of its nest. In a short time we became close friends and inseparable companions. Hour after hour she sat on my foot, or, better still, perched, with head under her wing, on my left hand, while I wrote with the other. Nothing I did, such as the movement of books, turning of leaves, etc., made her afraid. When I left the room she hopped and fluttered along after me. She died just as the book was receiving its finishing pages. On account of her ragged and unkempt appearance I called her Scraggles; and to her, a tiny morsel of animation, but who had a keen appreciation and reciprocation of a large affection, I dedicate this book.

### The Beginning.

I was only a little baby song sparrow, and from the moment I came out of my shell everybody knew there was something the matter with me. I don't know what it could have been, for my brother and sister were well and strong. Perhaps I was out of the first egg that was laid, and a severe spell of cold had come and partially frozen me; or a storm had shaken the bough in which our nest was, so that I was partly ''addled.'' Anyhow, no matter what caused it, there was no denying the fact that when I was born I was an ailing little bird, and this made both my father and mother very cross with me. I couldn't help being so weak, and they might have been kinder to me; but when the other eggs were hatched out and my brother and sister were born, nobody seemed to care for me any more. Of course, my mother gave me something to eat, when I cried for it, but the others were so much stronger than I that they pushed me out of the way, and succeeded many a time in getting my share without mother's knowing anything about it.

I was not active like the others, and when they climbed up to the edge of the nest and stretched out their wings as if they would fly, I felt a dreadful fear come over me. I knew I should fall to the earth if I tried to fly. I don't know why I felt this, but, do as I would, I could not get rid of the horrible feeling. But my wings were so weak I am sure something was wrong with one of them. And my feathers! I never saw such wretched feathers. In the first place I had no feathers whatever on the under part of my body, and where the feathers did grow they were raggedy and scraggedy and looked for all the world as if they were moth-eaten. So in bird language my father and mother and the others all called me Scraggles, and they treated me as if they felt I was Scraggles—of no use or beauty, and therefore worth "nothing to nobody."

But in spite of this, I was ill-prepared for the awful fate that came to me one day. My brother and sister had already tried their wings pretty well, and had flown quite a distance, and father and mother were pleased with their progress. Then they came to me and urged me to climb up to the edge of the nest. When I did so, my father came behind me, gave me a sudden push, and over I went. Down, down I fell, through the branches of the tree, fluttering my wings as well as I could, but they would not sustain me. One of them worked so queerly that I went sidewise, and as I struck the ground I rolled over and felt quite dizzy and stunned. I hurried along as fast as my weak wing and fluttering heart would let me, until, all at once, I heard quick footsteps behind me. Turning, I saw that it was a large, tall man, with black hair and a black beard, and he walked so quickly that I grew afraid and chirped. My loud cries arrested the attention of the man. He suddenly stopped, looked at me, and then began to talk to himself. I didn't understand then what he was saying, but I know I was desperately scared, for my parents had taught me always to keep out of the way of human beings—especially of the little human beings that they called boys and girls. Had I known this big man as I afterwards grew to know him, I shouldn't have been so scared; but as it was, I tried to get as far away from him as I could. The great tall man came toward me with his quick, decisive strides. I tried to get away from him, and fairly screamed out in my terror; yet it was no use. He was too quick, and I was too weak and helpless, and in less than a minute he had "cornered me" against the trunk of a tree, and I found myself all at once in his strong hand, the fingers of which felt so powerful as they completely surrounded me.

I was too afraid to cry out, and I could only lie still and listen to my heart beat. It went so quick and so hard that I thought I should die; but somehow I was compelled to see that he didn't hurt me or pinch me, and his voice was all the time talking so softly and gently to me, though it sounded deep and strong like the voice of a storm that once nearly shook me out of our nest. He was carrying me away rapidly, and said something about his wife and "little girlie," who would surely help him take care of me until I could fly. Soon we went inside a house. That is the beginning of my life with human beings.

My first week indoors was very painful and distressing to me. I was all the time with strangers,—great, monstrous, tall human beings, and I was such a tiny little bird! How could I feel at home with them? It scared me just to see them.

Still, scared or not, what was I to do? I had to stay there, for, unlike my home in the nest in the tree, here everything was shut up. The air was warm and close, and it made me feel queer most of the time. It was not fresh and bracing like the outdoor air I had been used to. I was shut in—that was all there was to it; but it took me a long time to learn to make the best of it. For the tall man, now and again, would catch me and put me up onto the window-sill, and I didn't know that I couldn't go through the glass. I tried again and again, but always bumped my bill hard against the glass and never got any further. I saw happy little birds outside. They seemed to be strong and well; and how I longed to be with them! I found great pleasure, however, in walking back and forth on the edge of the window-sash, and the warm sunshine that shone in upon me was very comforting. When other birds flew near by I used to get very excited, and stretch my legs and neck so hard to see them and get to them, that "the man of the house" would laugh very heartily at me. And then he would call to

''Mamma'' and ''Edith'' and together they would stand and look and laugh at me, while I stretched and chirped and twittered to the birds outside.

Of course, I had not been in the house long before I was a very hungry little bird. I don't think you know how very hungry so tiny a bird can get. I was desperately hungry. How I was going to be fed I did not know. But I chirped, and cheeped, and called out as loudly as I could, and soon the ''Fessor''—as the women called the man—came into the room with a saucer in his hand. In the saucer was some white-looking substance that he called bread and milk. But I didn't know what to do with it. So to let him know how hungry I was I chirped more, and then opened my mouth wide, and wider still, as baby birds do, hoping that he would find some way of getting the food into me. And he did! Instead of putting it into my throat with his bill—he hadn't one—as my mother did, he caught me when I wasn't expecting it, and taking some of the white stuff in his fingers, held it close to me. When I opened my bill to cheep, he pushed it in, and my! how strange it tasted. But it was good. It was sweet, and warm, and nice. So I swallowed it and opened my mouth for more, and he gave me another piece. Then he called to Edith, and she and Mamma came and watched me until, as they said, I was ''stuffed as full as an egg.'' Two or three times that day he fed me in the same fashion, and I began then to get over my fear of him. He didn't seem to want to hurt me, and he was very, very gentle with me; and I even began, once or twice, to snuggle down in his hand, for it was so large and warm and comfortable. Then that awful fear came, and I sprang out of his reach and ran to the end of his desk, and when he reached out after me, I wildly leaped off the desk, fell to the floor and then ran as fast as I could behind the desk in order to be safe.

We had several days of this, and I soon found that when he fed me I need not be afraid at all.

### THE FESSOR'S ROOM AND PEN

It was not many days before I knew all about the room called the Fessor's "den,"—and surely it was a den. There was a desk opposite to one window. On this was a row of books reaching right across, and piles of papers, and pictures, and one thing and another, sometimes on the sides of the desk, and sometimes on the tops of the books. And when the Fessor sat down he would take a little pile of white paper, and a stick with a shining thing at the end that I afterwards learned was a pen, and he would dip it into a bottle full of queer smelling black water and then scratch the wet pen back and forth over the paper, so quickly that it used to make my little head swim to watch him. And the noise! It was simply aggravating beyond words—that is, a tiny bird's words. How I did hate that pen and that scratching noise! I would seize it in my bill as Fessor made it scratch on the paper. As I held on he went on writing, and that used to jerk my head up and down, and, of course, it dragged me right across the paper. But I didn't intend to let go; I wanted him to stop and talk to me, so back and forth we'd go, he trying to write with me holding onto the pen, and I determined not to let go, my head bobbing up and down to the movements of his writing and my feet slipping over the paper and smearing the ink, until I got too tired to hold on and had to let go.

Now and again he was determined not to let me touch that pen, and then we had a time. He made a barricade of his left hand to protect his writing hand, and tried to keep me away like that, but I showed him how spunky a baby sparrow could be. I pecked at the pen through his fingers, and watched for the least opening, and the moment he gave me a chance, I darted in and seized the pen. Then he tried to shake me off, generally laughing at me, calling me a queer little birdie all the time, and he even lifted me up while I held on to the pen with my beak, and in that way tried to discourage me from fighting it. But I don't think he ever knew how I disliked that wretched little stick. Why should it be in Fessor's hands all the time? I wanted him to take me in his hands and go out for a walk with me, and I didn't like his spending so much time pushing that pen back and forth.

I couldn't bear to be anywhere else than right in his hand. Here is a little piece I found on the desk one day which tells just how he used to care for me:

"She is now asleep in my left hand, though it is early afternoon. Crawling in between my fingers, she comfortably arranged herself, perched on one of my bent fingers (the others covering her), and then, putting her head under her right wing, she quietly dropped off to sleep. Many nights when I am in the study at her bedtime, she has refused to perch on the branches of the bough. She comes to my feet and pleads to be lifted up. As I put down my hand she jumps into it, and as I lift her up and place her in my left hand she nestles down into it as if it were a nest, curves her head under her wing, and goes to sleep. If my fingers are not comfortable to her, she pecks at them—sometimes very vigorously—until I put them as she desires.

"The other evening I determined I would not let her go to sleep in my hand, so I made her a cosy nest in the drawer immediately under my right arm. I coaxed her into this by putting two of my fingers into it, upon which she immediately squatted. But something was lacking in the new roosting place or nest. Two fingers were not enough, and for nearly half an hour my daughter and I watched her as she pecked at my fingers and thumb above, seeking to pull them down under her so that she would have a "full hand" to nest on. At length she decided to take the two fingers, so long as with finger and thumb I rubbed her head. Soon her little head swung under her wing, and as soon as she was asleep I withdrew the two under fingers."

### THE END (AS THE "FESSOR" TOLD IT)

"It was Thursday, August 3, 1905. We (that is, Scraggles and I) had had a good day together. We went out and I dug worms for her, and she seemed happy and improving in health and appearance. During the day she followed me out to the bathroom and all around several times, and when I went to lie down and read she came and insisted upon my holding her, or allowing her to sit on my hand. When I moved to turn the page she jumped upon my sleeve and hopped up to my shoulder and neck, where she stayed for half an hour or more.

"After feeding herself she came and perched in her usual place on my foot but I must have forgotten her for a moment. My brain was much occupied with an important chapter of my book, and jumping up hastily I stepped to the bookcase to the left of my desk to consult some volume, and almost as soon as I did so looked around to see where Scraggles was. I looked towards her sand bath and the food saucers, then to her little tree, but she was not to be seen. Then, as I often did, I tilted back my chair to see if she was at my feet, and to my intense distress I saw her there, dead, on the bear skin I used as a rug.

"Dear little Scraggles! I little thought when I first saw you struggling to get away from me, as if afraid I might devour you, that we should so soon become such inseparable friends. I have felt often since, that there are many men I could far better spare than her,—many men with whom two months' daily association would teach me less than did this little raggedy, ailing song-sparrow. Her cheerfulness, her courage, her dauntlessness, her self-reliance, her perfect trust and confidence, her evident affection, were all lessons to remain in memory.

"So sleep, content and serene, dear little Scraggles, in your tiny and flower-embowered resting-place. You know full well in your tiny, but love-filled heart that just so soon as I have met all the human loved ones in the soul-life, I shall seek for you, and seek until I find, for I shall want you even in heaven. My heaven will be incomplete without you.

"So in the life of the future, with understanding and love made sweeter by clearer knowledge, we shall love on; for of all great things that abide forever 'the greatest is love.'"

The Story of Scraggles is abridged from the original story by Professor George Wharton James. The pupils should read the entire story as it is a little classic in literary value and its interpretation of the noble humility and sympathy of a great man and the loving trust and affection of an atom-like bird conveys a strong lesson. By permission of the author and the publishers, Little, Brown & Company.

## JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

### Seventh Grade—October

### Important Facts

John James LaForest Audubon, born at Mandeville, Louisiana, May 4th, 1780.

Resided: Variously at St. Domingo of the West Indies, Nantes, France; at Louisville and other towns of Kentucky, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Philadelphia, New York, Paris, London; he traveled also through Florida, South Carolina, the northern states, Labrador, Canada, Yellowstone Park of this country, and through France, England and Scotland of the old world.

Business: Artist, various business ventures, taxidermist, author, and canvasser.

Publications: The Birds of North America, American Ornithological Biography, Birds, Biography (of himself), Quadrupeds and Biography of American Quadrupeds.

Died January 27th, 1851, in New York.

### Parentage

His father was a sea-faring man and a Frenchman; his mother was a Spanish Creole of Louisiana—the old chivalrous Castilian blood modified by new-world conditions.

The two race strains that mingle in him probably account for his romantic and artistic temper and tastes.

The couple seem to have occupied for a time a plantation belonging to a French Marquis, situated at Mandeville on the North Shore of Lake Ponchartrain. Here three sons were born to them, of whom John James LaForest was the third. The daughter seems to have been younger. His own mother perished in a slave insurrection in St. Domingo, where the family had gone to live on the Audubon estate.

Not long after the father returned to France, where he married a second time, giving the son, as he himself says, the only mother he ever knew. This woman proved a rare exception among stepmothers—but she was too indulgent, and, Audubon says, completely spoiled him.

## EDUCATION AND YOUTH

With her he lived in the city of Nantes, France, where he appears to have gone to school. It was, however, only from his private tutors that he says he got any benefit. His father desired him to follow in his footsteps, and he was educated accordingly, studying drawing, geography, mathematics, fencing, and music. Mathematics he found hard, full work, as have so many men of like temperament, before and since, but music and fencing and geography were more to his liking. He was an ardent, imaginative youth, and chafed under all drudgery and routine.

In his autobiography Audubon relates an incident that occurred when he was a child, which he thinks first kindled his love for birds. It was an encounter between a pet parrot and a tame monkey kept by his mother. One morning the parrot asked as usual for her breakfast of bread and milk, whereupon the monkey, being in a bad humor, attacked the poor, defenseless bird, and killed it. Audubon screamed at the cruel sight, and implored the servant to interfere and save the bird, but without avail. The boy's piercing screams brought the mother, who succeeded in tranquillizing the child. The tragedy awakened in him a lasting love for his feathered friends.

Audubon's father seems to have been the first to direct his attention to the study of birds, and to the observance of Nature generally. Through him he learned to notice the beautiful colorings and markings of the birds, to know their haunts, and to observe their change of plumage with the changing seasons; what he learned of their mysterious migrations fired his imagination.

He speaks of this early intimacy with Nature as a feeling which bordered on frenzy. Watching the growth of a bird from the egg he compares to the unfolding of a flower from the bud.

The pain which he felt in seeing the birds die and decay was very acute. Fortunately, about this time some-one showed him a book of illustrations, and henceforth "a new life ran in my veins," he says. To copy Nature was thereafter his one engrossing aim.

### PERSONALITY

He was temperate and abstemious. "I ate no butcher's meat, lived chiefly on fruits, vegetables and fish, and never drank a glass of spirits or wine until my wedding day. All this time I was fair and rosy, strong and active as one of my age and sex could be, and as active and agile as a buck."

That he was energetic and handy and by no means the mere dandy that his extravagance in dress might seem to indicate, is evidenced from the fact that he made a journey on foot to New York and accomplished the ninety miles in three days in mid-winter.

The love of his bird studies and drawings was fast becoming his ruling passion.

Mr. William Bakewell, the brother of his wife, Lucy, has given us a glimpse of Audubon and his surroundings at the time. "Audubon took me to his home. On entering his room I was astonished and delighted that it was turned into a museum. The walls were festooned with all sorts of birds' eggs carefully blown out and strung on a thread. The chimney piece was covered with stuffed squirrels, raccoons and opossums; and the shelves around were likewise crowded with specimens, among which were fishes, frogs, snakes, lizards, and other reptiles. Besides these stuffed varieties, many paintings were arrayed upon the walls, chiefly of birds. He had great skill in stuffing and preserving animals of all sorts. He had also a trick of training dogs with great perfection, of which art his famous dog Zephyr was a wonderful example. He was an expert swimmer, a clever rider, possessed great activity, prodigious strength, and was notable for the elegance of his figure, and the beauty of his features, and he aided Nature by a careful attendance to his dress.''

Audubon's belief in himself helped him wonderfully. He knew that he had talents, he insisted on using them. Most of his difficulties came from trying to do the things he was not fitted to do. He did not hesitate to use his talents in a humble way, when nothing else offered—portraits, landscapes, birds and animals he painted, but he would paint the cabin walls of the ship to pay his passage, if he was short of funds, or execute crayon portraits of a shoemaker and his wife, to pay for shoes to enable him to continue his journeys. He could sleep on a steamer's deck, with a few shavings for a bed, and, wrapped in a blanket, look up at the starlit sky.

## Business

Audubon was not cut out for business; his heart was more and more with the birds, and his business more and more neglected. He was not growing rich, but he was happy. "I looked on Nature only," he says, "and my days were happy beyond human conception, and beyond this I really cared not."

As Audubon deserted his business, his business soon deserted him. He had no genius for accumulating money nor for keeping it after he had gotten it.

## His Special Work

Audubons capacity for work was extraordinary. His enthusiasm and perseverance were equally extraordinary. His purposes and ideas fairly possessed him. Never did a man consecrate himself more fully to the successful completion of the work of his life than did Audubon to the finishing of his "American Ornithology."

The first volume of his bird pictures was completed this summer, and, in bringing it out, forty thousand dollars had passed through his hands. It had taken four years to bring that volume before the world.

His great work, the "Birds of America," had been practically completed, incredible difficulties had been surmounted, and the goal of his long years of striving had been reached.

About the very great merit of this work, there is but one opinion among competent judges. It is, indeed, a monument to the man's indomitable energy and perseverance, and it is a monument to the science of ornithology. The drawings of the birds are very spirited and life-like, and their biographies copious, picturesque, and accurate, and, taken in connection with his many journals, they afford glimpses of the life of the country during the early part of the century, that are of very great interest and value.

In writing the biography of the birds he wrote his autobiography as well, he wove his doings and adventures into his natural history observations. This gives a personal flavor to his pages, and is the main source of their charm.

Probably most of the seventy-five or eighty copies of "Birds" which were taken by subscribers in this country are still extant, held by the great libraries, and learned institutions. The Lenox Library in New York owns three sets. The Astor Library owns one set. I have examined this work there; there are four volumes in a set; they are elephant folio size—more than three feet long, and two or more feet wide. They are the heaviest books I ever handled. It takes two men to carry one volume to the large racks which hold them for the purpose of examination. The birds, of which there are a thousand and fifty-five plates, are all life size, even the great eagles, and appear to be unfaded. This work, which cost the original subscribers one thousand dollars, now brings four thousand dollars at private sale.

## HIS LIFE'S ENDING.

Audubon's last years were peaceful and happy, and were passed at his home on the Hudson, amid his children and grandchildren, surrounded by the scenes that he loved.

The foregoing are extracts from John James Audubon, by John Burroughs, published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, and are printed by courtesy of the publishers. The biography makes excellent home-reading for the pupils.

## THE COST OF A FEATHER

### Eighth Grade—October

I have come to plead for the preservation of something infinitely dear and precious to the world: its ideals of womanhood! And truly, friends, they are in imminent peril. Woman has stood through the centuries as embodied tenderness and sympathy. Her "gentleness has made her great." Painting and sculpture represent her with the deep, maternal breast within which little children and helplessness everywhere hide their tearful faces. About her knees humanity clings for refuge from cruelty and wrong. She is Portia, when men's arguments fail in courts of justice; and the Bible hath it that only God is "tenderer than a mother."

This is the world's reverent ideal of woman: the pillow upon which its trust has slept undisturbed until the present.

And now, a cry is heard in our land, in all lands, that this ideal, the world's cherished possession, is being slain by woman's own hand. A whisper has arisen to a menace —I do not exaggerate—for do we not know that in this day, when the nations of the earth are meeting together in an effort to hasten the consummation of peace upon earth; in this which has been called the "Woman's Century," we are appealing to the courts of justice to protect one of the most innocent, beautiful and useful of creations, against the cruel vanity of woman? Unless all good women use their influence against this fashion, the danger is imminent that ours will be a birdless world! From seashore and forest and field the wail is swelling, that where once were thousands upon thousands of useful, ornamental birds, some localities have been entirely depopulated. Where once the islands about Florida were white with the beautiful egrets, one is now rarely seen.

A picture on exhibition in New York, by the great painter, George Inness, represents a forest interior in Florida with a solitary egret; a prophecy of no light import.

The press, always the champion of the helpless and oppressed, pronounces the wearing of birds "degrading" and declares that women can no longer plead ignorance, since this alarm has sounded through the civilized world. The pulpit expresses amaze that woman, supposed to be more tender than man, will allow cruelties simply fiendish to be carried on at the beck of fashion. I quote an eminent clergyman, who declares that "if they understand what misery in the bird realm this costs, the world must lose its respect for them." These are bold words, dear friends. Do you wonder I say the world's ideals of woman are in grave peril?

I have referred to the London clergyman, he thus addressed his congregation,—"Some of you, my friends, followers of the gentle Christ, come to worship wearing aigrette plumes. Do you realize that this aigrette is called the 'maternity plume' because it only grows on the bird at the time of nesting, and to obtain one such feather involves not only the cruel death of the beautiful mother heron, but the whole nestful of newly born birds? What a price to pay! What a travesty upon religion to stand and sing 'O, all ye fowls of the air bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him forever!' "

And, friends, what of our husbands and sons, and their ideals of womanhood, and the risk we run of falling from our high place in their reverence? They understand now the brutal methods by which the aigrette is obtained, yet we wives and mothers dare to look into their faces with the satin breast of a tern or sea gull shading our unashamed eyes!

Do you remember how stirred with righteous indignation the souls of decent people were over the disgraceful scenes at the Long Island shooting matches and how a little, sensitive-souled boy who witnessed the revolting pastime became insane over the memory of the massacre of the doves?

Our attitude toward the bird is against our American traditions, our national spirit, and our boasted ideas of liberty. North, South, East, West, our gates swing wide—to whomsoever will enter. Here the stranger is admitted to full familyship, his rights protected, his children educated, and the harvests of our fields are his to share. Yet against our upright little "Citizen Bird," our neighbor and benefactor, an ornament and delight to our world, we are waging a crusade more unnatural and unjust than any the world has known since the days of Herod; and the "gentler sex" is waging it!

In all ages until now the bird has been loved and protected. The ancients revered them. Fable and song have immortalized them, little children regard them with ecstasy, and in all the world I have never heard of a person who did not love the birds.

And is it not questionable, apart from prejudice or sentiment, whether dead birds do really adorn; whether it is really becoming to any woman "to wear, like the savage, the scalps of the slain"? We are not usually enamored of the suggestions of death; and this stark little corpse out of which the beauty has been twisted, the staring bead eyes, the rumpled plumage, the poor little beak that will never again part in rapturous song; the wonderful wings we have robbed of their matchless grace of flight—are these lovely?

"We that never can make it
Yet dare to unmake it,
Dare take it and break it and throw it away."

It is not our purpose to coldly compute the unspeakable economic value of the birds to our orchards and fields and gardens. It has been truly said, if women are not moved by the sentiment in this question, no other appeal would avail. Today, friends, let us exalt, in their beauty and æsthetic charm, these singing orchids that flutter among our forest trees! These winged jewels of sapphire, and ruby, and emerald that gem the common air! Oh, there is nothing in heaven above, or earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, half so beautiful as this rare thing we call a bird, and which the daughters of Eve are using not to uplift but to debase!

Have you never said "thank you!" to a vesper-sparrow singing his pensive little evensong on a fence, or to a hermit thrush in some forest cathedral, when his heavenly note brought your soul to its knees, and the angel in you leaned out to adore?

And could you wear a bird on your hat after that service?

Mrs. May Riley Smith, abridged. Special Leaflet 14. Published by National Association of Audubon Societies, New York.

## THE TRIPOD FOX.

### SIXTH GRADE—NOVEMBER.

It was a clear, crisp morning in October, with just chill enough in the air to set the blood tingling and to whet the appetite. There had been a hard frost the night before, and along the little water courses and in other low places there was a white lacework of frost suggestive of what the cold would do a few weeks later.

Reynard, the red fox, was following a small stream up the wind, looking for his breakfast. This was his favorite way of hunting, for it gave him the advantage both of seeing and smelling, so if the wind had been in the opposite direction he would have hunted down stream instead of up.

Presently he got a good whiff of game scent from up stream and stealthily advanced upon it. His nostrils were extended, his hungry, yellow eyes ablaze, and his whole frame quivering with excitement. As he drew nearer he crouched low to the ground, going almost upon his belly. Then the wind freshened and he got a whiff of bird scent so strong that there was no mistaking it.

A few more crouching, creeping steps brought the fox out into a small open spot, where the brook broadened into a pool five or six feet across. There, just over the middle of the pool, a foot or so above the water, was a sparrow hanging head down and quite motionless.

Reynard's first impulse was to spring, but as the bird neither fluttered nor moved, this impulse was checked, and he fell to considering.

It was very queer that a bird should sustain itself in mid air without using its wings. It also was not afraid of him. This, too, was strange. Then the fox noticed a small, straight twig running from the bird's feet up into the branches of the tree that overhung the brook.

Was the bird holding to this, or was the twig holding the bird? This last seemed more likely, for the bird must be dead, as it neither fluttered nor chirped.

It was a very handy breakfast, almost providential, in fact, but there was something about it that the fox did not like. He was accustomed to working for his board, and having the meal thus set before him without price seemed queer.

Then he sniffed the bank up and down the little stream for thirty feet. There seemed to be no man scent. He crossed over and tried the other side. This, to, was untainted. After all, perhaps it was all right.

Once he thought he got a suggestion of man scent from a broken twig, but finally concluded that it was the taint he had got further down the brook that still lingered in his nostrils.

The bird was too far out over the water for him to reach it from shore, but there was a convenient stone, covered with a bit of moss, half way between him and his breakfast. This would make good footing. A fox never wets his feet if he can help it, and he would use this stepping-stone.

He paused a moment with one paw uplifted as he reached for the bird. It was all too strangely easy.

Pooh! what was the use of questioning the good fortune that had made his breakfast come easy for once, so he stepped boldly out upon the moss.

Then something jumped from out the water and caught his leg just above the first joint so quickly that he knew not how it was done. With a lightning spring he bounded backward, bringing a long, snake-like thing out of the brook after him and a queer looking clam upon his paw.

Whe-e-e-w! How it bit! He snapped at it, and shook his paw, but it still clung. Then he bit at it furiously. It did not bite back, but it was so hard that it hurt his teeth, which seemed to make no impression upon it. But he would soon shake it off, and he spun round and round, snapping and snarling, even crossing to the other side of the brook. But the snake-like thing followed him, and the clam bit harder and harder. He would see what effect water had on it; perhaps he could drown it. He held the clam under water for a minute or two, but it still nipped him, and the snake-like thing followed as before.

Perhaps if he could kill this noisy thing that rattled after him everywhere he went, the clam would let go his paw, so he attacked the chain furiously, but it was as hard as ever and the clam seemed only to mock him.

Then he lay down and licked his throbbing paw, and wondered vaguely how it had happened. He was always careful, but this evidently was some strange device to kill him.

He wriggled and twisted, bit and tore; lay upon the ground and shook his paw, sprang suddenly into the air, crossed from one side of the brook to the other, and tried every stratagem known to fox cunning, but all to no purpose, for the ugly clam still held his paw with a grip like death.

Foam dripped from his lips, and his eyes grew wild and bloodshot. His breath came hard and fast, while in his heart fear contended with sullen rage for mastery. He was very thirsty, but did not dare drink in the brook, for he thought it would do him some harm. The field and woods had seemed so free and wild an hour before, and now they were filled with terror. This bit of a demon on his paw had changed everything.

After one of these wild plunges, in which he shook himself, rolled and tumbled, snapped and snarled, he bit at his paw in sheer desperation. It did not hurt so much as he had expected, and a new idea came to him. If he could not get his paw from the strange creature's mouth, he might leave the part it had hold of, and escape on three legs.

He lay down again for a moment, to get back his wind and courage, and then with a few sharp crunches of his jaws severed the limb, and was free, minus the torn and bleeding forepaw in the trap. Free to hop off on three legs into the woods. But he left a bloody trail on ferns and leaves, and many a tuft of moss was painted crimson.

From that time on he was known to both man and beast as the three-legged fox, an outcast and a vagrant, hunted and dogged by men.

In time he learned to travel very well on three legs, but he never could conceal his identity. If any boy on his way to school saw a ragged fox track he would at once tell the other boys that the tripod fox had crossed the night before in Jenkins's pasture. If the snow was soft, one of the paw prints was always deeper than the others, and if it was very deep you could see where the stump dragged in the snow.

He never could excel in the long, hard chase, for his lameness prevented that, so his wits had to make up what he lacked in fleetness. There were many kinds of hunting, too, that he had to forego, but he developed a cunning and resourcefulness that were not matched by any other fox in the country.

* * * * * * * * *

It was not until his fifth year that the tripod fox met Fuzzy, the one oasis in his desert life. Fuzzy was three years old, and she alone of all his kindred seemed to overlook his infirmity. Presently three little kit foxes made their appearance, and the tripod fox was the proudest sire for many miles around. He made longer excursions into the valley than ever he had before, for he had to hunt for the family.

The annual fox hunt, which was to be followed by a banquet in the evening, took place about the first of November. A horseman with a bugle had awakened the fox hunters at four a. m., and the men and the pack were off at five.

Fuzzy and the youngsters had gone into the meadows to look for food that morning at about three o'clock.

In some way the young foxes got separated from their mother, and ran recklessly about without any other purpose than to keep out of reach of the noisy pack. As the club said, "They were just old enough to play nicely."

By seven o'clock the pelts to two of them were dangling from the pockets of lucky hunters, and the third fox, who had also been shot at, bolted, and the hounds went out of hearing. They came back after about two hours, for a pack will not follow a fox as far straight across country as a single hound. But the young fox, who had been badly scared, was never seen in that part of the country again.

Once more the tripod fox felt himself an outcast in the land of his fathers, and something of his old moroseness came back to him. But still he had Fuzzy, and she alone was the joy of his lonely life. December and January crawled by. It was a very hard winter, and the fox family had all they could do to keep down the pangs of hunger that gnawed at their vitals.

One morning Fuzzy went into the meadows to feast upon a dead horse. The fox club had drawn the dead horse into the meadows as a decoy, where they could start a fox without so much trouble as they would otherwise have to take. The club got out early the same morning that Fuzzy made her trip to the dead horse, and the pack at once took her track. Seven members of the fox club were out, and they patrolled the meadows thoroughly, each posted at some likely spot for a fox to cross.

Half way back to the mountain, Fuzzy ran upon one of the hunters, and had a close shave for her life. Her coming had not been announced by the pack, and the sportsman was not ready for her. His glove fumbled the trigger, and as the fox was on low ground he shot over her, but the roar of the gun rolled across the meadows and echoed from hilltop to hilltop. The tripod fox heard it on the mountain and was anxious, so he came out at the top of a cliff under a small spruce to watch and listen.

Presently he heard the pack in full cry and saw a small yellow speck coming straight for the mountain about half a mile away. It was Fuzzy. She was running well, and the pack was fifty rods behind her. She would make the mountain nicely, if no unseen hunter intervened.

The tripod fox strained every nerve to watch the race for life of his mate. The pack did not gain upon her, and he felt sure that she would make it. It was fine running for both dog and fox, and the pack swept across the meadows like the wind.

Fuzzy was now within a quarter of a mile of the foot of the mountain. Her mate from his hiding place under the spruce, saw nothing but clear fields before her and smiled broadly at the thought of her triumph. Then he saw a team driving rapidly across the meadows, the horses going at a gallop. On the seat beside the driver was a tall, gaunt hound that the tripod fox did not remember to have seen before.

The team was driving to head off the pack where it would cross the road forty rods from the foot of the mountain. The man was holding the hound by the collar, and the dog was straining and tugging to get free. Then the pack crossed the road just ahead of the team, and the man let go the hound. With great bounds that ate up distance like an express train he came after the pack, overtook it, and drew nearer and nearer to the flying fox. The tripod fox saw the new danger, and gritted his teeth and strained his sight, that no movement might escape him.

Fuzzy redoubled her efforts and drew away from the pack, but the gaunt hound closed rapidly in upon her. Only four or five rods now separated them. Twice Fuzzy doubled and the gaunt monster ran by her, but the third time he reached over and closed his lank jaws upon her back and threw her over backwards, where she lay limp upon the snow. She did not rise again, for her back had been broken as though it had been a reed.

All were glad except the red fox on the mountain, who went sullenly back to his lonely den.

Four times during the coming week the tripod fox witnessed the same tragedy in the valley below,—the pack in full cry, the flying fox, and the hideous end of death.

Revenge was very sweet to the three-legged fox, and he wanted more of it. They had not paid the price of Fuzzy's death yet, so he schemed and bided his time.

The first of March was exceptionally warm, and brought rain, and then a sharp frost, which left a crust like ice. This was what the tripod fox was waiting for. So he went into the valley early one morning and left his trail in all likely places and then came back to the foot of the mountain and waited. One hour, two hours went by, and still he sat there upon his haunches waiting.

Just as the sun was peeping over the eastern hills he heard the cry of the pack, and again that broad smile overspread his crafty countenance.

The club was out in full force to-day, for it was to be the last hunt of the season, and everyone wished to bag as many pelts as possible to swell the total of the year's brushes. The red fox, sitting on his haunches at the foot of the mountain, waited until the pack got within twenty or thirty rods of him before he began the ascent. The hounds were slipping and sliding on the crust, but the fox picked out the best path for them up the mountain side that he could find. By keeping under the trees, where icicles had frozen to the crust and where the rain had not fallen so freely, he found good footing for them. Up, up they went, the fox leading by a few rods, and the pack following eagerly. Occasionally the hounds caught sight of the fox leisurely climbing a few rods ahead of them, and the valley below echoed with their full-throated cry. The waiting hunters on the crossroads wondered. A fox had never taken the dogs up into the mountain in that way before and they were surprised that the pack could follow him up the ascent on such a crust.

Half way up Reynard stopped and waited, to give the pack a good look at him, and to encourage it in the ascent. This time he let the dogs get within four or five rods of him. He did not climb any higher, but ran along the side of the mountain for a short distance. Just opposite a small scrub spruce he stopped and again waited for the pack.

On came the pack bellowing wildly, but the red fox sat quietly waiting its coming. The climb had been slow and the pack was nicely together, and swept along the mountain side to the waiting fox almost in a bunch.

There he sat like a statue, grimly inviting it on. With yelps and snarls of eagerness the dogs rushed upon him, but he barely eluded them, slipping and sliding just ahead of them toward the scrub spruce. They followed him excitedly, in fact they could do nothing else once they had started down the slippery incline.

One of the hunters in the valley below saw the pack following along the side of the mountain, but just at the scrub spruce, which looked like a bush from where he stood, he lost sight of it and waited for its reappearance. Although he could not see the dogs he knew by their cries that they were close upon the fox, and he fully expected them to catch him, if he did not hole, which foxes occasionally did in the mountains.

He was still straining his eyes and waiting expectantly, when a yellow speck, that his trained sight told him was a fox, shot out over the perpendicular cliff, and fell three hundred feet upon the rocks below. It was still in the air when a white object much larger followed it. This had not struck when a black and white form fell. The hunter gasped, but was too thunderstruck to speak. Then two more dogs shot over the cliff simultaneously, a fifth followed, and a second later the entire pack of five dogs, valued by the club at two hundred dollars, was lying upon the rocks, most of the hounds too mangled even to kick in their death moments.

The reddish-yellow pelt of the tripod fox was among the black and white of the pack, but never before had the skin of a solitary fox cost such a price as that which the club paid for the pelt of the tripod fox.

From The Trail to the Woods. Copyright 1906, 1907, by Clarence Hawkes. Used by permission of the American Book Company.

## A-HUNTING OF THE DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS

### SEVENTH GRADE—NOVEMBER

This is the story of a great hunt. Now, most great hunt stories present, as a matter of course, the hunter as the hero and the center of the action. He is the one who goes forth to do a great deed—meets great obstacles—overcomes them—encounters great dangers with odds against him—triumphs over them—slays his quarry with courage, skill and persistence—and returns to receive the plaudits of his fellow men. Thus the regulation hero of the traditional hunt story.

Now, this tale happens to be the record of a real event and so not only is it an unusual one,—the events being very different from those detailed in the regulation tale as outlined above, for instance, but, strangest of all, the hero is *the hunted.* In fact the full and correct name of this story is "A-Hunting of the Deer from the Deer's Point of View."

After reading this story in full in the original, one can never again doubt that the *point of view* makes all the difference in the world and in nothing does it make so great a difference as in a hunt.

The Adirondack mountains are the situation of the tale. One of the denizens of this mountain region is a mother doe who has a charming little fawn. Would you have a picture of this doe, turn to a copy of Landseer's group of deer entitled, A Deer Family. The pose of the doe in this work of art would give you some conception of the delicate outline, the beauty of limb, the grace of bearing, and the gentle, startled expression of face. But the harmony of coloring and the mother love-light glowing in the starry eyes of our doe would have to be added to the picture by the imagination of the listener.

Oh, how that beautiful creature loved her little staggering, bleating, clinging offspring. She loved it even as the human mother loves her child, for the "mother-love" is universal in its character. It makes the wild beast human in its tenderness for its young and the human mother ferocious in the face of danger to the loved one.

Deer hunting is one of the pastimes of a certain class of people. People who are "born short" in the ability to put themselves in the place of another—people who are deficient in imagination and in sympathy—people who have stolid, narrow minds. People whose pleasure and holidaying signify the physical pain and mental agony of others.

These are the class of people who make deer hunting a pastime.

They are not only "short" in a sense of right and wrong, but are also limited in mental action,—in plain English, they are stupid as well as cruel.

They are also slow in bodily movement. These conclusions are based on the fact that these deer hunters do not match their human wit and cunning with the animal's—that they do not depend on their quickness and skill to plan, to foresee, to decide suddenly in the events of the hunt; that they do not bring into action their own skill of running, bounding, swimming, of seeing afar, of hearing acutely, of smelling distinctly. Instead of depending on these personal powers, they have with them a pack of hounds which have all the attributes the hunters lack—ability, dexterity, and keenness.

The hounds thus really hunt the deer and the human hunters follow stupidly along and when the hounds have secured the quarry, they do the killing. They seem to know enough for that—or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, they know little enough for that.

The story records how the beautiful doe with her clinging baby fawn was hunted by such a class of people.

The doe was more than a match for the hounds in keenness of scent, of vision, of hearing,—in the agility of running and bounding,—in the quickness of foresight and judgment in cross-lotting, doubling on her trail, seeking hidden recesses, and in various ways of evading her enemy.

Why is it then that being far superior to her human hunters and a good match for her dumb pursuers, she should be caught?

Ah, children listeners, do you know what a handicap in a race is? Speaking in terms of sport, a handicap is a loss or disadvantage put on the superior in a race to even up with the shortcomings of the inferior.

And the handicap to the hero in this race—for we might as well admit at the start that the doe is the hero of the story—the handicap was the tender, delicate baby fawn.

Of course, a baby fawn with its little wobbly legs and its little beating heart of fear is no match for trained, intelligent hounds, and even no match for the stupid, plodding human hunters.

But, you say, the doe could have left her fawn and ran with the fleetness of a deer and thus escape. Yes—she doubtless could for it would be hard to match the fleetness of a deer when it is not handicapped.

But hold a moment. We have compared the hunters and the hunted in this race as to skill and ability; there is one other comparison that could be made.

You have been told the hunters enjoy their pleasure at the expense of another's pain; that they supplied their deficiency in cunning, judgment, and quickness by depending on dumb assistance. But it may be further stated that their moral courage was nothing to boast of. For one thing, they went in a crowd,—it is safer when hunting anything to go in a crowd; you stand a better show of getting off in a face to face conflict if it should come to that; and, by numbers, the hunters can surround,—cross off—corner—and stalk the victim when it is proven that fleetness is out of consideration. And, lastly, when doing a base, contemptible deed, numbers are great in keeping up the kind of moral courage needed for such deeds. That is where the courage of a mob comes in. A man alone can sometimes hear his conscience warn him, but the cheers and laughs and jeers and huzzas of a crowd make too much noise to give conscience a chance.

And now, what of the moral courage of our hero, the doe? It was such that it would not permit her to desert her fawn. Foolish? well, you must remember she loved her baby as your mother loves you; and, if you stop to think how hard it would be for your mother to desert you in the moment of a terrible danger,—how, instead, she would only clasp you closer to her heart, if you stop to think of that, it will be easier to understand why our doe could not seek her own safety and leave her baby to be torn limb from limb.

And so now you see how terribly she was handicapped.

Mother doe was fleet of foot but baby fawn was slow and stumbling. Mother doe was keen-scented and far-sighted but baby fawn did not yet know the dog and gun smell, and as for seeing, it would not have known what kind of a thing a hunter is if it had actually come face to face with one. It might—who knows—babies do such foolish things—it might have toddled up to a hunter with a gun and bleated in his face.

And so, this is what the mother doe did.

When the hunt began in real earnest and the hounds gave the peculiar cry that tells they have scented the trail of the victim, she led the fawn into a thicket where it would be reasonably hidden.

Here she let it take a full breakfast, for it might be long before it could be nursed again. Then licking her baby tenderly and lingeringly—for the lick of the animal is the mother kiss of affection—she went straight towards the hounds. She gave them a glimpse of herself and then fled in the opposite direction from where the fawn was hidden.

You understand? she was drawing the hounds on her trail to lead them away from her child.

And what a race she gave them! Miles and miles—hours and hours—down ravines—over gorges—through underbrush—into running streams—sailing across a level stretch—bounding up a precipitous slope! The fleetness of the wind—the swiftness of the lightning stroke! A sailless ship—a wingless bird!

And then, too, how she fooled those wise, old, trained hounds and those empty-headed hunters with cunning and skill and improvised dodges and tricks of doubling and throwing off!

And how the hounds sniffed and panted and tore up the earth with their paws and got tangled up in bunches and knots of themselves and snarled at each other in baffled rage and yelped in disappointed excitement and hysteria!

And the hunters—how they cheered and laughed and clapped their hands! How they thrilled with the joy of hunting something with the lust of murder in their throbbing hearts and the crimson of blood dancing before their fired eyes!

It was a great chase I can tell you!

At last the doe was getting very much exhausted. She had considerably outdistanced the hounds and hunters by this time; she had drawn them sufficiently away from her baby and she decided it would be safe to make a round-about tour and get back to it. So she turned to do this.

And now a terrible thing happened.

The hounds had divided and were chasing, not in a close pack, but in a circle, closing surely in upon their victim as a center. The doe realized this and ran first to a small settlement of farmers and summer boarders.

Here some of the class of hunters who had not taken up the hunt at the start, now finding it was made easy for them, ran up to join in. Each seized a weapon of attack, a gun—a pitchfork—a broomstick—for each wanted to be a great hero and have the honor of slaying this mother doe.

The doe, seeing she had made a mistake in running from hounds to murderers, made a bound for the river running near.

Two men were paddling a canoe on the river; they looked like ordinary people—one would not take them to be fiends in human shape just looking at them. These men paddled the canoe up to her. She was now too summer boarders menaced her with guns and pitchforks on the shore and the hounds and hunters in the background barked and yelled with the ring of capture. So she was too terror-sticken to move.

And now, oh fateful tragedy! can we tell the words exhausted to strive further; besides, the farmers and —one of the men in the canoe lifted his paddle and struck to death this harried, hunted creature—this beautiful, gentle dumb animal—this mother hero who had saved her child with the blood and terror of her own loving heart!

That night the hunters had venison for their dinner and back in the dark woods a little staggering fawn bleated and bleated for its mother—hungry and lonesome.

The above is a paraphrase of the original story by Charles Dudley Warner. By permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Co.

## THE FOREST GREETING.

EIGHTH GRADE—NOVEMBER.

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
  Wherever the forests call;
But ever a heart beats hot with fear,
  And what of the birds that fall?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
  Wherever the North winds blow;
But what of the stag that calls for his mate?
  And what of the wounded doe?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
  And ah! we are bold and strong
But our triumph-call through the forest hall
  Is a brother's funeral song.

For we are brothers ever,
  Panther and bird and bear.
Man and the weakest that fears his face,
  Born to the nest or lair.

Yes, brothers, and who shall judge us?
  Hunters and game are we;
But who gave the right for me to smite?
  Who boasts when he smiteth me?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
  And dim is the forest track;
But the sportsman Death comes striding on;
  Brothers, the way is black.

—Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

From Lyrics of Sunshine and Shadow. By permission of the publishers, Dodd, Mead & Co.

## THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.

### SEVENTH GRADE—DECEMBER.

Ebenezer Scrooge was the surviving partner of the firm of Scrooge and Marley in London. He was a tight fisted, squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old miser, with a heart as hard as flint from which no human steel ever struck a generous spark.

The passion for the accumulation of wealth had seared in him all the finer feelings of the soul. He sat in his gloomy counting house one cold foggy Christmas Eve while the bells were tolling, and the candles of hope and good cheer were glimmering in the streets of the great metropolis.

The happy greetings of the Yule-tide struck no sympathetic chord in the breast of Scrooge. On the contrary, they seemed to concentrate his thoughts on greater acts of selfish penury.

As the evening was drawing to a close, Bob Cratchit, the clerk, was vainly trying to scrape the last few embers into a pile to warm his stiffened fingers, because the extreme economy of Scrooge forbade the use of even necessary light and fuel.

When the old miser's nephew entered and bade him a "Merry Christmas," Scrooge rebuked him in terms of abject selfishness, and when some philanthropic business men asked him for assistance to provide a merry Christmas for those in poverty and distress, Scrooge flew into a passion and stated that he did his full share in supporting the prisons and alms houses. To even the poor clerk, with a large family and a crippled child, he was loathe to grant a day of rest and recreation and denounced him when he saw that Cratchit was determined to spend Christmas in the bosom of his family.

After the close of business Scrooge secluded himself in his dingy apartment like a clam when it scents danger. He gloated over his own self-sufficiency, but he felt a slight uneasiness owing to a fancied resemblance between the knocker on the door and the face of his dead partner Marley.

As he sat in his dark room near a tiny fire from which he had great difficulty in extracting any sensation of warmth, it seemed to him that Marley's features were looking at him from many objects.

At last these strange phantoms melted into one and there stood Marley fettered by a long chain and speaking to Scrooge of spiritual misery brought on by a selfish life.

The spirit warned Scrooge against the mistakes of life in order that he might escape a similar fate, but told him that his salvation lay in the revelations that he would receive by three ghosts,—the Christmas Past, the Christmas Present, and the Christmas Future, that were to visit him at three successive times at midnight.

Scrooge felt very much agitated and perplexed over this experience. The whole performance seemed like a nightmare and he anxiously awaited the approach of midnight.

Hardly had the bell proclaimed the hour when he saw a flash, the curtains seemed to part and there stood the quaint spirit of the Christmas Past.

It beckoned Scrooge to follow as it led the way to his childhood haunts, where he recognized many of the scenes that were once dear to him. He mingled with his early companions and many were the merry Christmases, the exchange of gifts, and smiles of joy that met his gaze. Then in the distance Scrooge saw himself in all his childish simplicity when perfect happiness was his lot. Oh! how he longed to live these happy days over again.

When the Spirit Present was about to appear Scrooge awoke in the middle of a prodigiously heavy snore and was soon confronted by a flood of light in the midst of which appeared a giant with a torch; surrounded by all the good things that Christmas provides.

The spirit commanded Scrooge to follow, and together they wandered through many stores and households, all happy and busy in contemplation of the Christmas festivities.

At last they came to Bob Cratchit's home which the spirit stopped to bless before they entered. Here were all the little Cratchits and relatives by the score. But all their joy and happiness centered round Tiny Tim who had just returned from church with his father.

Tiny Tim was a cripple, pale and thin, with eyes like stars, and a smile like that of heaven. He laid down his crutch and joined the dinner party that seemed a picnic and a circus all in one. Such happiness Scrooge had never seen before, and when the goose was carved a shout of delight was heard which fairly thrilled the miser's soul.

At last they proposed a Merry Christmas for all, including old man Scrooge.

Just as the spirit was about to vanish they met two miserable, neglected beings, with stale and sickly figures, awful to behold. "Look at these, children, Scrooge," said the spirit, "they are Ignorance and Want. Thou art responsible for their being."

Just then the clock struck twelve and Scrooge was startled by the appearance of another spirit—the Ghost of Christmas yet to come—which took him through many winding pathways of the city, showing him familiar sights.

Scrooge heard and saw his fellow townsmen discussing the sudden death of an old miser whom no one seemed to love while many were planning how to rob him of his possessions.

At last they came to the house where the old miser lived and Scrooge recognized a place not unlike his own. Into the parlor they went, and there, neglected and despised, was the corpse with a cover over its face.

When the spirit withdrew the cover, Scrooge cried out in anguish, his knees trembled, and he prayed for mercy. He then and there resolved that his whole life should henceforth be transformed in harmony with righteousness and love and so the spirit took his departure.

In the morning Scrooge awoke. He could scarcely realize where he was until he had satisfied himself that he was still alive in the same old place. The apparitions had so completely lifted the burden from his heart that he felt like a new-created being.

His face began to beam like a ray of sunshine, he shouted Merry Christmas to all the passersby and set about to buy the largest goose the grocer had and sent it as a Christmas present to the Cratchits, telling the boy to keep the change.

How strange he felt.. A wonderful longing filled his breast to share the joys of Christmas with the rest of mankind and so he joined the Cratchit family where he actually experienced what he dreamt the night before.

From that time forward Scrooge had become a man of keener visions and of larger sympathy and had come to realize that the joys of Christmas can be extended throughout one's entire life.

The above is a paraphrase of the original by Charles Dickens.

## THE RABBIT'S RANSOM.

### Second Grade—January.

The rabbit was owned by a boy. All day long he had to sit in a little box with slats across the front so he could not get away. He pressed his little trembling nose against the bars and looked at the muddy gutters, the ash-piles, and the garbage boxes. He put first one ear forward and then the other but all he could hear all day long was the clatter of wagons and clang of street cars.

Then he thought of his dear little home far, far away in the field, and of his wife and little ones. He wondered whether the hunters had bothered them and whether the little ones had had the ear-ache during the cold weather.

Poor Bunny! He felt home-sick and lonely! He had tried to get away so often to go back to his home and loved ones that he grew sadder every day.

Jamie was a little boy who lived next door. He looked through the fence every day at Bunny.

Annetta was a little girl who lived near and who had just moved in from the country.

Jamie liked her very much. To show her how much he thought of her he brought her to the fence and showed her Bunny. Jamie thought girls did not know much, but he was pleased to see that Annetta knew enough to give Bunny some nice cabbage leaves. Oh, how Bunny liked them!

It was a few days before Easter. Annetta and Jamie were making mud pies.

"When we get through with the pies," said Annetta, "we will make our nest for the rabbits to lay eggs in. Mamma says we may have our nest for Easter eggs together in our back yard."

"Why, Annetta," Jamie said, "hens lay eggs, rabbits don't."

"But they always did for me," replied Annetta, "maybe you never made a nest for them; rabbits ain't going to lay eggs on fences, I guess."

Jamie thought about this a long time.

"I'll tell you how it is," he said, stopping before the little girl with his arms full of straw for the nest, "of course, when you lived in the country there were lots of rabbits to lay you eggs, but there ain't any rabbits in cities and that is why they never laid any for me."

This made them both feel pretty sad. It might be that after all their work on the nest there would be no eggs for Easter because there were no rabbits.

And so Jamie and Annetta thought out a great plan. They would put all the pennies they had together and go to the boy and buy the rabbit next door.

So hand in hand they went to the owner of Bunny.

"How much will you give for him?" asked the boy.

Annetta unpinned her pocket and poured all their pennies in a little heap on the top of the rabbit's box.

"Twelve cents," said the boy, "I paid a dime for him and I have taught him tricks since. I'd lose on him at that price."

Now when Bunny heard these remarks he wanted so much to be sold to Jamie and Annetta that he hung down his ears and tried to look as "no-account" as he could, so the boy thought himself lucky to be rid of him at any price and said he would sell his rabbit.

Annetta took Bunny in her arms and he rested his chin upon her shoulder and waved his ears joyfully; Jamie walked beside her and held fast hold of one of the rabbit's legs which hung down under the little girl's arm.

"We had better show him the nest, hadn't we?" said Jamie.

"Oh no," said Annetta, "he can find any nest that ever was; and now, Jamie, you can take him and put him away until tonight. I'd keep him myself but I have no good place and when you go to bed you put him out of the window. Then as soon as he has laid our eggs, he can go home to his folks. Now, don't you go to sleep and forget about it!"

Jamie went home with the rabbit in his arms. That night he hid his little friend in the closet of his own room. In the middle of the night he took the rabbit out, then feeling his way through the darkness he raised the window softly and set the rabbit down on the sill.

It was a very dark night. There was no moon and even the stars were hidden behind the great black clouds. The night wind blew upon Jamie's face and ruffled the rabbit's fur.

The little boy held his friend close in his arms and somehow hated to let him go for they had known each other for a long time and he felt that he might never see him again. He laid his cold cheek down on the soft warm fur and kissed the rabbit's ears lovingly.

"You just lay me and Annetta some eggs," he said softly, "and then you can go home."

He gave him one last hug, then leaned out of the window and dropped the rabbit to the ground. The next moment he saw him go like a gray streak across the fence into Annetta's yard.

But Jamie couldn't sleep, he was so afraid the rabbit mightn't be able to find the nest in the dark.

But after a while he saw a little light moving around in the next yard and then he knew that the rabbit was looking for the nest with a lantern, so he went to bed happy.

Early the next morning Annetta came and called to him:

"Get up and see the eggs; half of 'em's yours and half of 'em mine."

Jamie and Annetta were certainly happy with their eight beautiful Easter eggs.

But I must not forget to say that Bunny also was happy for he reached his home safely and found his wife and children waiting for him. The rabbit told them all about it.

"They are very good little children," he said, "and I mean to remember them every Easter."

This is a paraphrase of the original story. From The Rabbit's Ransom, by Clara Vawter. Copyright 1899-1902. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

## BLACK BRUIN—THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BEAR.

### Fifth Grade—January.

### *Prelude.*

The story in full of how little Bruin became the household pet of the farmer is a very interesting one. The farmer and his wife were resting in the evening after a hard day's work. It was a cold, snowy night outside, while inside the fire burned cheerfully. The farmer was resting, his wife sewing, and their little baby lay in the crib sleeping.

All at once there came a great knock outside and in an instant the door burst open and in walked on its hind legs a great black bear. The farmer sprang at the animal with the poker; but of course in the tussle that followed he got the worst of it and was soon knocked to the floor unconscious, while his wife fainted from fright.

When they became conscious they found to their horror that the bear was gone and had taken with it the baby.

The farmer followed with his gun and with the help of Hecla, the hound, traced the bear to its den. He found the bear playing with the baby, fondling and caressing it much as a mother would. With great trembling lest he hurt his child, the farmer shot the bear and hastened home with his loved child, safe and sound.

The story of the rescue created a great sensation. And a few days later the rescued child's father and mother learned from people living in another town that the bear was a tame one, had been brought up with a baby, which it had grown very fond of, and that it been lost or had gone away the year before.

It was then clear that the bear had taken the child, not to harm or kill, but through a dumb affection for the baby which it doubtless thought was the one which it had been brought up with. The father then went to the den of the bear and there as he had thought he found a little cub.

It certainly seemed a pretty piece of poetic justice that as the farmer had killed the mother bear he made amends by adopting its orphaned baby.

And that is how little Bruin became the pet—the mischief—and the joy of the farmer and his family.

### *The Story.*

For several weeks the furry, fuzzy little bear in the box behind the kitchen stove did little but drink milk and sleep. If he did crawl out of his box on the floor, it was simply to investigate the surroundings, and he would go about the room, poking his nose into all the corners, and sniffing suspiciously.

But by degrees as he grew stronger and sturdier he evinced much curiosity, playfulness and drollery, and to these characteristics would have to be added, when he became partly grown, a kind of bear sense of humor which was quite ludicrous.

His first playfellow was the pillow, which he tumbled off the sofa one day. Having discovered that it was detachable, he always made for it as soon as the spirit of play seized him. He would toss and tumble it about, now standing it upon end and batting it over with his paw and then rolling it over and over on the floor.

The second object in the room that claimed his lasting attention was pussy, but she was much more animated than the sofa-pillow. The first time that the fuzzy little cub went up and smelled of her, she gave him a savage cuff on the nose, which sent him whining to his box, and he did not seek further acquaintance with pussy for several days.

He would stand and look at her for five minutes at a time. This made the cat very uneasy, and she would go about from place to place, trying to get away from those small, bright, inquiring eyes. At last the cub again got up courage to sniff at the old cat, and this time she did not cuff him. As long as he was respectful, she did not mind him, but when he got too playful or subjected her to indignities, pussy retaliated with that sharp cuff on the nose, which always had the desired effect.

Black Bruin, or Whiney, as he was sometimes called when he was a small cub, soon learned to make his wants known. When he wished either milk or water, he would set up the most comical little whine, which was always effectual in getting it for him. One day he was given a saucer which had a little maple syrup in it, and his delight knew no bounds. After that he whined so long and frequently for syrup that he received his nickname of Whiney.

In the cool April evenings as they sat about the fire, the master would often lift the small bear upon his knee, and let him sniff about his clothing, and lick his hand with his long, narrow red tongue. Then he would roll and tumble him about and Black Bruin would make believe to bite at his master and chew at his sleeves. Finally, these evenings romps got to be a regular part of the farmlife, as much enjoyed by the master, as by the cub.

When May came, and it was warmer, so that the doors leading to the wood-shed and the porch were left open, the little bear's world grew apace. Before, his horizon had been the four walls of the kitchen; now he could go and come as he pleased, about the yard and in the outbuildings.

He made the acquaintance of Hecla, the old hound, while he was still a prisoner in the kitchen, but they came to know each other better when the cub got out of doors. At first, the dog was inclined to attack the small bundle of bear-meat, but her master calmed her anger, and explained to her, as best he could, that Black Bruin was one of the family and should be treated with respect and consideration. So finally she became reconciled to his presence, but she never could get over his scent, which always filled her with suspicion.

When the cub got out of doors where he could run about and exercise, he began to grow very rapidly in stature. Before he had been a football or a bundle of fur, but now he began to put on the semblance of a bear.

He also developed a great genius for mischief. If I should tell of all the things he overturned or upset, this chapter would be endless.

For the baby who was now learning to walk, "Bar-Bar," as he called the young bruin, was a never-ending source of delight.

He would bury his wee hands in the fuzzy hair of the cub and pull with all his might, and the cub would growl with make believe fury, but it seemed to know that the baby did not intend to hurt it, and did not offer to bite. When the baby pulled its ears too hard, it would simply run away.

Outside, in the farmyard, among the chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese, at first the cub was rather shy, for the gobbler turkey, the gander and the rooster all set upon him and drove him whining into the wood-shed; but he soon learned that all were afraid of his paws, when he stood upon his hind legs and really hit out with them, so after that discovery, he was master of all the feathered folk about the farmhouse.

All about the farm-buildings the little bear followed his master. But best of all he liked to go to the stable and watch the milking, for in one corner was a small dish, into which he knew a pint of warm milk would be poured as soon as milking was done.

* * * * * * *

Arrived at the berry-field, the children began picking and for a time Bruin sat upon his haunches and watched them, his red tongue lolling out, for it was a hot midsummer day.

Finally, one of the children picked a handful of berries and offered them to their four-footed companion, thinking it would be a good joke upon him. To their surprise, he not only lapped up the berries with keen satisfaction, but asked in plain bear language for more.

He was so much pleased with the flavor of the new food that he finally put his long, red tongue into their pails, and they had to box his ears severely. Then he went and sat down a little way off, seemingly much abused.

Soon the children heard a noise in a bush near by, as if some one was picking, so they went to investigate. They found Black Bruin standing upon his hind legs, while with both paws and his long tongue he scooped the blueberries into his wide-open mouth. He was bending and thrashing the bush about to get it where he wanted it, and did not see that he was observed. Upon his droll bear face was written deep delight, for another of earth's riches had yielded to his inquisitive nose and paws.

After that he was often one of the party when the children went berrying, but if the berries were scarce they preferred to leave him at home. He was quite independent, however, and often went berrying by himself.

Finally the summer passed and the autumn came, and the bear-cub followed the children to the woods for chestnuts, beechnuts, and walnuts.

He, too, learned the secret of the sweet meat under the hard exterior. Beechnuts he would discover and eat by himself, but walnuts and butternuts he could not crack, and as for chestnuts, he wanted them taken out of their prickly jackets before he could eat them. Here in the deep woods the bear also discovered several roots which were to his liking, so he was always nosing about in the dead leaves, for if he didn't find nuts, he would find roots.

Thus passed the cubhood of Black Bruin, and, from a fuzzy mite, whining for his saucer of milk, he grew into a sturdy cub, strong and self-reliant, able to forage and hunt for himself.

Without training from any parent, he learned some of the things that it was necessary for him to know in the fields and forest. Thus the instinct of his bear ancestors asserted its power in the pampered and spoiled pet of the farmhouse, and if he had chosen, he could probably have taken care of himself as a real wild bear. But he did not care to do so, although he had every chance to run away; there was something always calling to him at the farmhouse.

The people there had been good to him. In the wood-shed was his nest, and no matter how far away he roamed during the daytime, night always found him back at the house, begging for milk, and taking caresses at the farmer's hands.

These good people had been so large a part of his helpless days that he could not leave them now, although the deep green depths of the woods were probably calling to him, as this was his natural home.

"From 'Black Bruin, the Biography of a Bear,'" by Clarence Hawkes, copyrighted 1908 by George W. Jacobs & Co.

## THE VOICE OF THE VOICELESS.

### Sixth Grade—January.

I am the voice of the voiceless;
Through me, the dumb shall speak;
Till the deaf world's ear be made to hear
The cry of the wordless weak.

From street, from cage, and from kennel,
  From jungle and stall, the wail
Of my tortured kin proclaims the sin
  Of the mighty against the frail.

For love is the true religion,
  And love is the law sublime;
And all that is wrought, where love is not,
  Will die at the touch of time.
And Science, the great Revealer,
  Must flame his torch at the Source;
And keep it bright with that holy light
  Or his feet shall fail on the course.

For he who would trample kindness
  And mercy into the dust—
He has missed the trail, and his quest will fail;
  He is not the guide to trust.
Oh shame on the mothers of mortals
  Who have not stopped to teach
Of the sorrow that lies in dear, dumb eyes,
  The sorrow that has no speech.

The same Force formed the sparrow
  That fashioned Man, the King;
The God of the Whole gave a spark of soul
  To each furred and feathered thing.
And I am my brother's keeper,
  And I will fight his fight,
And speak the word for beast and bird,
  Till the world shall set things right.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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## PHILEMON AND BAUCIS OR THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER.

### Second Grade—February.

One evening in times long, long ago, old Philemon and his old wife Baucis sat at their cottage door glad that their work was done and enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They talked about their garden, their cow, their bees, and their grapevine. The grapes were just getting ripe and purple in the sunshine.

As they sat talking to each other they heard the rude shouts of children in the village near at hand and at last the noise grew so great that it was hardly possible for them to hear each other speak.

"Ah, wife," cried Philemon, "I fear some poor traveler is seeking hospitality among our neighbors yonder, and, instead of giving him food and lodging, they have set their dogs at him, as they usually do."

"Well-a-day!" answered old Baucis, "I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures. Just to think of their bringing up their children in this naughty way and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers."

"Those children will never come to any good," said Philemon, shaking his white head. "To tell you the truth I should not wonder if some terrible thing were to happen to all the people in the village, unless they mend their ways. But as for you and me, so long as we have a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor homeless stranger that may come along and need it."

"That's right, husband!" said Baucis. "So we will."

These old folks you must know were quite poor and had to work hard for a living. Old Philemon spaded and watered his garden while Baucis worked at her distaff or made butter and cheese with their cow's milk and looked after the care of their cottage.

Their food was seldom anything but bread, milk, and vegetables, with sometimes a portion of honey from their own beehive and now and then a bunch of grapes from the vine that climbed up the cottage wall.

But they were two of the kindest old people in the world and would cheerfully have gone without their dinners any day rather than refuse a slice of their brown loaf and cup of new milk and a spoonful of honey to the weary traveler who might pause before their door. They felt as if their guests were almost holy and that they ought therefore to treat them better and more generously than themselves.

Their cottage stood a little distance from the village. This village sat on the land where was once a great lake. The land was fertile and the people tilled the soil and had plenty.

Now, with their plenty and comfort, the people should have had a kindly heart to others not so well off as themselves, but such was not the case. In these olden days long ago there were no steam cars and people had to travel from one place to another by stage coach or horses, or, if they were poor, to walk. Many who had come to the village from many miles away and had many more to go, often were weary and footsore.

Now, the right thing for the people of the village to have done would have been to help these travelers along their way by sharing their meals and homes to rest and cheer them on their journeys. But in place of that so selfish were they it was their custom to close their doors against them, and turn their dogs upon them while the children were even worse. They would run after the strangers, pelt them with mud, or stones, call them ugly names, and shout and laugh at them. The older or the poorer or the more feeble the strangers, the worse would be the conduct of the children.

So now you can understand why old Philemon and Baucis spoke so sorrowfully when they heard the shouts of the children and the barking of the dogs.

"I never heard the dogs so loud," observed the good old man.

"Nor the children so rude!" answered his good old wife.

They sat shaking their heads one to another while the noise came nearer and nearer until at the foot of the little hill on which their cottage stood they saw two travelers appearing on foot. The dogs were snarling at their heels and the children shouting and flinging stones at the strangers.

Both of the travelers were very poorly clad and looked as if they might not have money to pay for a night's lodging. This was probably the reason why the village people had allowed their children to treat them so rudely.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these poor people. No doubt, they feel almost too heavy hearted to climb the hill."

"Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste within doors and prepare them a supper."

Philemon went forward to the strangers and in the heartiest tones said:

"Welcome, strangers, welcome."

"Thank you!" replied the younger of the two. "This is quite another greeting—than we met with in yonder village."

The strangers then entered the house showing Philemon and Baucis how their clothes had been torn and mud bespattered by the children.

Baucis had prepared a simple meal of fresh white bread, golden butter sparkling with clean drops of moisture, a little dish of honey, a luscious bunch of grapes, and, to crown all, an earthen-ware pitcher of sweet, cool milk. This meal must have been a joyous repast, so clean, so fresh, so wholesome was it for almost any hungry person, but more so for those who had traveled far and were weary and worn.

During the supper the old man and his wife had some very pleasant conversation with their guests. The elder of the two was slightly stern in expression, but was withal gentle and had so loving a manner of speech and action that Philemon and Baucis almost felt like worshipping him. The younger traveler, much gayer and more talkative and active than the other, was also a pleasant guest. One of the things they talked about at supper was the story of the lake that once stood where the village now was.

Another subject that they talked about was the work of Philemon and Baucis and the simple lives they led. The old couple told the strangers how happy they were that they could work together and their one wish was that each should live as long as the other,—that death might not separate them. When this wish was expressed the elder stranger said with his gentle, sad smile, "You are indeed good people. It is fit that your wish to live always together and die together should come true."

Now, one of the peculiar things about this interesting supper was the part that the old earthen ware pitcher took in it.

Philemon and Baucis had already eaten before the strangers came, so there was but little milk left for the guests. This greatly worried old Baucis and she wished so much she had gone without at her supper.

But after she had supplied her guests the first time and they had asked for a second helping, she was much surprised to find that the pitcher was again full. This happened over and over again and at last it was discovered that a tiny fountain had appeared at the bottom of the pitcher and kept it continuously supplied with cool, fresh, sweet milk. That night Baucis and Philemon gave up their beds to the strangers and the next morning gave them again a plenteous, refreshing breakfast, the chief element being the sweet milk from the wonderful pitcher.

And now, when they had seen their guests off, a very strange thing took place. Philemon and Baucis walked with their guests to the next hill, and what was their great astonishment when they came to what was once the village to behold a wonderful silvery lake spread out. On its edge was a beautiful marble palace surrounded by trees and a beautiful garden. Here Philemon and Baucis spent many happy years, their chief occupation being to give kind hospitality to every stranger who passed that way.

And after many years when Philemon and Baucis had grown old together, they disappeared. When everybody was wondering what had become of them, two large trees appeared, one on either side of the gate. One was an oak, and when the leaves rustled in the wind, a voice seemed to murmur, "I am old Philemon."

The other tree was a linden, and when the leaves rustled in the wind, a finer voice seemed to murmur, "I am old Baucis."

And inside the palace every stranger who came refreshed himself from the pitcher which never ran out of the milk of hospitality.

The above is a paraphrase of the original story from Wonder Book, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. By permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Co.

## THE GREAT STONE FACE.

### Fourth Grade—February.

The Great Stone Face was a work of nature on the side of a steep and high mountain. Some enormous stones were so placed one against another that a great stone face seemed to look down from the mountain side upon the people in the valley. This face had such a kindly expression that the people came to look upon it as the face of a person who wished them well and felt towards them a kind and protecting interest. And this feeling grew as the years went by and the fathers and mothers pointed it out to their children until at last it seemed as though a guiding and protecting spirit lay back of the stone face.

After a while, as the years rolled on and the children became fathers and mothers, a story was told about the face, to their children who grew up and told it to their children, and so on down the years of time.

In fact, the story was so old that someone said the Indians, who had lived first in the valley, had told it and that they had learned it themselves from the brook as it ran murmuring to the mountain side, and from the wind as it whispered in the tree tops.

And this was the story:—

The Great Stone Face was the face of a good spirit who was waiting for someone. This one who was waited for was to come from the valley—was to be one of the people who had been born and brought up beneath the smiling shadow of the face;—but, above all, was to be one who did great things for the people of the valley. The one who was waited for would be one who was a great hero. Thus ran the story.

And the sign by which the people would know who the right one was, would be that his face would be like the Great Stone Face and would have the same gentle, loving expression.

One little boy of the valley named Ernest had listened to this tale from his mother and had looked upon the Face so often with the thought of the promise in the story, that he had come to believe it with all his heart.

And always at his work, at his play,—in his dreams, in his hopes, this promise of a coming hero was with him.

So strong was this promise in his dreams that it began to shape his life. He was kind and loving to his mother, he helped her with his little hands, but more with his loving heart; he was unselfish and considerate to his playfellows; he did his work; he was thoughtful and helpful to those who suffered or were weak and helpless.

At evening when his toil was over and he rested at the cottage door and the sunset lights played upon the great massive features of the watching Face, he seemed to see a smile of recognition and approval there.

"Oh, mother, dear mother!" he would cry, "I do hope I shall live to see the hero when he comes!"

After a while a great excitement ran among the people, that the great hero foretold in the story had come at last. It was one of the valley people who had left his home and gone out into the great world beyond and gotten great wealth.

Oh, how rich was this man! He owned whole fleets of ships—vast rows of houses—acres of land—stores of gold. Why, everything he touched turned into piles of money and it would have taken a hundred years to count it all. No wonder the simple people of the valley thought this man—Mr. Gathergold—was the promised hero.

Great was the joy of Ernest, for he knew how much could be done for the people in the valley with this great amount of gold. Ernest was now quite a man and he planned hospitals and sanitariums for the sick, pensions for the aged and the widowed, schools and playgrounds for the children, and rest-pastures for the toiling, worn-out horses.

But the people of the valley were disappointed; the man of gold, when he came among them, did not look at all like the Great Stone Face, and as for his gold, it did no one any good, for he had spent all his life in getting it, and in his old age he could not get the habit of spending it for the good of others.

The next one who was taken for the promised hero was Old-Blood-and-Thunder.

He too, had left the valley in early youth. He had gone to war—he had killed as a soldier—he had grown to be a general and had made more war so that others might kill, too.

But, when Old-Blood-and-Thunder was found to still think more of battle than of peace, more of killing than of loving, the hope that he was the hero that the Great Stone Face had waited for, had to be given up.

And still another one appeared who the people thought must be the long-looked-for hero. Old Stony Phiz was his name and he was certainly a great man. He was a statesman and a public speaker. His tongue seemed to have magic in it,—sometimes it rumbled like thunder and sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. The people would listen to his speeches as if they were under a spell; in fact, he could make people think right was wrong and wrong was right.

When he came to visit his valley home, the people were trying to find the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face. But Ernest, first of all and slowly, others after him, began to find out that in the wonderful speeches of this great man there was more magic than truth. And that though his voice rang from wall to wall when he addressed the crowds, the things he said did not ring true.

In the meantime, as all these hopes came and went away as disappointments, the years rolled on.

Ernest was becoming an old man. Silver hair was on his brow and wrinkles on his face. His life had been full of toil and helpfulness and, as he grew older, wisdom, too, became a part of him.

All who lived near him were helped by him. He gave of his own for those who had nothing; he toiled for those who could not toil; and for many—the young, the wayward, those who had done wrong and wanted to begin afresh, those who wished to do the right thing, but did not know how,—for all who were weak in body and mind and in soul,—he gave of his wisdom in advice and counsel and of his sympathy and love for encouragement.

One day a great poet who had written songs of beauty for the humble and lowly in life, came to visit the valley.

And this great man, who was great because he had the power to see clearly and to feel keenly, was much struck by the noble yet simple life of love and toil that Ernest had lived in his valley home.

One evening the poet had gathered with a crowd of others to listen to a speech such as Ernest had in his later years been in the habit of giving to the people at regular periods.

The speaker and the crowd with the poet in the midst stood in the open; the sunset light was falling on the mountain sides before them, lighting up its rocks and clumps of foliage and especially showing very clearly a-far-off the Great Stone Face.

The face of Ernest was lit up with the noble thought he was expressing. The grand, strong words of advice and encouragement and truth went out to the listening people.

All at once the poet, who could see more clearly and feel more keenly than most people, cried out,—

"Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

And all the people looked and saw that what he said was true.

Ernest, with his humble acts of usefulness to his fellow-creatures, and with his high ideals for the coming hero, had grown to the greatness and goodness of the spirit back of the Great Stone Face.

The above is a paraphrase of the original, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, from Twice Told Tales. By permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Co.

## THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

### Fifth Grade—April.

(This is a Poem by Henry W. Longfellow, published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.)

In this story of the Birds of Killingworth many birds, including the robin, bluebird, and sparrow are mentioned as gathering in the springtime in the little town of Killingworth.

The farmers are beginning to plow and plant and as they hear the twitter of the birds they get alarmed about the few seeds or fruits the birds may possibly eat.

So a town meeting is held to discuss what can be done to get rid of the birds. Every important citizen attends and has something to say about the damage the birds do till one would think the birds were criminals instead of creatures who supply their wants from nature the same as man does.

Only one of all the citizens defended the birds and that was the Teacher. He spoke of the beauty of their song—of the sweetness and innocence of their lives—and of their great use to man as insect and weed destroyers, calling them "the winged warders of the farms."

But the farmers defied his warm appeal for the songsters and all except the Teacher agreed to begin a siege against them.

The birds were ordered destroyed by every possible means; and soon after, the wholesale destruction of them began until all the birds were dead or flown away.

And then came the punishment of the farmers for their selfish cruelty. The canker worm and caterpillar —no longer held in check by birds—destroyed trees and gardens until the whole village was sun-burnt and sear.

"A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air!"

This great havoc worked by the absence of the birds filled the farmers with grief and remorse.

Next spring they repaired their wrongs by bringing in hundreds of birds until all their home trees and their woods were stocked with them, "filling the air with music wild and sweet."

And the green fields, the blooming gardens, the waving foliage of forest and home yard were the farmers' reward.

"And a new heaven bent over a new earth,
And the sunny farms of Killingworth."

The above is a brief synopsis of the story of the poem.

## THE HUMANTARIAN'S INVOCATION.

(Dedicated to Mrs. E. W. Brooks, Pasadena, Cal.)

Come, Thou eternal omnipresent Light
Of Justice and Humanity, Thou that
Hast illumined a constantly increasing dome
Of Sympathy for all created things;
Thou that hast penetrated the hidden
Recesses of the human heart, in all
Ages and in all climes, and made of man
A responsible and conscious king, endowed
With power to wrest from Nature all her truths,
And to transform the cruder elements
Into potentialities of God-like
Wisdom, nobility, and strength; Thou that
Hast peopled water, earth, and air with forms
Of myriad, differentiated life,
Assigning each its sphere of work with power
To suffer and enjoy; Thou that hast made
The lily blossom and lent the lark its song,
Thou that hast thrown from off the negro's neck
His yoke—Come, kindly Light, and lead us on.

Enter the mind and heart of every man,
And cause them to expand like rosebuds in
The Spring, until they scatter sweet essence
Of sympathetic understanding among
Our common brotherhood. Guide Thou the steps
Of those in tender years, and those whose dull
And undeveloped lives cause them to be
Oblivious of the sufferings of all
That live and feel, and teach them to be kind.
Open the eyes of avaricious greed
To the folly and iniquity of its
Encroachment upon the sacred rights of youth,
And minister to the sufferings of those
Whom sickness and misfortune have deprived
Of independent help, restoring them
To useful lives of happiness and hope.

Dispel the need of war and unfair strife;
The gloom of superstition and ignorance
In all the walks of life, and help us bear
Success and joy with sweet humility.
O send Thy beams of just compassion over
The owners of the Western Plains, where dumb
Defenseless creatures, without shelter and
Protection, search in vain for food and drink
Until each winter thousands of them starve.
O turn the X-ray of Thy radiance
Upon the scientific halls of pain,
Where human demons perpetrate a crime.
Restrain Thou too the hands of those who long,
For recreation, to destroy with trap
And gun, our little brothers of the field.
Awaken public conscience with Thy beams
Of incandescent strength, and bring about
Improved conditions in the abbatoirs,
And on the painful road that leads to death.
O let Thy gracious warmth descend upon
All icy Fashion's halls, and thaw the hearts
Of those who cause our birds to be destroyed,
And those who 'buse our faithful friend the horse.
Infuse the gleam of gentleness into
The lives of those who have the custody
Of all domestic animals, and let
Them comprehend Thy golden rule of love.

O make this earth a nobler temple for
Thy varied sentient children. Give us all
The wisdom and the patience that we need
To deal discreetly with the problems that
Confront us in the ceaseless chain of time.
O lend us all the inspiration of
Thy rainbow-colored promise, and attune
Our minds, our hearts, and purses with the truth;
That Kindliness and Justice are the hope
Upon which rests,—the future of the world.
—Hugo Krause.

# THIRD SUPPLEMENT

## LATER BOOKS AND STORIES

(*To supplement Chapter IX—Collateral Reading and Aids*)

Abbott, C. C., M. D. Birds About Us.
Bird Land Echoes.
Aflalo, F. G. Our Agreeable Friends.
Allen, Eunice G. The Cats' Convention.
Andrews, Jane. Stories of My Four Friends.
Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children.
Atkinson, Eleanor. Greyfriars Bobby.
Atwater, Emily Paret. How Sammy Went to Coral-Land.
Tommy's Adventures.
Trixsey's Travels.
Babcock, Charles A. Bird Day and How to Prepare for It.
Baldwin, James. The Horse Fair.
Bamford. Talks by Queer Folks.
Bartlett, A. D. Animals at Home.
Bascom, Caroline C. The Bird Hospital.
Bass, Florence. Stories of Animal Life.
Baxendale, Esther. Fairy, the Autobiography of a Dog.
Yours With All My Heart.
Baynes, Ernest Harold. Bird Guests and How to Entertain Them.
Beard, Adelia Belle. The Beard Animals.
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Beard, Dan. Curious Homes and Their Tenants.
Dan Beard's Animal Book.
Bell. Animal's Friend Annual for 1909.
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Blaisdell, Mary Frances. Cherry Tree Children.
Blanchan, Neltje. Birds Every Child Should Know.

BONES, Helen Woodrow. Fairy Tales from Anderson.
BOURKE, S. Ten Eyck. Fables in Feathers.
BRADISH, Sarah Powers. Stories of Country Life.
BRAGDON, Ollie Hurd. Pup, the Autobiography of a Greyhound.
BRECK, Edward. Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw.
  Ways of the Woods.
BREARLY, Harry Chase. Animal Secrets Told.
BRECKENRIDGE AND ABBOTT. The Delinquent Child and the Home.
BREWSTER, Frances. When Mother Was a Little Girl.
BRIGHTWEN, Mrs. Eliza. Wild Nature Won by Kindness.
  More About Wild Nature.
BROOKS, Amy. A Jolly Cat Tale.
BROOKS, Elbridge S. Animals in Action.
BROWN, Dr. John. The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts.
  Job of the Woods.
BROWN, Theron. The Birds of God.
BRYCE, Marion. Nancy in the Wood.
BUFFUM, David. The Horse (His Breeding, Care and Use).
BURBA. Our Bird Friends.
BURGESS, Thornton W. Mother West Wind's Children.
  Mother West Wind's Animal Friends.
  Mother West Wind's Neighbors.
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  The Adventures of Johnny Chuck.
  The Adventures of Mr. Mocker.
  The Adventures of Peter Cottontail.
  The Adventures of Reddy Fox.
  The Adventures of Unc' Billy Possum.
BURKETT. Domestic Animals.
BURNETT, Frances H. My Robin.
BURNHAM, Eleanor Waring. Justin Morgan, History of a Horse.
BURROUGHS, John. Songs of Nature.
  Sharp Eyes and Other Papers.
BURTON, Richard. Dogs and Dog Literature.
  Three of a Kind.

CAMEHL, Petre. The Swallow's Book.
CANDIZE, Ernest. (Translated by M. Louis Baum.) The Adventures of Grillo.
CANTY, Charlotte. The Whimsey Girl.
CARNEGIE, Andrew. A League of Peace.
CARRICK, Alice. Kitty Kat Tales.
CARTER AND FIELD. Nature Stories.
CARTER, M. H. Dog Stories.
    Bear Stories.
    About Animals.
CHADWICK, Mary Pratt. Puss in Boots; Reynard the Fox.
    The Three Bears.
    Three Little Kittens.
CHASE, Alice. Stories from Animal Land.
    Stories of Birdland.
CHASE, Henry. Game Protection and Propagation in America.
CHEEVER, Harriet. Mother Bunny.
    Lord Dolphin.
    Lady Spider.
    Madam Angora.
    Billy Trill.
    The Rock Frog.
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CLEMENS, Samuel J. Dog's Tale.
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COULTER, Ernest K. The Children in the Shadow.

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Davis, Anna Chase. Nature Stories for Youngest Readers.
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Delamare, Henriette. The Reformation of Jimmy.
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Guest, George. Animal Life Lessons.
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  Neighbors With Claws and Hoofs.
  Neighbors With Wings and Fins.
JORDAN, David Starr. The Story of Matka.
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MILLER, Ellen R. Butterfly and Moth Book.
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First Book of Birds.
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MORLEY, Margaret. Butterflies and Bees.
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On Nature's Trail.
St. Maur, Kate V. The Earth's Bounty.
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Sykes, A. L. Tiny Hare and His Friends.
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Tolstoi, Leo. Bethink Yourselves!
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  Please Tell Us a Story.
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Turner, Edwin Arthur. Our Common Friends and Foes.
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Weed, Clarence. Farm Friends and Farm Foes.
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  Ready the Reliable.
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Stories About Animals. (Child World Readers.)
Duke, Autobiography of a Dog.
True Stories About Animals.
Only a Dog.
The Cruelty Man. (National S. P. C. C.)

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